STANLEY

IN

AFRICA

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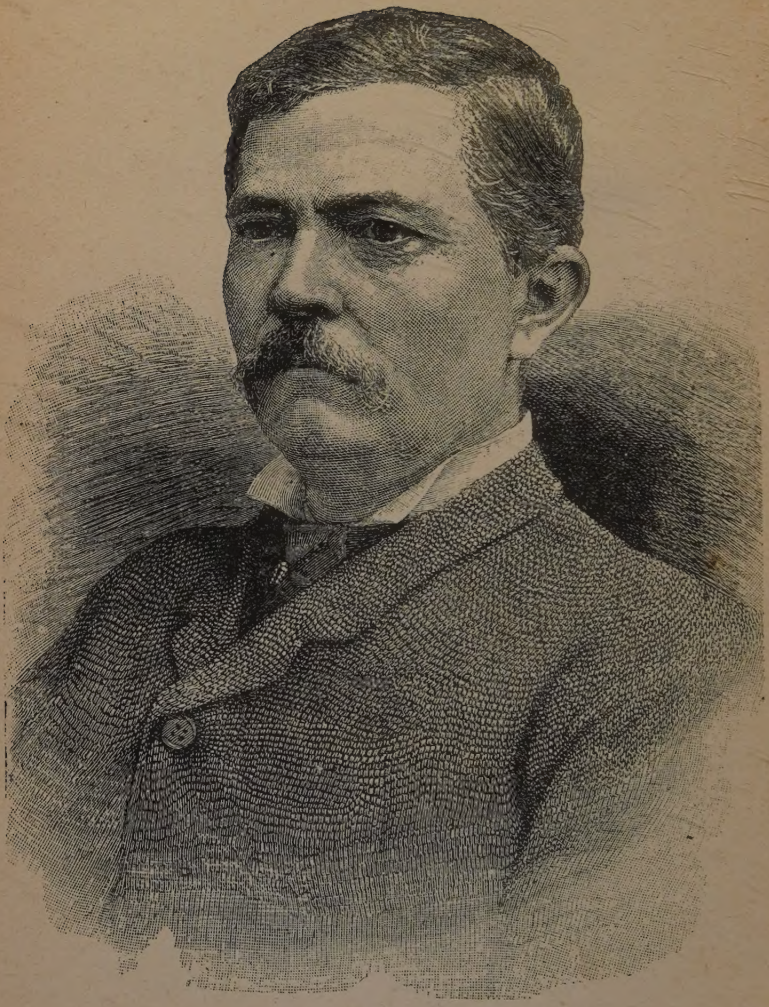

HENRY M. STANLEY.

STANLEY IN AFRICA

The Paladin of the Nineteenth Century.

A SUCCINCT AND CORRECT HISTORY OF THE TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS OF

HENRY M. STANLEY,

HIS PERILOUS MARCH TO FIND LIVINGSTONE, HIS EXPLORATIONS ON THE CONGO, HIS WONDERFUL WORK IN THE CONGO STATE, TOGETHER WITH A CONCISE AND FASCINATING ACCOUNT OF NEGRO SAVAGE TRIBES, AND A COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS

LATEST AND MOST INTERESTING EXPEDITION,

THE RELIEF OF EMIN BEY.

By A. H. GODBEY, A. M.,

Author of "Light in Darkness," "Missions and Missionary Heroes," etc., etc.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 100 FINE ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

A Roman general was asked by a friend: "Would you rather be Achilles or Homer?" To this he replied: "Would you rather be victor in the Olympic games, or the herald who proclaims him?"

Without entering upon a discussion of the merits of the answer, suffice it to say that our modern Achilles has been his own Homer. The author of this volume does not hope to add a single leaflet to the well-earned laurels of the prince of modern explorers. This book is not intended as a panegyric.

Neither does the writer design to compete with the great traveler in the field of literature. Stanley's adventures as related by himself possess a charm that few may hope to excel; and the native modesty of the man, as well as his intense earnestness and prompt decision, are better shown by his own writings than by the pen of another.

But the volumes written by Stanley are too costly for many thousands who are deeply interested in the achievements of the man who has done more for the development of the "Dark Continent" than any other person, living or dead. That these people, as thoroughly appreciative of the work of the "Columbus of Africa" as their more favored brethren, may have a condensed history of his deeds, this volume has been prepared.

Trusting that it may accomplish the purpose of its

compilation, and arouse in all a deeper interest in the possibilities of Africa's future, the book is respectfully submitted to an impartial public.

A. H. GODBEY.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

Most African races have no written language. Hence all native names are usually spelled phonetically by travelers. The reader will observe that each syllable usually ends in a vowel; but as the African frequently places an n or an m before another consonant at the beginning of a syllable, it will be easier for American tongues in such cases to pronounce the n or m as part of the preceding syllable. The vowels are usually given the Continental sound.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

The Land of Mystery.—Fables and Realities.—Its Fatal Character.—Slow Exploration.—Livingstone.—His Discoveries.—Last Journey.—His Fate an Uncertainty..... 21

CHAPTER II.

STANLEY'S EARLY LIFE.

Stanley: His Early Life.—A Traveling Correspondent.—In Abyssinia.—A Telegram from Bennett.—The Interview and Commission.—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!..... 31

CHAPTER III.

THE EXPEDITION.

Procuring Supplies.—The Start.—Disturbance over a Dead Horse.—Superstition.—News from Livingstone.—A Robber Chieftain.—Slow Traveling.—African Hindrances.—Insects.—Jealous Natives.—Thorny Plants.—A Few Moments in the Jungle 42

CHAPTER IV.

DELAYS AND LOSSES.

A Thieving Cook.—A Runaway.—Losses on the Road.—Search for the Missing.—The Adventures of the Soldiers.—Greed of the Sultana.—The Sultana Frightened.—The Makata Swamp.—Sickness in Camp.—Farquhar's Excesses..... 52

CHAPTER V.

TROUBLES EN ROUTE.

Shaw's Malingering.—Hippopotamus Hunting.—Vexatious Losses.—Farquhar's Worthlessness.—Impudence of Shaw.—Stanley Punishes Him.—Shaw Penitent.—A Suspicious Circum-

stance.—A Land of Plenty.—Farquhar Left Behind.—White Ants 59

CHAPTER VI.
THROUGH UGOGO.

Caravans United.—Impudent Wagogo.—Exorbitant Toll.—Wagogo Trickery.—An Avaricious Chief.—A Fight Imminent.—Unyanyembe Reached.—Notes on The People.—Ideas of God.—Customs and Laws..... 68

CHAPTER VII.
STOPPED BY WAR.

Arab Hospitality.—Telling the News.—The Settlement of Tabora.—Council of War.—Power of Mirambo.—The Livingstone Relief Caravan Found.—A Triumphal March.—Battles with Mirambo.—A Masterly "Change of Base."—Farquhar Dead and Shaw Sick.—Mirambo Attacks Tabora.—Arabs Defeated.—Stanley Prepares to Turn Southward.—Stricken with Fever..... ... 87

CHAPTER VIII.
A DETOUR.

The Affectionate Bombay.—Numerous Desertions.—Shaw Moping.—Sent Back.—African Fever.—Through a Desert Region.—Stanley a Great Medicine Man.—Narrow Escape from a Crocodile.—Native Method of Killing the Crocodile.—Mutiny Among the Men.—Stanley Victorious..... 99

CHAPTER IX
LIVINGSTONE FOUND.

News of Livingstone.—Forced Marching.—Rapacious Chiefs.—Stanley's Anger.—A Night March.—In Sight of the Lake.—Triumphal Entry.—Susi and Chuma.—Face to Face..... 112

CHAPTER X.
LIVINGSTONE.

Cowardice of the Sepoys.—The Johanna Men Alarmed.—Desertions.—Cazembe.—Explorations.—A Treacherous Arab.—Into Rua.—Turned Back.—Robbed of Everything.—Despair-

ing.—Stanley's Arrival.—Livingstone's Character.—Influence over Stanley..... 121

CHAPTER XI.

STANLEY WITH LIVINGSTONE.

To the Rusizi River.—The Head of the Lake.—African Knavery.—To Unyanyembe.—Livingstone's Plan.—News of Shaw's Death.—The Separation.—Back to the Coast.—Criticisms of Stanley.—Justly Indignant 130

CHAPTER XII.

AN AFRICAN EXPLORER.

Livingstone Dead.—Unsettled Questions.—The Anglo-American Expedition.—Preparations.—The Departure.—Scanty Food.—A Grave Situation.—Hostile Natives.—Sickness in Camp.—Death of Edward Pocock.—War with the Natives.—Heavy Losses.—A Land of Plenty.—Mistaken for Mirambo.—Arrival at Victoria Nyanza..... 137

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE VICTORIA.

Season of Rest.—Departure from Kagehyi.—Message from Mtesa.—Visit to Him.—His Character.—A French Traveler.—Return to Kagehyi.—Dilatory Magassa.—Bumbireh.—A Season of Peril.—"Go and Die in the Nyanza."—Desperate Situation.—Safe in Camp.—Deaths and Losses.—Sets out for Uganda.—Rotten Canoes Founder.—To the Rescue!—Bold Uledi.—A Forced Halt.—A Drunken Row.—Bumbireh Once More.—Treachery.—The Natives Punished.—Arrival in Uganda.. 148

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAGANDA-WAVUMA WAR.

Mtesa at War.—Promises of Aid.—The Scene of Operations.—Mtesa's Army.—His Fickleness.—Discusses Religion.—Stanley as Missionary.—Mtesa Consults His Chiefs.—Christianity the State Religion.—Evident Honesty, without Stability.—Indecisive Battles.—Massacre of the Peace Party.—Wavuma Chiefs Captured.—Mtesa's Fury.—Stanley's Appeal.—His Floating Fort.—The War Ended.—Burning of the Camp.—Mtesa's Character..... 164

CHAPTER XV.

TO NYANGWE.

To the Muta Nzige.—A Haughty Ally.—Hostile Natives.—Cowardly Waganda.—Turned Back.—The Cowards Punished.—Through Karagwe.—Meets Mirambo.—At Ujiji.—The Tanganyika Rising.—Origin of the Lake.—Its Circumnavigation Begun.—A Desolate Village.—Lake Scenery.—In a Storm.—The Lukuga River.—Conclusions.—Sickness at Ujiji.—Sets out for Nyangwe.—Desertions.—Among the Manyema.—Meets Tippu Tib.—Stories of Dwarfs.—Bargain with Tippu Tib..... 175

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH TIPPU TIB.

Nyangwe.—Difficult Marching.—Tippu Tib Discouraged.—Evidence of Cannibalism.—By Land and River.—Overtures of Friendship.—Treachery.—Battle on the River.—Sufferings of the Party.—In an Ambuscade.—Food Obtained.—A Hospital Canoe.—Dwarfs.—Desperate Battle.—Fortifying a Village.—Continued Fighting.—A Night Expedition.—Canoes Captured. End of the War.—Tippu Tib Turns Back..... 194

CHAPTER XVII

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

Great Crises.—The Opposing Odds.—The Probabilities.—The Start.—Cannibal Warriors.—A Friendly Race.—Flattering the Women.—Testing the White Man.—The Mwana Ntaba.—Canoes Captured.—Further Fighting.—The First Cataract.—Perils by Land and River.—Canoe Wrecked.—Zaidi in the Cataract.—Uledi to the Rescue.—Saved!—Uledi..... 208

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO STANLEY POOL.

Crafty Aborigines.—Is it the Congo?—Fatalism.—A Reaction to Cheerfulness.—More Hostile Cannibals.—War! War! War!—Stanley Depressed.—The Cannibals of Aruwimi.—Stanley's Blood Up.—Famine.—Pantomime.—The Congo!—Tattooing.—Muskets Found.—Desperate Battles.—Pathetic Indifference.—Death of Amina.—Improvement in Native Character.—Chumbiri—Pythons.—Another Battle.—The Great Pool.. 221

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

Near the First Cataract.—Unreliability of Native Information.—Discovery of the Congo.—Vague Knowledge.—Futile Explorations.—Tuckey's Expedition.—Its Disastrous End.—First Cataract Passed.—Canoes Over the Falls —Death of Kalulu.—Soudi lost.—Slow Progress.—Soudi Reappears —His Marvelous Escape.—Wearisome Advance.—Great Peril of Stanley.—Providential Escape..... 238

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED PERILS.

A Region of Cataracts.—Nubi Over the Falls.—Rescued by Uledi—Thieves in the Camp.—The Inkisi Cataract.—Over the Mountain.—Stores Giving Out.—New Canoes Made.—Fetish Causes Trouble.—Pocock Laid Up.—Who is the Thief?—Trial of Uledi.—Touching Appeal.—The Sentence.—The Notebook Raises a Disturbance..... 250

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH AND DESPAIR.

Afloat Once More.—Reaches Zinga.—Over the Falls.—The "Little Master" Drowned.—Fatal Rashness.—Sympathetic Natives —Stanley's Grief —Sympathy of the Natives.—Despair of the Wangwana.—Tearless Woe.—Wholesale Desertion.—The Deserters Brought Back.—Another Man Drowned.—Stanley Through the Rapids—Narrow Escape. – Courage Once More. 264

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STARVING RESCUED.

Provisions Scarce.—Slow Progress.—The Natives Assist.—Food not Purchasable.—Safeni Crazy for Joy.—The People Mad with Hunger.—The River Abandoned.—"Rum! Rum!"—Couriers Sent for Help.—Insulted by the "Powerful Man."—At the Last Gasp.— "Ah! That Uledi; We are Saved, Thank God!"—Reaches the Sea.—Hospitable Reception.—Dangerous Reaction.—At Cape Town.—Home at Last.—Faithful Followers..... 277

CHAPTER XXIII.

RESULTS AND POSSIBILITIES.

New Impulse to Research.—The Congo State.—Size of

the Congo.—Other Explorers.—Territory Occupied.—Livingstone's Prayer Answered.—Real Pioneers of Civilization.—A Gigantic Commerce.—The Climate.—Progress of Civilization. 291

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EQUATORIAL AFRICAN.

Wrong Ideas of the African.—The Negro a Product of the Climate.—Different African Types.—Monsters and Fabulous Animals.—Dwarfs.—Dokos.—Obongos.—The Native Negro not Prolific.—The Congo Empire.—Shinga, the Tigress.—The Terrible Jagas.—Tembandumba, The Amazon Queen.—The Kingdom of Ashantee.—Dahomey.—The Sierra Leone Negro.—Origin of the White Man.—African Religion.—Fetishism.—The Devil Driven Away.—Voudouism.—Witchcraft.—Execution of Witches.—Rain-making.—A Rain-maker's Craft..... 305

CHAPTER XXV.

CUSTOMS AND TRAITS.

The Congo Priesthood.—Imposition.—Immorality.—Ancestor Worship.—Horrible Cruelties.—African Chiefs.—Traditions.—A Beautiful Legend.—Its Likeness to Others.—Dress and Ornament.—Dirtiness.—An Odd Salutation.—Cannibalism; its Wide Extent.—Slaves of Precedent.—An African Ossian.—Marriage.—Polygamy.—Morals.—Women's Rights.—Ideas About the White Man.—The White Man Ridiculous.—The White Man a Curiosity..... 336

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROJECTING THE CONGO STATE.

Gen. Sanford's Letter.—Objects of the Organization.—Stanley Wanted as Leader.—His Weariness.—Finally Accepts. Outfit of the Expedition.—Scenery of the Congo.—A Busy Factory.—The Congo Flotilla.—Trouble at the Start..... 370

CHAPTER XXVII.

UP THE CONGO.

Dutch Enterprise.—Boma, the Trading Station.—Desolate Scenery.—The Five Chiefs.—Negotiation for a Site.—A Bargain Made.—Native Shrewdness.—Founding of Vivi Station.—Its Completion..... 384

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROAD MAKING IN AFRICA.

Securing the Right of Way.—A High Price for It.—In the Grass.—Hard Work.—Mabruki Finds Water.—Hospitality at Isangila.—Making a Road.—Rate of Progress.—Gods of Uvana. Yellala Falls.—The Hippopotamus as a Civil Engineer.—Native Laborers.—Game and Snakes.—First Section Completed.—A Truculent Chief.—The Chief Fined.—To Isangila..... 397

CHAPTER XXIX.

SLOW PROGRESS

Arrival of De Brazza.—Four Hundred Yards in a Month.—Gored by a Buffalo.—To Manyanga.—Condition of the Party. An African Dance.—Stricken with Fever.—At the Gates of Death.—Reinforcements.—Forward Once More.—A Fertile Region.—A Flattering Plunderer.—Arrival at Ntamo..... 408

CHAPTER XXX.

A CRISIS REACHED.

Out of Food.—Costly Brotherhood.—Ngalyema's Wealth.—More Stores Sent For.—Difficult Advance.—Susi Sent Back.—Ngalyema's Misrepresentations.—A Second Advance.—Chief Makoko.—An African Patriarch.—An Important Conference.—A Peaceful Settlement..... 422

CHAPTER XXXI.

ESTABLISHING LEOPOLDVILLE.

Ngalyema Hostile.—Preparing for War.—A Wordy Contest.—The Great War Fetish.—Its Astonishing Success.—Ngalyema Has Enough.—On to Kintamo.—Ngalyema's History and Character.—Mode of Controlling Him.—The New Site.—A Precarious Situation.—Frightening Ngalyema Again.—Council Held.—Great Ratification.—Leopoldville Built.—A Second Blood Brotherhood..... 432

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXPLORING A NEW REGION.

Ready to Advance.—The Land and the People.—Forward. Stanley Pool.—Mswata.—A Great Chief.—A Peaceful Settlement.—Exploring the Kwa River.—The Steamer a Curiosity.—

Two Kinds of Water.—Mosquitoes.—Queen Gankabi.—An African Virago.—Stanley has His Way.—Discovers Lake Leopold.—Chasing a Fisherman.—His Wonder.—The Return.—Stanley Ill..... 447

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DISORDER AND REORGANIZATION.

Stanley Visits Europe.—Finds Great Disorder on His Return.—Reorganization.—Satisfaction for Blood.—Leopoldville Starving.—Foolish Would-be Explorers.—Making Peace Once More.—Progress at Leopoldville.—Warning of Gobila.—Review of Congo Scenery.—The Rich Heart of the Continent.—Bolobo.—"Pay or Fight."—Paid.—Wealthy Chiefs.—Onward Once More.—Shy Natives, but Friendly.—Blood Brotherhood.—The Eager Bakengo.—Arbitrating a Civil War..... 461

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DISASTER AND ENTERPRISE.

Lake Mantumba.—A Rescue.—Improvements at Leopoldville.—Disasters.—War Breaks Out.—Horrible Deeds.—Greedy Wy-Yanzi.—Equator Station.—Among the Bangala.—Tropical Verdure.—The Curious Langa-Langa.—Timid Wa-Bumba.—At the Aruwimi.—Atrocious Slavers.—Their Bloody Work.—Continued Desolation.—The Banditti Overtaken.—Their Camp.—The Herd of Human Cattle.—What they Cost.....478

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WORK COMPLETED.

Stanley Falls.—The Wenya Fishers.—Their Boldness.—A Station at Stanley Falls.—Siwa-Siwa and His Friendliness.—Turning Homeward. Thieves.—A Chief's Son Caught.—The Plunder Restored.—A First-class Funeral.—A Bloody Ceremony.—Bolobo Burnt.—At Leopoldville.—Farewell.—To Europe..... 500

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TO RESCUE EMIN BEY.

The Slave Trade.—Its Effects.—Its Variations.—Its Prevalence.—Its Horrors.—Efforts to Suppress it.—Baker's Expedition.—Its Origin and Aim.—Results. Chinese Gordon.—His Character.—Disaster in the Soudan. Edward Schnitzer.—

Enters the Egyptian Service.—Perilous Situation.—His Work. Relief Determined Upon.—Stanley in Charge.—Character of the Expedition..... 513

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM GLOOM TO GLADNESS.

Emin's Situation; The Country and People.—Routes to Wadelai.—The Start from Zanzibar.—Bargain with Tippu-Tib.—Delay on the Congo.—Setting out from Yambuya.—Difficult Progress.—Conflicting Rumors.—Osman Digna's Trick.—Thomson's Opinion.—Authentic News..... 532

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS.

Into the Forest.—Poisoned Weapons.—Arab Raiders Met.—Food Scarce.—Nelson Left Behind.—Famine and Desertion.—Ibwiri a Land of Plenty.—Into the Grass Lands.—Battles with the Natives.—Lake Albert.—No News from Emin.—Retreat to Fort Bodo.—To the Lake Once More.—Emin Safe.—His Indecision.—Stanley Returns for the Rear Guard.—Its Terrible Plight.—Barttelot Murdered.—Stanley Without Baggage..... 547

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RETURN.

Forward Once More.—Fair Progress.—Small-pox.—Among the Dwarfs.—Famine Again.—Foragers Sent Out.—A Search Party.—Several Die of Starvation.—Relief.—To Fort Bodo.—Letters From Jephson..... 564

CHAPTER XL.

THE REBELLION.

Emin and Jephson Seized.—Misrepresentations.—Envoys From the Mahdi.—The Mahdists Defeat the Egyptians.—General Confusion.—Stanley Warned.—Much Perplexed.—Reassures Jephson.—Emin Still Hesitates.—Arrives in Camp.—Preparing to Leave.—Unaccountable Delay.—A Conspiracy Detected.—The Party Sets Out..... 573

CHAPTER XLI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A New Lake.—The Mountains of the Moon.—The Extension

of the Victoria.—Source of the White Nile.—The Aruwimi.—The Congo Forest.—All Nature Sullen.—The Lakes of Africa.—New Rivers.—Cave Dwellers—Dwarfs.—Myths Prove Realities.—Coincidences.—Battles with the Natives.—The People Die of Reaction.—Emin Hurt 586

CHAPTER XLII.

NATIONAL JEALOUSIES.

Detestable Characters.—Tippu-Tib's Treachery.—English Thrusts at Stanley.—French Carpers.—Their Misstatements.—Defective Policy of England.—German Complaints.—Honors for Stanley.—His Character.—The Cry of Africa.—The Leaders 600

Dehm Gudyoo
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Yaffaty
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Solongo
Bombo
Mapra
Ronga
Barako
Palma
Asaba
Abo
Ndon
Aluno
Calabar
Kuno
Korongo
Kamos
Akassa
Cameroons Mt.
K. Bells Town
Duke Town
Old Calabar
Niger River
Cape Formosa
Brass River
Bight of Biafra
Fernando Po
Cameroons Bay
Princes Isl.
Penaria Bay
Cape St. John
Corisco Is.
Isl. S. Thomas
St. Anna
G. Gaboon
Benito
Osheba
Bunbakal
Chaillu
Ja Beu
K. George T.
Cape Lopez
Annobon
Bakalai
Eshie
Osyeba
Agogodsho
Olomba
Setta
Pt. Pedros
Buoli
Makalai
Adzaha
Buka Mealea
Monso
Malimba
Pt. Negro
Pt. Banda
Manyanga
Loango
Chiloboshe
Banza Manteke
Boma
Ninga
Cabinda
Banana
Congo or Zaire
Sonio
Pt. Padron
Kintamo
Stanley Pool
Mokokoo
Gilibi
Equatorville
Lake Ikelemba
Lake Leopoldville
Loukinda
WAKUNA
Kibonge
Cataracts
DARUMO
Kisuer
Masaka
Sasse Isl.
VICTORIA NYANZA
Naruer
Rumpikka
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Ukerewe
Nyanza
Mukandjas
Uvira
MANYUEMA
Rassuna
Nyangwe
Lake Kamolondo
Lake Bangweolo
Lake Moero
Lake Tanganyika
Lake Nyassa
Lake Shirwa
Lake Chilwa
Lake Leopold II
Lake Mantumbe
Lake Dilolo
Lake Aquilunda
Lake Dundas
Lake Victoria
Lake Albert
Lake Albert Edward
Lake Kivu

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF DARKNESS.

AFRICA! A world of memories lingers round it! It is the birthplace and the grave of a great civilization. It has ever been the land of mystery. For centuries the geographers have scanned its coasts and vainly wondered what lay within. For ages they marked its central territories as the abode of griffins, dragons, rocs, headless men, and other strange monsters. The ancients believed it extended far away to the south into seas of boiling heat. Long after the dawn of the Christian era such fabulous accounts were gravely accepted as truth by otherwise intelligent people. Nor Munchausen nor Scheherazade ever conceived wilder fictions than the ancient geographers and historians.

Strange the myriad myths and fables; no less strange the truth. In Egypt arose the oldest civilization, and from Egypt the sciences were carried into Greece. Here Sinai was born, and Calvary cradled. In Carthage arose Rome's greatest rival and bitterest foe. In Africa was developed the most massive architecture the world has seen—one which the enginery of to-day cannot rival. You walk upon the shifting sands, and a thousand relics and images regard you with their stony eyes. And those ancient relics tell of a race marvelously advanced in many of those sciences which we

are accustomed to regard as but the offspring of the past three centuries. The visitor in the Boulak museum may look upon the faces of a score of ancient Pharaohs, including the oppressor of Israel. But its power and glory are no more; the present is shrouded in gloom; the light gleams but fitfully on the future. Each relic reads, "In memory of departed splendor." Carthage is dead; Hannibal is dead; Cleopatra, the Ptolemies, Memphis, Thebes, all are gone. Cambyses conquered the Egyptian; Cæsar overthrew Pompey; the Saracen hurled back the Crusader: England has humbled the Saracen. Only the pyramids remain, and the sphinx gazing with stony impassiveness into the darkness of the future, heedless of the ephemeral pigmies that hewed it from its rocky prison.

What is the land to-day? One unsurpassed by any upon the globe in fertility and abundance of resources, yet less developed than any other. The curse of Noah rests upon it. Here is the home of the slave; here the nursery of the slaver; what should be an earthly paradise is the hunting ground of fiends. Where should be fertile and well-improved fields, are loathsome marshes, reeking with malaria. Where man has such ample provision made for him by nature, he is more filthy and brutish than elsewhere under the sun. For ages this land has brought forth her children, to be poisoned by her own breasts. She offers her offspring the treasures of her lap, and the asp strikes ere they grasp. She broods over them caressing, and her balmy breath strikes them corpses by her side. She tempts them with the fruit of a thousand trees; but the Spirit of the Swamp interposes, and they perish. When she would warm their chilling limbs, the sirocco's scorching blast shrivels them, and they are no more. When she

LIVINGSTONE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

would entrance them with music, she crazes them with discord, or with a horrible silence. Her swarming children, longing for happiness and light, see only the blackness of darkness forever. Ever she holds forth the promise of life; but over all broods the angel of death.

This land, whose favors are so fatal to her own children, is hostile to strangers. She resents each attempt to unveil the dark, unhappy lot of her offspring. Scores have tried in vain to fathom her mysteries; others have perished in the hour of success. Obstacles oppose them on every side. Africa is a lovely charnel-house.

Three mysteries above all others in Africa, have attracted the attention of geographers—the sources of the Nile, the Niger and the Congo. The first has ever taken the precedence. Flowing 1,500 miles through a sandy waste, in a land where rain never falls, and which depends solely upon it for its fertility, it is little to be wondered at that the superstitious Egyptians venerated as a god a stream that never ran dry. Often, in centuries past, have attempts been made to discover its source; but not forty years have elapsed since the mystery was solved. Cataracts impeded navigation; the Sahara opposed all who would penetrate to the Niger from the north; one hundred and twenty miles up the Congo, great falls and rapids impeded the traveler's progress. The east coast was lined with vast marshes; the west with almost impenetrable forests; either coast has a range of mountains; on the south is the great Kalahari desert.

The Niger was the first to yield its mystery to the zeal of the explorer. Early in the present century, Mungo Park sailed up it, far into the heart of the continent. A period of unusual activity in exploration soon

set in, and the names of Speke, Grant, Burton, Baker, Gordon, and many others, are associated with the final discoveries, and the gradual development of the country. But we cannot, in the scope of this work, give more than a passing notice to these, or to many others equally brave and deserving of honor. Yet, ere we proceed, one traveler deserves much more than mention.

Not only for his indomitable pluck, but also for his enduring patience; not only for his sturdy self-reliance, but also for his faith in God: not only for the extent of his research, but also for his sympathy for humanity; less for the magnitude of his work than for the philanthropic spirit that prompted it—DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the "weaver boy" who became the missionary explorer, will ever stand in the van of the host of African travelers, *Facile princeps* he: none too proud to do him reverence, whom scientists, missionaries, societies and nations have delighted to honor. The geographer will point to that tomb in Westminster Abbey, and tell of his discoveries, and call him a martyr to science. The savage will point to that lonely hut where he died on his knees, in the marsh at Ilala, and say, "He loved our nation and gave up his life to bring us the gospel." Doubt you which is the greater tribute, or truer estimate?

Born in 1815, DAVID LIVINGSTONE was brought up in comparative poverty, but managed to secure a good education and became a practicing physician. It had been his intention to make China the field of his labors, and his medical course had been taken with that intention. But at the age of twenty-five he changed his mind, and embarked as a missionary to South Africa, designing to devote his energies to the wild tribes of Kaffirs, Bechuanas, Bakuenas, and others that dwelt in or near the borders of the English possessions at the Cape.

He married a daughter of the eminent missionary, Robert Moffat—the man who, under God, had achieved so signal a triumph in the conversion of the notorious Hottentot chief, Africaner. He first made his headquarters in the domain of a powerful Bakwain chieftain, Sechele. His labors here were not marked by any great success, but he was unconsciously receiving a training, in learning native manners, customs and dialects, that was destined to be of no little value to him afterwards. Nine years were spent in this field, in perils by disease, in perils by hunger, by sickness, in danger from savage beasts, and little less savage men. Once he was nearly killed by a lion. From the people he had little to fear, they at that time having had little experience in the treachery of Portuguese and Arab slave-traders, and much resembling in their primitive simplicity the red man of our own land, ere he came in contact with similar contaminating influences.

In the year 1853, Livingstone began that career of discovery which has made him famous throughout the civilized world. Setting out with two other travelers, he pushed northeast in search of the great lake Ngami, of which he had heard, but which no white man had ever seen. He also wished to visit the "great lion" Sekeletu, a powerful Makololo chieftain of whom he had heard much, and who lived one hundred and fifty miles to the north of it. He reached the lake after two month's journey, and found it to be about one hundred and fifty miles in circumference.

Finding Sekeletu friendly, and disposed to aid the "great white Beardie," as the Makololo called the white man, as far as he could, Livingstone determined to push northwest to the Portuguese coast possessions. Sekeletu rendered him valuable assistance in his project.

THE ZAMBESI FALLS.

Setting out in November, after three months of toiling through gloomy forests and dismal swamps, attended only by his savage natives, he reached the Inongo valley, opening up a clear route to the coast. Five months after setting out from the Makololo country he reached St. Paul de Loanda.

His next expedition entered Africa from the west coast, and pushed across to the east. This venture resulted in some of his most important discoveries. Among them may be mentioned the lake Nyassa, the Shire and Zambesi rivers, the wonderful "smoke-sounding" falls of the latter, beside which Niagara is a pigmy. Most important of all was his discovery of the horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Portuguese and Arab slave-traders in their dealings with the inland natives. Their iniquitous practices being far from the eye of the civilized world, and in a region where power was the only law, they feared no interference and carried on their bloody traffic at will. Of the details of this nefarious business, and how Livingstone's narrative stirred the civilized world, we will speak in another place.

When he returned to Africa, it was as consul to the port of Quillimane, on the south-east coast. From this point he pushed inward and northward, and gained much information concerning the sources of the Nile —the river that had perplexed the geographers for more than 2000 years. Other explorers, stimulated by his example, had also set out, and ere many months the long-mooted question was settled. Bands of missionaries were in the meantime pushing up the Zambesi and into the interior, and though disease and disaster drove back some and slew others, yet success came at last, and something more substantial than scientific glory appeared as the fruits of his labors.

But there were still vexed questions to be settled. The source of the Nile was clear enough, but what of the great inland sea, Lake Tanganyika? What of the Congo? What of the southern portion of the great watershed? What of the people who dwelt therein? What were their characteristics, their habits, their needs? Could not permanent communication be established with them?

With these questions to solve, Livingstone set out in 1865 for another journey. He started from Zanzibar in March, 1866, with a body of Sepoys as guard, and plunged once more into the unknown wilds of central Africa. Days, weeks, and months went by; vague rumors of his deeds from time to time came to the coast. Then came leader of the Sepoy band and told how the great traveler had perished in a battle with the natives, almost at the beginning of his journey.

Profound was the sorrow of Christendom; scientists had lost a leader, missionaries a brother, the natives a father; all mourned his untimely end, each declared his own the greatest loss. Then came letters to the coast dated far in advance of the place given by the Johanna men as the scene of his death. He was alive, then. The Johanna men had played him false.

Then there was long silence. No letters ever came. There were vague rumors of a strange white man seen far in the interior, but these were followed by a report of his death.

Four years of fear and uncertainty passed; all England and America shared it. Where was Livingstone? Was he alive? What was he doing? Was there no one to follow him and learn his fate; to take up his work and carry it on?

The hour had come, and unknown to himself, the man was ready.

BAGAMOYO.

CHAPTER II.

STANLEY'S EARLY LIFE.

FORTY-NINE years ago, while Livingstone was laboring as missionary in South Africa, there was born near Denbigh, Wales, a boy whose name appears in the parish register as John Rowlands. How poor he was may be inferred from the fact that at the age of three he was placed in the poor-asylum of St. Asaph. Here he remained about nine years. He was then employed for a time as school-teacher at Mold in Flintshire. But the youth was of a restless, adventurous spirit, and was quickly dissatisfied with his vocation. So he shipped as cabin-boy in a vessel bound for New Orleans, where he began search for employment. It chanced that he fell in with a wealthy merchant named Henry Moreland Stanley, who was pleased with the energy and aspiration of the adventurous youth, and adopted him, giving him his own name. Yet the mercantile life was not exactly to the lad's liking. Comfort and wealth had no great attractions for him. One day he disappeared. His wealthy patron mourned him as dead. But the youth had merely wandered away into the wilds of Arkansas, with a desire of seeing something of the wild life on the frontier. For a time he dwelt in a rude cabin on the Washita river; then going down to the Mississippi, he made his way with a flat-boat crew

back to New Orleans, where his adopted father was greatly rejoiced at seeing him once more.

Shortly after this Mr. Stanley, Sr., died suddenly, intestate; so the young Welsh lad was once more thrown entirely upon his own resources. Free to indulge his roving propensities once more without occasioning anxiety to any one, he wandered away to the mining camps of California, and eventually abode for a time among the Indians.

At the breaking out of the Civil war, young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army. In one of his first battles he was captured; and as prison-life was decidedly irksome to him, and as his sympathies were really with the Union cause, he soon concluded to change sides. Perhaps because they mistrusted his sudden conversion, the authorities placed him on board the ironclad *Ticonderoga*. Though he had had no special training for this sort of life, he made himself felt in all his work, and by the close of the war had become acting ensign.

The war over, Stanley, finding army life well suited to his restless temperament, decided to join the Cretans, just then endeavoring to throw off the Turkish yoke. Having obtained a sort of roving commission as correspondent from James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, he and two companions went to Crete. But he was quickly disgusted with the leaders of the movement, and abandoned Crete to travel in the East. Here he fell in with Turkish brigands and was robbed of everything. Appealing to the Turkish government through the American minister at Constantinople, he managed to procure funds sufficient for his immediate needs and departed for England.

While on this visit occurred an incident suggesting

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

that his early life in the St. Asaph asylum was not of the most pleasant character. He visited the school at St. Asaph, and after a few words to the children provided for them a bounteous dinner, no doubt remembering that a first-class dinner was not a common episode of his life in that place. A noteworthy occasion that, when the young adventurer who had traveled far and wide sat down once more with the poor youths of St. Asaph. And it is safe to say that Stanley will be as warmly remembered in that humble neighborhood as in America.

The next year Stanley returned to America. In 1868 he accompanied the English expedition against King Theodore, of Abyssinia, as correspondent of the New York *Herald*. In this work he distinguished himself. Upon the close of the war he dispatched to London the news of the success of the British troops and of the death of Theodore. These facts were published in the London papers before the arrival of the Government dispatches. The British public was astonished. That a young American newspaper correspondent should beat the British government was something hitherto unheard of in the annals of the press. The custom had been that the Government first announced the main features and left only the details to be filled in by correspondents; and it created no small amusement at the expense of the Government, that its method should be so reversed. Moreover, Stanley's letters contain the best history yet written of this expedition.

In 1869 Stanley was sent as correspondent of the *Herald* into Spain, then disturbed by a civil war. His energy and ability gained him many laurels in this field also.

James Gordon Bennett has ever been one of the

ZANZIBAR.

most enterprising of modern journalists. While the war in Spain was progressing, Mr. Bennett was paying no small attention to the interest manifested in the probable fate of Dr. Livingstone. The many conflicting rumors which had reached England had decided many persons that an expedition should be sent to search for him, but the British government, when the matter was laid before it, flatly refused to do anything in that direction. Meanwhile the Royal Geographical Society, ashamed of the indifference of the Government, had opened a subscription list to defray the expense of a search expedition. Bennett coolly considered the matter, and decided that it would be a feather in the *Heralds'* cap if he should find Livingstone himself. Stanley's readiness for emergency, and Bennett's iron determination are best shown by the conversation between them on this subject.

October 16, 1869, Stanley, just returned from Valencia, was sitting in his hotel in Madrid, when there was handed him a telegram: "Come to Paris on important business." Promptly the young man made his arrangements, packed his belongings, bade good-bye to his friends, and at 3 P. M. was on his way to Paris; for what purpose he knew not. He reached Paris the following night, went straight to the Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room. Of the ensuing conversation we will let Mr. Stanley tell his own story:

"'Come in!' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"'Who are you?' he asked.

"'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

"'Ah, yes! Sit down; I have important business on hand for you.'

"After throwing over his shoulders his robe-de-

chambre, Mr. Bennett asked: 'Where do you think Livingstone is?'

"'I really do not know, sir.'

"'Do you think he is alive?

"'He may be, and he may not be,' I answered.

"'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.'

"'What!' said I, 'do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?'

"'Yes, I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you hear that he is, and get what news you can of him; and, perhaps'—delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately—'the old man may be in want. Take enough with you to help him, should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and you will do what is best—BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!'

"Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with most other men, believed to be dead: 'Have you considered seriously the expense you are liable to incur on account of this little journey?'

"'What will it cost?' he asked, abruptly.

"'Burton and Speke's journey to Central Africa cost between £3,000 and £5,000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2,500.'

"'Well, I will tell you what I will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have spent that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on—but FIND LIVINGSTONE.'

"Surprised, but not confused, at the order, for I

knew that Mr. Bennett, when he once made up his mind, was not easily drawn aside from his purpose, I yet thought, seeing it was such a gigantic scheme, that he had not quite considered in his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of the case. I said: 'I have heard that should your father die you would sell the *Herald*, and retire from business.'

"'Whoever told you is wrong, for there is not money enough in the United States to buy the New York *Herald*. My father has made it a great paper, but I mean to make it greater. I mean that it shall publish whatever news shall be useful to the world, at no matter what cost!'

"'After that, said I, 'I have nothing more to say. Do you mean me to go straight on to Africa to search for Dr. Livingstone?'

"'No: I wish you to go to the inauguration of the Suez Canal first, and then proceed up the Nile. I hear Baker is about starting for Upper Egypt. Find out what you can about his expedition, and, as you go up, describe as well as possible whatever is interesting for tourists, and then write up a guide—a practical one—for Lower Egypt; tell us about whatever is worth seeing, and how to see it.

"Then you might as well go to Jerusalem; I hear that Captain Warren is making some interesting discoveries there. Then visit Constantinople, and find out about the Khedive and the Sultan.

"'Then—let me see—you might as well visit the Crimea and those old battle-grounds. Then go across the Caucasus to the Caspian Sea. I hear there is a Russian expedition bound for Khiva. From thence you may go through Persia to India; you could write an interesting letter from Persepolis.

"'Bagdad will be close to your way to India; sup-

NATIVES OF ŻANZIBAR.

pose you go there and write up something about the Euphrates Valley Railway. Then, when you have come to India, you may go after Dr. Livingstone. Probably you will hear by that time that Livingstone is on his way to Zanzibar; but, if not, go into the interior and find him, if alive. Get what news of his discoveries you can; and if you find that he is dead, bring all possible proofs you can of his being dead. That is all. Good night, and God be with you.'

"'Good night, sir,' I said; 'what is in the power of human nature I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon God will be with me.'"

Such was the commission given to Stanley. The reading public, on hearing of it, pronounced it a shrewd advertising dodge of Mr. Bennett. The reasons for their opinions were very plausible. If Bennett really meant to find Livingstone, why did he not select some experienced African traveler to lead the expedition? Such a man as Samuel Baker, or Speke, would give it a prestige not to be derived from a comparatively unknown newspaper correspondent, to say nothing of the advantage experience would give. Moreover, Stanley was a man wholly unacquainted with scientific pursuits. What could the scientific world hope to gain from such leadership?

But Mr. Bennett was not sending out an expedition for scientific research; he simply wished to find Livingstone, and he selected a leader with that end only in view. Scientific expeditions would be subject to frequent delays, and Bennett, having a single end in view, wanted a man who would stop for nothing. He knew his young correspondent was unacquainted with Africa, or with modes of African travel, but he knew that he had a fertility of resource and an indomitable will that would carry him over all obstacles.

It will be seen from the account already given of Stanley's life, that he was really eminently fitted for the task assigned him. His training had been thoroughly cosmopolitan. Of late years he had been much in court and camp, and had acquired the ease, tact and readiness that belong only to a thoroughly polished man of the world. His earlier years, as we have seen, had been spent amid the wilder and rougher classes of mankind. He was thoroughly inured to hardship, and well prepared for any difficulties he might encounter.

Stanley followed out in detail the route laid down by Mr. Bennett. First, he visited Sir Samuel Baker's expedition. From Egypt he went to Jerusalem, and wrote an account of Captain Warrens' discoveries there. From Palestine, he went to Constantinople; from Constantinople he went through the Crimean Peninsula; thence he went through Asia Minor to Persia. Leaving Persia he went to India, arriving there ten months after setting out from Paris. Two months later, he sailed from Bombay for Zanzibar, where he arrived on the 6th of January, 1871.

This town, situated on an island of the same name, twenty-five miles from the mainland, is by far the most important shipping point on the east coast of Africa. It is controlled by the Arabs, and is governed by a Sultan of its own. It is the supply point for all caravans destined for the great central plateau. Its chief exports are ivory, gum copal, dye-woods, hides, and slaves. Its chief articles of barter in return for these, beads, cloth, brass wire, some hardware, and cheap trinkets of various sorts.

CHAPTER III.

THE EXPEDITION.

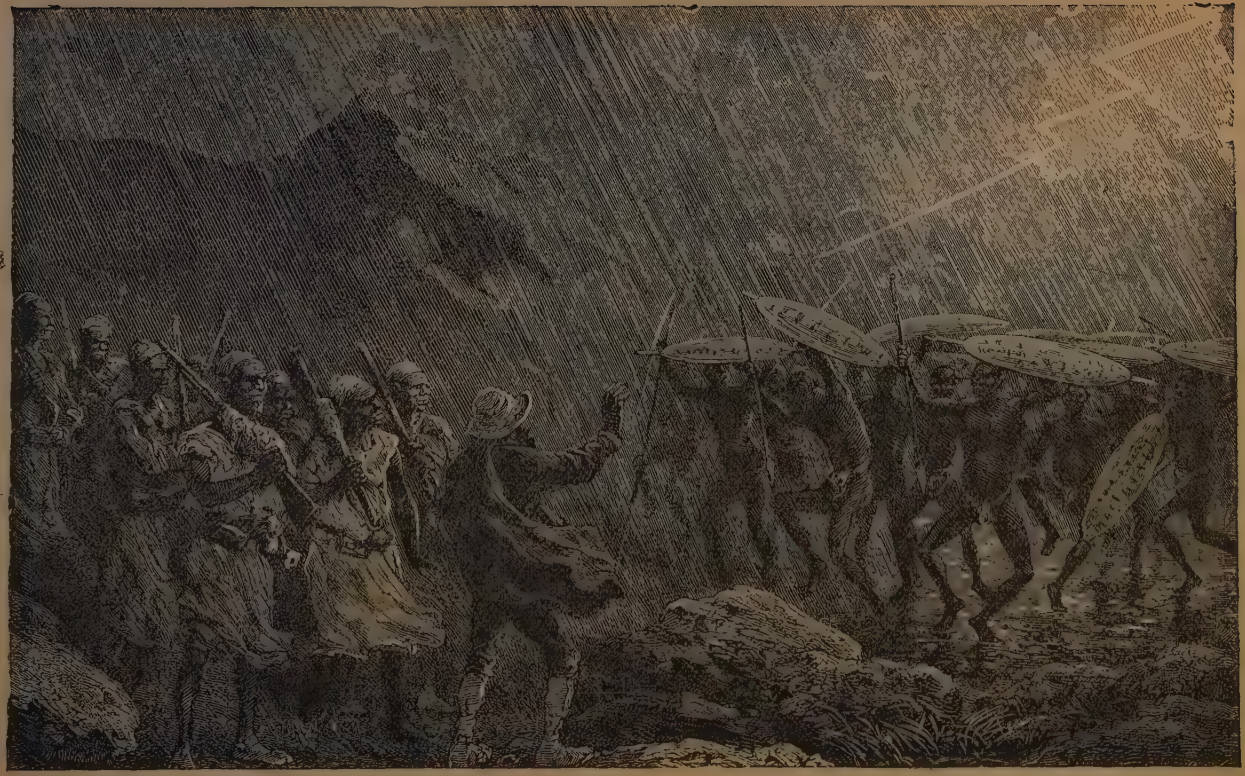
ON arriving at Zanzibar, Stanley immediately began to prepare for his journey to the interior. After vainly trying to figure out for himself the necessary outfit for this expedition, he consulted an Arab merchant who had had much experience in fitting out caravans. From him Stanley gained more useful information than he had gathered in three months' perusal of books. Foreign goods being the only medium of exchange among native tribes, it was necessary to procure a sufficient supply before leaving Zanzibar. Accordingly, he purchased three thousand, six hundred and fifty yards of various kinds of cloth, sacks of eleven varieties of beads, and three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire. This amount of currency he calculated would be ample for his needs during twelve months. He then set about securing the necessary men, donkeys, etc., to complete his caravan. A Scotchman named Farquhar, first mate of the vessel in which he had come to Zanzibar, he secured to accompany him as first in rank. Next to him, an Englishman named Shaw was engaged. Five men who had accompanied "Speke's Faithfuls," were then employed. One of these, Mombai, nicknamed Bombay, was made headman, or *kirangozi*, at $80 per annum. He then secured as soldiers eighteen men, paying them three dollars per month.

On the 4th of February, having completed his equipment, Stanley sailed for Bagamoyo, a place twenty-five miles distant on the mainland. This place is the starting point of all caravans for the interior. Here he was to hire one hundred and forty, or more, carriers.

Having overcome many difficulties, six weeks after his arrival at Bagamoyo, he was ready to start. His force was divided into five caravans, comprising, in all, one hundred and ninety men.

It was just seventy-three days after he landed at Zanzibar that Stanley, full of hope and courage, left Bagamoyo with his last caravan. He had now fairly started on his long journey to the interior to find Livingstone.

Though bound to the same point that Speke and Burton had reached, Ujiji, Stanley took a route never before traveled by a white man. Leaving Kikoka, a small collection of rude huts, he went westward over a rolling country till he came to Rosako, in the province of Ukwee. As he was about starting the next morning, Magonga, the leader of the fourth caravan, came and reported three carriers sick, and asked for medicine for them. Stanley found the three men in terror, believing they were about to die, and crying like children, "Mama, mama!" Leaving this caravan with orders to come on as soon as possible, he proceeded on his journey. So anxious was he about them, that he halted after a march of nine miles. Three days having elapsed without the arrival of the caravan, two men were sent after it, who brought it up on the fourth day. Pushing on five miles, he came to the village of Kingaru. At this place, on the first of April, a valuable horse died. The burial of the carcass without the permission of the villagers raised a tremendous commotion. A consultation among the villagers



HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS.

resulted in the wrinkled old chief presenting himself to Stanley to demand satisfaction. Stanley therefore gave orders to dig up the horse, and drag it back to where it died. This had the desired effect, and the old chief begged that the horse might remain buried. At this place, also, his last horse died, leaving him to ride a donkey.

An exceedingly laborious march through a thick jungle brought him to Msuwa, where he halted that men and animals might recuperate. The chief of this village proved very friendly, and both chief and subjects displayed a degree of intelligence above the average native.

Leaving this hospitable village, he traveled on to Kisemo, twelve miles from Msuwa. This is the center of a populous district, there being five villages in the vicinity, fortified by stakes and thorny abattis.

While here, a curious superstition was brought to light by Shaw removing a stone while putting up his tent. A chief rushed forward, replaced the stone, and solemnly stood on it. On being asked what was the matter, he carefully lifted it, and showed an insect underneath, pinned firmly by a stick to the ground, which he said had been the cause of a miscarriage of a female of the village.

A delightful journey over good roads through an open country brought them the next day to Munondi, on the Ungerangeri river. Crossing the river, they entered the Wakami territory. For two days the road lay through charming country. A third day's march through a forest, brought them to the territory of the Waseguhha. Here he met an Arab chief, with a caravan bound east, who told him that he had met Livingstone at Ujiji. He said that Livingstone had been sick, but

was fully recovered, and was going to visit a country called Monyima. This was cheering news to Stanley, and inspired him with hope. The valley here was fruitful, and more like some parts of our fertile west than a desert. The natives, however, were much more brutal than any yet seen, and accompanied their demands with threats. For a time, indeed, they seemed disposed to oppose their passage completely.

Continuing along the valley of the river, they arrived at Simbamwenni, a walled town containing a thousand houses. The fame of Stanley had preceded him, and a thousand or more inhabitants came out to see him.

This town of Simbamwenni was built by Kisabengo, a notorious robber chieftain, who fled from justice at Zanzibar, and gathered about him malcontents and runaway slaves from various quarters. In his old age, the old fellow changed his name to that of the town, which means "The Lion City." Bestowing his power upon his eldest daughter at his death, he gave her the same name

Stanley was a great curiosity to the people. Wonderful stories had been told of the "Great White Man." Marvelous was his power and wealth. Farquhar, with one caravan, had already passed: but seeing how rich the Great White Man was, the sultana sent her chiefs for an additional tax. Stanley informed them he was not in the habit of paying two tolls for one passage; whereat the chiefs departed much chagrined. Going four miles beyond the town, Stanley camped unmolested. While resting the caravan here he was attacked by the African fever, but powerful doses of quinine restored him to health in a few days.

Stanley had now traveled one hundred and nineteen miles in fourteen marches, occupying one entire

INUNDATED VILLAGE.

month, lacking one day, making an average of four miles a day. The rainy season now set in, compelling him to halt, while almost every variety of insects took possession of his tent.

To one unacquainted with African travel, such progress seems remarkably slow. But few people have a proper appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted. Unlike more temperate regions, Tropical Africa has a rainy and a dry season. During the latter, comparatively good progress can be made, but nearly all this region consists of a gently sloping table land, which, during the rainy season, becomes simply a vast marsh. One who has never seen an African tempest can have no idea of its violence, or of its brilliant electrical displays. The rivers of this district are ordinarily insignificant, but the rainy season, which commences shortly after the vernal equinox, causes them to overflow their banks for miles. This causes the traveler to lose much time in unloading and reloading the animals, to say nothing of the continual sickness engendered by the malarial atmosphere.

Another great annoyance of the African traveler is the great variety of insects that beset him in every portion of the country. Most dangerous of all these is the tsetse fly, which attacks nearly all beasts of burden, showing preference, however, for the camel and the ox. These animals are soon killed by its bites. The goat is not injured by it, and consequently is about the only domestic animal kept by the natives in the sections infested by the tsetse. This insect is a third larger than our common house-fly and has longer wings. There are two other flies that are very annoying, but not so dangerous as it is. One of these is about the size of a bee, and fights viciously when captured. It is very

active, and not very common. The other much resembles the small green horse-fly of our American prairies. Fortunately, the tsetse has the peculiarity of confining itself to certain spots. One bank of river may swarm with the pests, and on the other none be ever seen. It does not appear to attack any but herbivorous animals. Just why it remains in certain localities only is not known. Its habitat is chiefly the southern and eastern portion of Africa; toward the west coast it is not known.

Travelers in Africa are compelled to procure all supplies of provisions from the villagers through whose country they travel. Consequently, when, during the wet season, they find the country flooded, and the villagers themselves short of provisions, the trouble is increased. Not only does the explorer himself go hungry, or sleep on the wet ground, but he also has the continual fear of a mutiny of his men before his eyes, and the ever-present danger of broils with the natives, produced by the stealing of their provisions by his men.

But even in the dry season obstacles are numerous. There are no roads in Africa. The traveler finds himself compelled to select some general direction, and follow the narrow footpaths from village to village. These narrow ways in the jungle afford great facilities for ambuscade to hostile natives.

This is one of the most serious difficulties to be encountered. Petty jealousies are legion in the relations of African tribes. The traveler finds himself well treated by one tribe; and that is a sufficient pretext for the next one to oppose his passage. It matters not that the explorer preserves a strict neutrality in tribal feuds. The natives insist that trading with their enemies is a virtual alliance with them, and oppose him accordingly. Or perchance some blackmailing vagabond chieftain will

conclude that he has not been paid sufficient passage tribute, and accordingly lays an ambuscade for the unwary traveler.

Speke and Grant suffered severely in this way, and Livingstone was nearly killed in one such. Hence, the traveler must proceed with the utmost caution, and carefully ascertain the relations between neighboring tribes, and also their superstitions.

Furthermore, East African paths are thickly lined with the sharp, "wait-a-bit" thorns—a shrub which, at the height of four or five feet from the ground, produces large clusters of very long, strong thorns. There is also a large creeper, with a flat stem, which, at every few inches, produces similar clusters of thorns. The animal, or man, whose load is caught by these thorns, usually requires assistance ere he can extricate himself. The reader will thus appreciate the peculiar aptness of the name "wait-a-bit."

Let Stanley describe a few minutes in an African jungle. He had left the main road, endeavoring to find a better path, and in order to travel quickly, had donned a light flannel suit, and canvas shoes.

"As might be expected, before I had gone a few paces, a branch of the *acacia horrida*—only one of a hundred such annoyances—caught the right leg of my *pyjamas* at the knee, and ripped it almost clean off; succeeding which a stumpy *kolquall* caught me by the shoulder, and another rip was the inevitable consequence. A few yards farther on a prickly aloetic plant disfigured by a wide tear the other leg of my pyjamas, and almost immediately I tripped against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and was made to measure my length on a bed of thorns. It was on all fours, like a hound on a scent, that I was compelled to travel; my solar *topee* getting

the worse for wear every minute, my skin getting more and more wounded, my clothes at each step becoming more and more tattered. Besides these discomforts, there was a pungent, acrid plant, which, apart from its strong odorous emissions, struck me smartly on the face, leaving a burning effect similar to cayenne; and the atmosphere, pent in by the density of the jungle, was hot and stifling, and the perspiration transuded through every pore, making my flannel tatters feel as if I had been through a shower. When I had finally regained the plain, and could breath freely, I mentally vowed that the penetralia of an African jungle should not be visited by me again, save under most urgent necessity."

CHAPTER IV.

DELAYS AND LOSSES.

ON THE 5th of April, the rain having temporarily ceased, Stanley crossed the swollen river, by means of a very primitive bridge, the donkeys being compelled to swim over. Five hours were spent in the passage, yet no accidents occurred. Reloading his baggage, he left the river, going in a northerly direction.

Leaving the damp and hateful valley, he ascended to higher ground, passing through successive glades, opening one after another between clumps of trees hemmed in by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. Five miles northwest from the Ungerengeri crossing, at the foot of a well watered slope, he came to a place which the natives call Simbo.

In the morning, as he was about to leave Simbo, his Arab cook, being caught pilfering for the fifth time, was ordered a dozen lashes. The blows being given through his clothes did not hurt much, but being told that he, with his donkey and baggage, should be driven from the camp into the forest, he left everything and rushed off to the mountains. Stanley, having no idea of leaving him to perish, and wishing only to frighten him, sent two men to recall him. But the man kept on

A CAMP IN THE RAIN.

to the mountains, and was soon lost from sight. Believing the man would return, Stanley had his donkey tied to a tree and marched on with the caravan. Passing through Makata valley, they halted at Rehenneko, at the base of the Usagara mountains. In the lower portions of the valley, the mud was so deep that it took ten hours to go ten miles. They were compelled to encamp in the forest when only half-way across. Bombay, with the cart, did not arrive till nearly midnight. He reported the loss of the property-tent, an axe, coats, shirts, beads, cloth, pistol, powder, and a hatchet. He said they disappeared while he was away helping to lift the cart out of a mud-hole. This, told to Stanley at midnight, roused his indignation, and he abused the Arab freely, overhauling his conduct from the start. He then dismissed him, with orders to return at daylight and find the missing property. Stanley sent four more men after the missing cook, and halted here three days awaiting their return. On the fourth day, Shaw and two more soldiers were sent in quest of the missing men. Toward night he returned with the men, but without the cook. The soldiers reported that they went back immediately to Simbo, and not finding the man, they went to the bridge, and inquired if he had crossed. Being told that a white donkey, driven by some Washensi, had crossed the river at another place, they hastened to the walled town and reported their loss. They were immediately conducted to the sultana, to whom they told their story. The sultana at once sent twenty of her musketeers to Muhalleh, in pursuit of the Washensi. Before night the musketeers returned, bringing the Washensi, the donkey and the cook's entire kit. The sultana, who is possessed of her father's energy, as well as his greed, had all brought before her at once. The Washensi, being

questioned as to how they came in possession of the donkey, and other property, stated that they had found the donkey tied to a tree and the property on the ground close by; that, seeing no owner in the neighborhood, they had taken all with them, thinking they had a perfect right to it. Stanley's soldiers were then asked if they recognized the donkey and property, to which they replied in the affirmative, and further stated that they had been sent after the owner also, and would like to know what the Washensi had done with him. The sultana, to find out the truth, charged the Washensi with murdering the cook, and asked what they had done with the body. The Washensi were firm in their protestations that they had told the truth, and had never seen the man described. The sultana, believing they were lying, ordered them to be chained and sent to Zanzibar to Syed Burghash, who would know what to do with them. She then demanded of Stanley's soldiers why the *muzungu* had not paid the tribute for which she had sent her chiefs. The soldiers, knowing nothing of their master's affairs, could not answer. Thereupon she seized the effects and divided them with her chiefs, while the soldiers were chained till Stanley should come himself and release them.

The next day, however, Sheikh Thani, who had met Stanley at Kingaru, arrived at the town, saw the men in chains, and recognized them. After hearing their story he went at once to the sultana, and by a very exaggerated report of Stanley's power, induced her to release the men. His account of Stanley's repeating rifles was, that Stanley had ten guns shooting forty times without stopping and carrying half an hour's distance; also several guns carrying bullets that would burst inside of a man and tear him to pieces. This so frightened the

covetous sultana that she was glad to let the men go, and give back the donkey, one gun with a supply of powder and bullets, besides food sufficient to last the caravan four days. The sheikh took charge of them as far as Simbo; and here, partaking largely of rice and *ghee*, Shaw found them, when the same hospitality was extended to him also.

This occurrence filled Stanley with regret at the course he had taken, and he resolved never to drive out another member of his caravan to perish by assassins.

Although greatly incensed by the treatment his soldiers received at the hands of the sultana, and the tribute she exacted, he did not deem it advisable to lose further time over the matter, and accordingly set forth, despite the rain which was coming down in torrents. Shaw was sick, consequently the whole care of driving the caravan devolved on Stanley. It took two hours to cross the miry plain, although it was but a mile and a half wide. As he was congratulating himself on his safe transit, he was confronted by a stream breast-deep. The donkeys had to be unloaded, led over, and reloaded on the other side. Hardly were they under way, when they came to another stream, so deep they could not ford it. Swimming over this stream, and floating their baggage across, they floundered on to a bend in the river, where they camped, having made but six miles in the whole day. The river Makata was much swollen, and it took five hours to cross the next morning. The rain falling so fast as to prevent traveling, the camp was pitched. Fortunately, this was the last day of the rainy season.

The first of May found the expedition in a pitiable condition. Shaw was still sick, one man was down with small-pox, and several others were complaining. Doctoring the sick as well as he knew how, and severely

AFRICAN RIVER-MARSH—WHALE-HEADED STORK.

punishing those who were shamming, Stanley at length started his caravan across the Makata plain, now a swamp thirty-five miles broad. For two days they traveled through water, sometimes three or four feet deep, till they reached the Rudewa river. Crossing a branch of this stream, a sheet of water five miles wide stretched before them. Though worn and weary, Stanley determined to cross, and after five hours' exhausting effort succeeded. From this day on, the animals sickened, while Stanley himself, overcome by the incessant exposure, was seized with dysentery, and almost died. For a time it seemed that the expedition was about to end on the borders of the Makata swamp.

On the fourth of May, they came to the first village near which they had encamped since entering this district of Usagara. It was surrounded by a mud wall, composed of cane-topped huts, and contained about one thousand inhabitants. After a four day's rest here, they began the ascent of the mountain.

The change from the noisome swamps was very grateful, but the animals suffered severely, and before they had reached their first camping place, two of them had given out. Descending to the valley of Mukondokno, they came to the road traveled by Speke and Burton in 1857. At Kora, Stanley found his third caravan, led by Farquhar, who by his debaucheries had made himself sick, and brought great distress on the caravan. Unable to ascertain anything definite from Farquhar, Stanley overhauled the baggage, and found that enough had been spent in excesses to have lasted eleven months, and yet he had been out but two and a half months. Had not Stanley overtaken him, everything would have been squandered before reaching Unyanyembe.

CHAPTER V.

TROUBLES EN ROUTE.

ON THE eleventh of May the united third and fifth caravans started forward, leaving Shaw to follow with one of the men. But he lagged behind, and had not come up when the camp was roused next morning. Stanley at once sent two donkeys after them, and by the messenger the following note: "*You will upon the receipt of this order, pitch the cart into the nearest ravine, gully, or river, as well as all the extra pack saddles; and come at once, for God's sake, for we must not starve here.*" After four hours waiting, the men not appearing, Stanley went back himself, and found them coming, the carrier with the cart *on his head*, and Shaw riding the donkey at a pace which made it hard to tell which was the sleepier. Pushing on across the river, past Madete, on the 14th, they sighted Lake Ugenlo. It is about three miles long, and two wide, and abounds with hippopotami, while many wild animals come nightly to drink. Halting here for two days on account of the desertion of the cooper with one of the guns, he explored the lake, and made several ineffectual shots at the hippopotami. The natives hunt these ungainly beasts with harpoons. Having made the harpoon fast in the side of the beast, they drag him by main force to the shore, where he soon

succumbs to a multitude of wounds. Another method is to suspend a heavy log, with a poisoned spear affixed, over a path frequented by the animals. The animal, passing beneath, strikes a cord that releases the log, driving the poisoned spear deep into his back.

Towards the end of the first day of their halt, the cooper arrived in camp, alleging as a reason for his conduct, that he had fallen asleep on the way. Having been the cause of their detention, Stanley was not in a mood to forgive him, and consequently had him chained with the gang of runaways.

Two more of the donkeys died; Farquhar having killed another with his weight and awkward manner of riding. To prevent leaving any valuable baggage, Farquhar was sent on Stanley's own donkey to a village thirty miles off. By his inability to do anything for himself, and his peevishness and complaints, he had made himself the laughing stock of the entire company. For six days Stanley endured the annoyance, when, fearing he would bring the expedition to grief, Stanley determined to leave him with some kind chief till he should get well.

On the 15th, when called to breakfast, Shaw and Farquhar came in in an insolent manner, returning no answer to Stanley's polite greeting.

"Shaw," said Stanley, "please carve and serve Farquhar."

"What dogs' meat is this?" asked Shaw, insolently.

"What do you mean?" asked Stanley.

"I mean, sir, that it is a downright shame, the way you treat us," answered he, impudently. "I mean, to say for myself, you are walking me too hard. I thought we were to have donkeys to ride every day, and servants to wait on us. Instead of this, I must walk every day

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

through the hot sun, till I feel as if I would rather be in ——— than in this ——— expedition; and I wish every soul in it may sink to ——— this minute, so I do;—there now!"

When he had ceased Stanley, fixing his eye on him, said in a resolute tone: "Listen to me, Shaw, and you, Farquhar. Ever since you left the coast you have had donkeys to ride; you have had servants to wait on you; your meals have been cooked for you; you have eaten with me of the same food I have eaten; you have received the same treatment I have received. But now, all Farquhar's donkeys are dead; seven of my own have died and I have had to throw away a few things in order to procure carriage for the more important goods; Farquhar is too sick to walk; he must have a donkey to ride; in a few days all our animals will be dead, after which I must have twenty more pagazis to take up the goods, or wait weeks and weeks for carriage. Yet in the face of these things, you can grumble, and curse, and swear at me, at my own table. Have you considered well your position? Do you realize where you are? Do you know you are my servant, sir, and not my companion?

"Servant be ——" said Shaw.

Just before he finished his sentence, Shaw measured his length on the ground.

"Is it necessary for me to proceed to teach you further?" asked Stanley.

Raising himself up, Shaw replied—"I tell you what it is, sir, I think I had better go back; I have had enough, and I do not mean to go any further with you. I ask my discharge from you."

"Oh, certainly. What—who is there? Bombay, come here."

After Bombay's appearance at the tent door, Stanley said to him, "Strike this man's tent," pointing to Shaw; "he wants to go back. Bring his gun and pistol here to my tent, and take this man and his baggage two hundred yards outside of the camp and leave him there."

In a few minutes his tent was down, his gun and pistol in Stanley's tent, and Bombay returned to make his report, with four men under arms.

"Now go, sir. You are at perfect liberty to go. These men will escort you and your luggage two hundred yards out of camp, and there leave you."

He walked out, the men escorting him, and carrying his baggage with him.

After breakfast Stanley explained the condition of things to Farquhar, and induced him to consent to remain with some good chief till he could get well.

Hardly had Stanley finished speaking, when Bombay came to the tent door saying, "Shaw would like to speak to you."

Stanley went to the door, and there met Shaw, looking extremely penitent and ashamed. He begged pardon, implored to be taken back, and promised that he would never give any more trouble.

Stanley held out his hand, saying, "Don't mention it, my dear fellow. Quarrels occur in the best of families. Since you apologized, there is an end of it."

That night, as Stanley was about falling asleep, he heard a shot; a bullet tore through his tent a few inches above his body. He snatched up his revolvers, rushed out of his tent, and asked the men around the watch-fires, "Who shot?" They had all jumped up rather startled at the sudden report.

"Who fired that gun?" One said, "The 'Bana Mdogo,' or little master.

Lighting a candle, Stanley walked into Shaw's tent and asked, "Shaw, did you fire?"

There was no answer. He was breathing so hard he seemed to be asleep.

"Shaw, Shaw, did you fire that shot?"

Suddenly awaking, he said, "Me?—me fire? I have been asleep."

Seeing his gun lying near, Stanley picked it up and put his finger into the barrel. The gun was warm and his finger was blackened by the burnt powder.

"What is this?" asked Stanley. "Your gun is warm. The men tell me you fired that shot."

"Ah—yes," he replied; "I remember it. I dreamed I saw a thief pass my door, and I fired. Ah—yes—I forgot. I did fire. Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Stanley. "But I would advise you in future, in order to avoid suspicion, not to fire into my tent, or at least so near me. I might get hurt, you know, in which case ugly reports would get about, and this might be disagreeable, as you are probably aware. Good night."

All had their thoughts about this matter, but Stanley said not a word about it till he met Livingstone. The doctor embodied his suspicion in the words, "He intended murder."

Be that as it may, the circumstances certainly seem to justify Livingstone's view of the case. Following so close to the previous trouble certainly made it appear very suspicious.

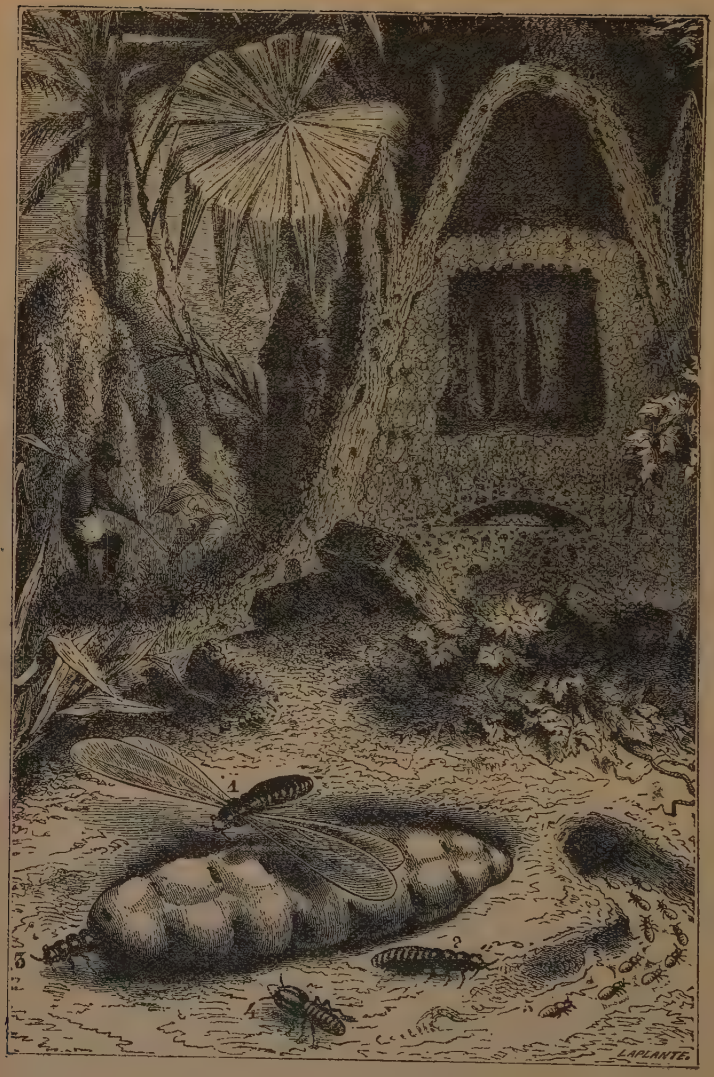
After a march of fifteen miles, on the 16th of May the caravan camped at Matamombo, a region abounding with monkeys, rhinoceroses, steinboks, and antelope. The next day's march extended fifteen miles through an interminable jungle. Here they came upon the old

Arab Sheikh, Thani, who gave the following good advice: "Stop here two or three days, give your tired animals some rest, and collect all the carriers you can. Fill your insides with fresh milk, sweet potatoes, beef, mutton, ghee, honey, beans, matama, maderia nuts, and then we shall go together to Ugogo without stopping anywhere. Such sensible advice Stanley could not reject, and he at once commenced on this, for Africa, very extensive bill of fare. The following entry in his journal shows how it agreed with him after a day's trial: "Thank God, after fifty-seven days of living upon matama porridge and tough goat, I have enjoyed with unctuous satisfaction a real breakfast and a good dinner."

Here on the Mpwapwa, he found a place to leave Farquhar. But the chief would only consent to his remaining on condition that a man was left to care for him. This complicated matters somewhat, as Stanley could ill afford to spare a man; moreover, Farquhar had made himself so obnoxious that no one was willing to stay with him. But at this juncture, Sako, or Jako, was ordered to stay behind till Farquhar was able to go on to Unyanyembe.

At this place Stanley was much troubled by earwigs, which he says were in his tent by the thousands, his cot by hundreds, on his clothes by fifties, and on his head and neck by scores. Their presence nearly drove him insane. Next to these came the white ants, that threatened to in a short time eat up all the baggage.

These troublesome insects are the plague of the African traveler, while at the same time highly beneficial to the country in general. They swarm throughout the land. The workers are soft, white, almost helpless insects; the soldiers are blind, but armed with very strong jaws, and they will suffer themselves to be pulled to



WHITE ANTS AND NEST.

pieces rather than loosen their hold. The queen has a small head and thorax, but her abdomen is as large as scores of the workers or neuters. These ants build huge hillocks for nests, as large as small haystacks.

They will feed on almost any sort of organic matter, carefully encrusting every object with mud to hide themselves; but they are especially fond of vegetable matter. They work chiefly by night. Posts and timbers they often attack and destroy completely, leaving a thin shell that appears perfectly sound. They confer a great benefit upon the country by destroying immense quantities of decaying vegetable matter, that would otherwise breed malaria; but the traveler who finds a quantity of valuable papers and records destroyed in a single night, or his bales of goods half eaten, is apt to consider them a damage instead of a blessing.

The natives in many parts of the country are very fond of them, capturing them in large quantities, and eating them as we do shrimps or oysters. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Grasshoppers, palm-worms—something like our tobacco-worms—snakes, spiders, and such-like dainties are highly acceptable to many savage palates.

Having engaged here twelve new carriers, Stanley pushed on toward the Ugogo district, famous for the tribute it exacts from caravans.

CHAPTER VI.

THROUGH UGOGO AND UNYAMWEZI.

ON the 22d of May Stanley's two other caravans joined him, making in all a caravan of some four hundred souls—none too large, however, for protection through Ugogo. They now had to cross a waterless desert of thirty miles, which required seventeen hours' constant travel. On the way Stanley was stricken by a fever, and it was necessary to carry him in a hammock. Recovering from his fever the next morning, he rode at the head of his caravan, and at 8 A. M. had passed the wilderness and entered Ugogo. His appearance at the first village caused a tremendous uproar of excitement. Naked men and women came pouring out, yelling, fighting, quarreling and making a perfect Babel around Stanley, who was very much annoyed. To one of the soldiers requesting them to desist, the only reply was "*Shut up*," as unworthy to speak to Wagogo. Passing these curious hordes, the next day's march of eight miles brought him to the sultan of the district. Provisions were abundant here and the demands of the chief exorbitant. After much irritating and childish parley, the sultan's greed was satisfied with about $50 worth of cloth and beads, and Stanley shook the dust from his feet as a testimony against him, and pushed on westward. As he passed the numerous villages and fields filled with

CATCHING GRASSHOPPERS.

laborers he did not wonder at the demands of the sultan, as a force could be soon raised sufficient to exterminate any passing caravan. The road to Matamburu, the next sultan's district, was lined by twenty-seven villages.

This sultan, a man of gigantic proportions, proved to be a very reasonable person, and exacted a very light tribute, which was settled to the satisfaction of all.

The march to Bihawana, the next camp, was rugged and long, through a tangled jungle, while the heat of the sun was intense. In the middle of a scorching plain stood the villages of Bihawana, which were almost undistinguishable from their extreme lowness, they not being as high as the surrounding grass.

The camp was pitched in a large *boma*, not far from the sultan's *tembe*. Three Wagogo soon visited Stanley, asking him if he had seen a Wagogo with a woman and child. As he was about answering, "Yes," Mabruki bade him not to answer, as they would, as usual, accuse him of murdering them, in order to secure payment therefor. Indignant at the imposition, Stanley would have flogged them out of camp, when Mabruki again warned him that every blow would cost him several yards of cloth. Not willing to pay so high, Stanley was compelled to swallow his wrath.

The sultan here was moderate in his demands, and from him Stanley learned that his fourth caravan, which was in advance, had had a fight with some robbers, killing two of them.

A march of eight miles brought them to the next sultan, where the water was so vile that two donkeys died from its effects. Stanley, weak and nervous from fever, paid the heavy tribute demanded without altercation. A long stretch of forest lay between him and the next sultan. Though the woods abounded with many

varieties of game, they had no time for hunting. At noon they had left the last water they could reach till noon the next day; consequently there was no time to delay. Going through the forest one of the carriers sickened and died.

Passing the forest, they came to the Nyambwa, where excellent water was found. With shouts and yells the villagers crowded around, finally becoming so insolent that Stanley seized his whip and administered a sound thrashing to one of the number. This enraged them, and they walked backward and forward, shouting, "Are the Wagogo to be beaten like slaves?" Whenever they came too close, Stanley would again have recourse to his whip, which always cleared the way for him, thus proving the excellency of Solomon's recipe, "A rod for the fool's back."

The sultan, Pembera Pereh, was a queer, small, dirty man, redeemed from utter insignificance by being the most powerful sultan of Ugogo. Stanley thus describes him: "Though such an important chief, he is meaner dressed than his subjects, always filthy, ever greasy, eternally foul about the mouth; but these are the mere eccentricities of greatness: as a wise judge he is without parallel, always has a dodge ever ready for the abstraction of cloth from the spiritless Arab merchants, and disposes with ease of a judicial case which would overtask ordinary men."

This avaricious rascal fined one of the Arab merchants with whom Stanley was traveling, $25 in cloth, because two of his donkeys strayed in the night and ate some of the great chieftain's grain. The penurious Arab writhed and groaned, but was compelled to pay or lose the donkeys. And in addition the "dirty nigger" had

already collected a tax of $140 on the united caravan, merely for the privilege of passing by his village.

The road to the next camp, Mizanza, lay through a broad plain covered with saline and nitrous deposits, apparently the corner of a great salt lake. Here Stanley was laid up for a time with fever, but was favored with a visit from the sultan, an idiotic old negro, who was almost speechless at the sight of the Muzungu's glory.

Starting forward on the 4th of June, a march of three hours brought them to another district, occupied by pastoral Wahumba and Wahehe. These are an extremely well-made, fine-looking people, fit models for sculptors, and apparently above the average African in intelligence. Four hours' march then brought the caravan to Mukondoku proper.

This extremity of Ugogo is very populous. Thirty-six villages surround the central tembe occupied by the sultan Swaruru. Again a mob of howling savages surrounded Stanley, and by their demonstrations aroused his fear lest they had other motives than curiosity. Halting, he demanded why they made such a noise, and what they wanted. One burly fellow, taking this as a declaration of hostilities, drew his bow, when Stanley promptly leveled his repeating rifle on the crowd. Immediately the crowd dispersed. A few words of explanation brought them back, when the bowman was compelled to retire before the weight of public opinion.

A chief now came up, whom Stanley afterwards learned was second to Swararu, and lectured the people on their treatment of the "white strangers." This restored harmony on both sides. The tribute was easily settled here.

There being three routes to Uyanzi, a diversity of

opinion as to the most practicable caused a lengthy discussion. Having decided the question, they were once more under way, when Stanley discovered an attempt to take another road. Moral suasion having no effect, he tried physical with better success, and once more resumed the march.

The forest they entered on the borders of Uyanzi as a welcome change from the villages of Ugogo, and two hours after leaving them, they came to a river in a new district. Making the forest resound with shouts and joyful songs, they marched on through a beautiful country, surrounded by scenery more like cultivated England than savage Africa. Rapid marching brought them, on the 10th of June, to Kiti, a land of plenty, where they fared well.

The next few days' march was comparatively uneventful, as the marches of African caravans go. One or two pagazis, sick and worn out, threw themselves down, and were left to die by the wayside: for a caravan in an uncultivated district goes like a ship in a storm; he who falls overboard is lost. Hunger and thirst and the wild beasts have no more mercy on the hapless wight than have his companions. Few freemen are lost in this way; but the Arabs often abandon whole troops of slaves who have become too weary to travel farther.

Better water was found in the next few stages than the party had seen since leaving Simbamwenni. The tsetse was found in two or three localities, showing that large game frequented the place. The gloomy forest soon gave place to a low, scrubby jungle, succeeded by the broad, level plain of Unyamwezi. One or two attempts were made here by sneak thieves to gain some plunder, but the shooting of one of them by an Arab guard proved a very wholesome deterrent. Some of

ARGUMENT WITH A GUIDE.

the caravan here began shamming complete exhaustion, but were readily resuscitated by a few strokes of the whip. The Kirangozi, Bombay, received also some very timely admonition, which proved of great benefit, both to him and to the general welfare of the caravan. The road now lay through the once fertile and populous district of Rubuga, which at this time was a waste, having been devastated by Arab slave-traders. Then followed a narrow strip of forest, succeeded by the district of Kigua, which also had been plundered.

At last, on June 23d, amid much pomp and display, and firing of guns, they entered Unyanyembe, Stanley's first great stopping place, where the term of service of many of his men expired.

Of the three routes from the coast to this place, Stanley had discarded the ones traveled by Speke and Burton and Grant, and, with the originality of an American, chose the third, thus saving about two hundred miles.

Arrived at this first great objective point, we may for a moment glance backward at the countries and people we have passed. Much in the way of hydrographic and geographical details, and meteorological observations, would perhaps interest the scientist, but would likely tire the ordinary reader. We content ourselves therefore by giving a few facts of interest gleaned from various sources.

Throughout the eastern portion of Central Africa, the dialects of the natives are many, though all, apparently, belonging to the same general family. The same system of prefixes is in common use throughout all. The reader will understand the names used the more readily by remembering this: "U" signifies country; "M" a single individual; "Wa," the people in general,

or several individuals; "Ki," the language. Thus, "Ugogo" means the Gogo country, "Mgogo," a native of Gogo. "Wagogo," the people of Gogo. "Kigogo," the language of Gogo. "Ki," also occasionally gives an adjective meaning, as when we say "American."

The Wami river, which empties into the Indian ocean near Zanzibar is available for commerce, and by a little improvement could be navigated by light draught steamers almost to the Usagara mountains, the healthiest region of this part of Africa. It can be reached in four days from the coast by steamers, whence one can go into a country where ivory, sugar, cotton, indigo and other productions can be obtained.

Four days by steamer could convey the missionary to the healthy uplands, among the gentle Wasagara, where, in a delightful climate, fertile soil, and luxuriant vegetation, he could spend his time in an earthly paradise.

From the village of Kadetamare, a dozen mission sites are available, which might become extremely useful among the docile, good-natured inhabitants.

A still more important stream than the Wami, is the Rufiji, or Ruhwha. It is a much longer river, and discharges twice the volume of water. It rises near some mountains about one hundred miles southwest of Nbena. The rich alluvial soil of the river valleys is astonishingly fertile. Vegetation is of prodigious variety, and of enormous size. So dense is the growth of tall, rank grass that it is impossible for a caravan to push through it. It is their custom to so time their trips as to reach these districts soon after the natives have burnt off the grass: thus much labor is avoided. But if a caravan should become entangled in this tall grass at the time of burning, woe betide them! Andersson had a by no

CROSSING A BURNING SAVANNAH.

means pleasant experience of this sort when in south-western Africa, where the growth of grass is very scanty as compared to these districts.

Captain Burton draws fine lines of distinction between the different tribes encountered in traveling toward the interior. Stanley, however, declares himself unable to recognize any marked ethnological differences among them. The traveler may meet in Bagamoyo natives of various interior tribes, and be unable to perceive in them more than slight differences in tattooing, clothing, ornaments, ear-piercing, and other such customs. Those of the sea coast, the Waswahili, have, by long intercourse with the Arabs, become much more civilized than any of the others. The difference, however, is mainly in outward appearance, and suavity; and when away from the coast region, the Mswahili is apt to shed his semi-civilization with his garments, and manifest unchecked his savage disposition.

Next inland are the Ukwere, a small timid and thieving tribe, who build their villages in the thickest thorny jungles, and strongly stockade them. They are by no means fond of war, but are notorious banditti, their scrubby jungles affording them unusual advantages in this respect.

Next beyond are the Wakami, a remnant of a once powerful tribe, now confined by the encroachment of their neighbors to the Ungeringeri valley. They are industrious, and still tolerably numerous.

Then we come to Udoe, a mountainous and beautiful country, inhabited by a people who, true to the mountaineer's instincts, are warlike and fearless, resenting every form of encroachment, and full of the traditions of their fathers' deeds. These African Swiss, physically and mentally far superior to their neighbors,

have been eagerly sought by the salacious Mohammedans, and much of their lovely land has been wrested from them.

Beyond the Wadoe dwell the Waseguhha, the builders of Simbamwenni. Once a poor and insignificant tribe, they have been made powerful by the machinations of the Arabs, and the addition of fugitives and malcontents. The Arab policy is to allow no tribe to gain absolute supremacy, lest they themselves be excluded from the country.

These Waseguhha are great believers in witchcraft; but the unfortunate seer whose incantations fail is burnt, and his loin-cloth hung to a tree near by as a warning to other would-be prophets. It may at once be inferred that few fetich-men live to a green old age among them.

The Usagara range, just westward of these people, seems to be the water-shed of East Africa. It is not a very lofty one, and presents features similiar to the Rockies in our own land, the eastern slope being denuded and barren, and the western one quite fertile. The people are in the main peaceable; but in the north, where in contact with the nomadic Wahumba, they are quite savage. Both sexes tattoo the arms, forehead and bosom, and indulge in a deal of rude ornamentation of various sorts. They have longer hair, and are finer in physical development than their neighbors. The children all go naked; older people wear a loin-cloth, and the chiefs wear a sort of cap in addition.

Next after these, come the Wagogo, a powerful race inhabiting the region west of Usagara to Uyanzi, a tract about eighty miles broad by one hundred in length. In his dealings with them, the trader must exercise great caution and circumspection. He will be prudent to allow his head men to make all bargains with them.

They are physically and intellectually the best of the races from Unyamwezi to the sea. Of a dark brown color, there is something almost leonine in their frontal aspect. They have broad, intelligent faces, large round eyes, flat noses, wide mouths, and though their lips are thick, they are not so thick as our exaggerated ideal attributes to the negro. The native of this tribe is proud of his chief, proud of his country, of himself, his prowess, his weapons, and his belongings. He is vain, very egotistic, a bully, a tyrant, and withal capable of forming friendships, and exerting himself for a friend. The particular trait of his character which forces itself on the notice of the traveler, is his insatiable greed.

The weapons they carry are a bow, and a sheaf of pointed, pronged, and barbed arrows: a couple of light assegais: a broad sword-like spear, with a blade over two feet long: a battle axe, and a club. For defense, he carries a shield of rhinoceros, elephant, or bull hide. By the time he is fifteen years old, he is an adept with his weapons.

He is armed for battle in a very short time. A messenger from the chief darts from village to village, blowing an ox trumpet, the signal for war. Hearing it, the warrior abandons his work in the fields, enters his house, and shortly emerges, arrayed for battle. Above his head wave feathers of ostrich, eagle or vulture; behind him streams his crimson robe; on his left arm is borne a shield; his left hand holds his darting assegai, and his ponderous man-cleaver, double-edged and pointed, is carried by his right; around his knees and ankles jingle bells; ivory wristlets on his arms sound his approach. Dropping the peasant's garb with his hoe, eagerly sniffing the battle field, he bounds aloft as a

gymnast, a proud, vain, exultant warrior. Their numbers give to the Wagogo their power and strength.

Though caravans of Wagogo occasionally travel the Unyamwezi road, they are not so generally employed in trade as the Wanyamwezi. Their villages thus being always full of warriors, weak tribes, or remnants of tribes, are very glad to be admitted to their protection. In their villages are often found individuals who, for some deed of violence, have been compelled to flee from their own tribes.

The houses of the Wagogo are square, arranged around a central area, to which all the doors open. On the flat roofs are spread grain, herbs, tobacco, and pumpkins. A small hole for observation and defense is pierced through the back of each department. Their tembe is a fragile structure, consisting merely of a line of slender sticks daubed over with mud, and surmounted by a flat clay roof. A musket ball will pierce them through and through. The tembe is divided into apartments, separated by wattled walls. Each room may contain a family of grown-up boys and girls, who make their beds of skins on the floor. Only the father of the family has a fixed cot, made of ox hide, and stretched over frame. The floor of the hut is of tamped mud, exceedingly filthy and mal-odorous. A peculiar species of rat infests their villages; but cows, sheep, goats, and cats are the only domestic animals permitted to dwell with the family in the tembe.

The Wagogo believe in the existence of a God, whom they call Mulungu, the sky spirit. To him they generally direct their prayers at the death of their parents. Having consigned the body of his father to the grave, a Mgogo collects his father's goods and chattels of every kind, kneels before them, and repeats a

wish that Mulungu would increase his wealth, and bless his labors, and make him successful in trade. They venerate the moon and often perform a dance in its honor.

The following conversation occurred between Stanley and a Mgogo trader:

"Who do you suppose made your parents?"

"Why, Mulungu, white man."

"Well, who made you?"

"If God made my father, God made me, didn't he?"

"That's very good. Where do you suppose your father has gone to, now that he is dead?"

"The dead die," said he, solemnly; "they are no more. The sultan dies, he becomes nothing—he is then no better than a dead dog; he is finished, his words are finished—there are no words from him. It is true," he added, seeing the smile on my face. "The sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar. There!"

"But then, he is a very great man, is he not?"

"While he lives only—after death he goes into the pit, and there is no more to be said of him than any other man."

"How do you bury a Mgogo?"

"His legs are tied together, his right arm to his body, and his left is put under his head. He is then rolled on his left side in the grave. His cloth he wore during life is spread over him. We put the earth over him, and put thorn bushes over it, to prevent the fizi (hyena) from getting at him. A woman is put on her right side in a grave apart from the man."

"What do you do with the sultan when he is dead?"

"We bury him, too, of course; only he is buried in

the middle of the village, and we build a house over it. Each time they kill an ox, they kill before his grave. When the old sultan dies, the new one calls for an ox, and kills it before his grave, calling on Mulungu to witness that he is the rightful sultan. He then distributes the meat in his father's name."

"Who succeeds the sultan? Is he the eldest son?"

"Yes, if he has a son; if childless, the great chief next to him in rank. The msagira is next to the sultan, whose business it is to hear the cause of complaint, and convey it to the sultan; who, through the sultan, dispenses justice; he receives the hongo, carries it to the mtemi (sultan), places it before him, and when the sultan has taken what he wishes, the rest goes to the msagira. The chiefs are called manya-para; the msagira is the chief manya-para."

"How do the Wagogo marry?"

"Oh, they buy their women."

"What is a woman worth?"

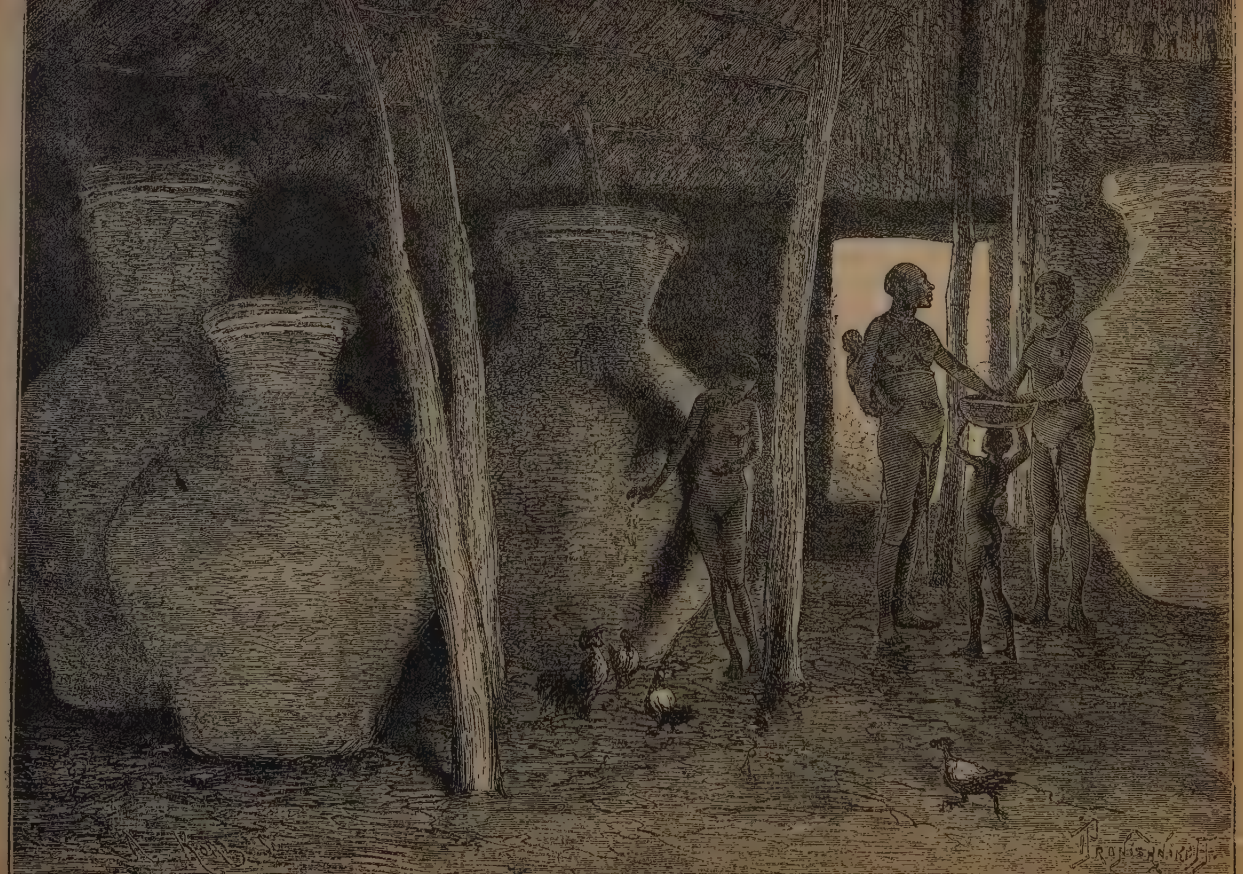
"A very poor man can buy his wife from her father for a couple of goats."

"How much has the sultan got to pay?"

"He has got to pay about one hundred goats, or so many cows, so many sheep and goats, to his bride's father. Of course he is a chief. The sultan would not buy a common woman. The father's consent is to be obtained, and the cattle have to be given up. It takes many days to finish the talk about it. All the family and friends of the bride have to talk about it before she leaves her father's house."

"In cases of murder, what do you do with the man who kills another?"

"The murderer has to pay fifty cows. If he is too



poor to pay, the sultan gives his permission to the murdered man's friends or relatives to kill him. If they catch him, they tie him to a tree, and throw spears at him—one at a time first; they then spring on him, cut his head off, then his arms and limbs, and scatter them about the country."

"How do you punish a thief?"

"If he is found stealing, he is killed at once, and nothing is said about it. Is he not a thief?"

"But suppose you do not know who the thief is?"

"If a man is brought before us accused of stealing, we kill a chicken. If the entrails are white, he is innocent—if yellow, he is guilty."

"Do you believe in witchcraft?"

"Of course we do, and punish the man with death if he bewitches cattle, or stops rain."

Sacrifices of human life as penalty for witchcraft and kindred superstition—indeed, for many trivial offenses—are very numerous among nearly all the tribes.

Next to Ugogo is Uyanzi, or Magunda Mkali—the Hot Field. It is at present very populous. Along the northern route, water is plentiful, villages are frequent, and travelers begin to find the title is inappropriate. The inhabitants are Wakimbu from the south. They are an industrious race, and good agriculturists. In appearance they are somewhat like the Wasagara, though not possessing a very high reputation for bravery. Their weapons are light spears, bows and arrows, and battle-axes. Their tembes are strongly made, showing considerable skill in the art of defensive construction. Their bomas are so well made that, were the villages at all defended, cannon would be required to effect an entrance. Their traps for elephants and buffa-

loes show some skill. Occasionally a leopard or lion is caught in them.

In comparing the rude, untutored savage, roaming in a state of nature over his native African hills, with his more civilized brother, we see they have, after all, many characteristics in common. It seems that civilization is savagery veneered and polished. It is well to study the points of resemblance, and understand the limitation of nature, that we be not carried away with the pride of knowledge and a sense of our own superiority. Knowledge constitutes the whole difference between civilization and barbarism. The natural characteristics of man are ever the same. Man's cleverness is almost infinite, and stretches like an elastic band, but human nature is like an iron ring. You can go round and round it, you can polish it highly, you can even flatten it a little on one side, whereby you make it bulge out on the other; but you will never, while the world endures, and man is man, increase its total circumference. And the civilized man feels as distinct a thrill of superstitious fear or eerieness in the presence of phenomena he does not understand or is unaccustomed to, as does the savage when influenced by the thousand and one, to him inexplicable things, which he includes under the title of "fetish."

CHAPTER VII.

STOPPED BY WAR.

WALKING with the governor toward his tembe, Stanley received a noiseless ovation. Hovering around their chief, soldiers and men by the hundreds stared at him, naked children peering between their parents' legs meanwhile. Tea was served in a silver teapot, and a sumptuous breakfast served, to which Stanley did ample justice.

After his meal Stanley produced his pipe and tobacco, when the following dialogue occurred:

"My friendly Sheikh, wilt thou smoke?"

"No, thanks, Arabs never smoke."

"Oh, if you don't, perhaps you would not object to me smoking, in order to assist digestion?"

"Nghema—good—go on, master."

Then ensued all kinds of questions. To illustrate the character of an Arabian conversation, we append a few:

"How came the master?"

"By the Mpwapwa road."

"It is good. Was the Makata bad?"

"Very bad."

"What news from Zanzibar?"

"Good: Syed Toorkee has possession of Muscat, and Azim bin Ghis was slain in the streets."

"Is this true, Walla hi (by God)?"

"It is true."

"Heh—heh—h, this is news!" stroking his beard.

This will serve as a sample of the many questions asked by the Sheikh.

After this conversation, Stanley was conducted to his tembe, and food furnished to himself and his men in abundance, by the hospitable Arabs. On the second day of his arrival he was visited by the chief Arabs of Tabora, the principal Arab settlement of Central Africa, containing a thousand huts and about five thousand inhabitants. These Arabs were a fine, handsome body of men, hailing mostly from Oman, with some from Waswahili. At Tabora they live in luxury. They have tropical fruits in abundance, keep a harem of many concubines, and some sport gold watches and chains. Their slaves bring from the coast once a year coffee, sugar, spices, tea, jelly, curry, wine, brandy, biscuits, sardines, salmon, rich bedding, Persian carpets, and such fine garments as they require for their own use.

Before leaving Stanley, these magnates invited him to visit their town, and partake of a feast they had prepared for him.

Three days thereafter Stanley returned the visit, in company with eighteen of his men. He arrived in time to participate in a council of war, held to devise means for security against a robber-chief named Mirambo.

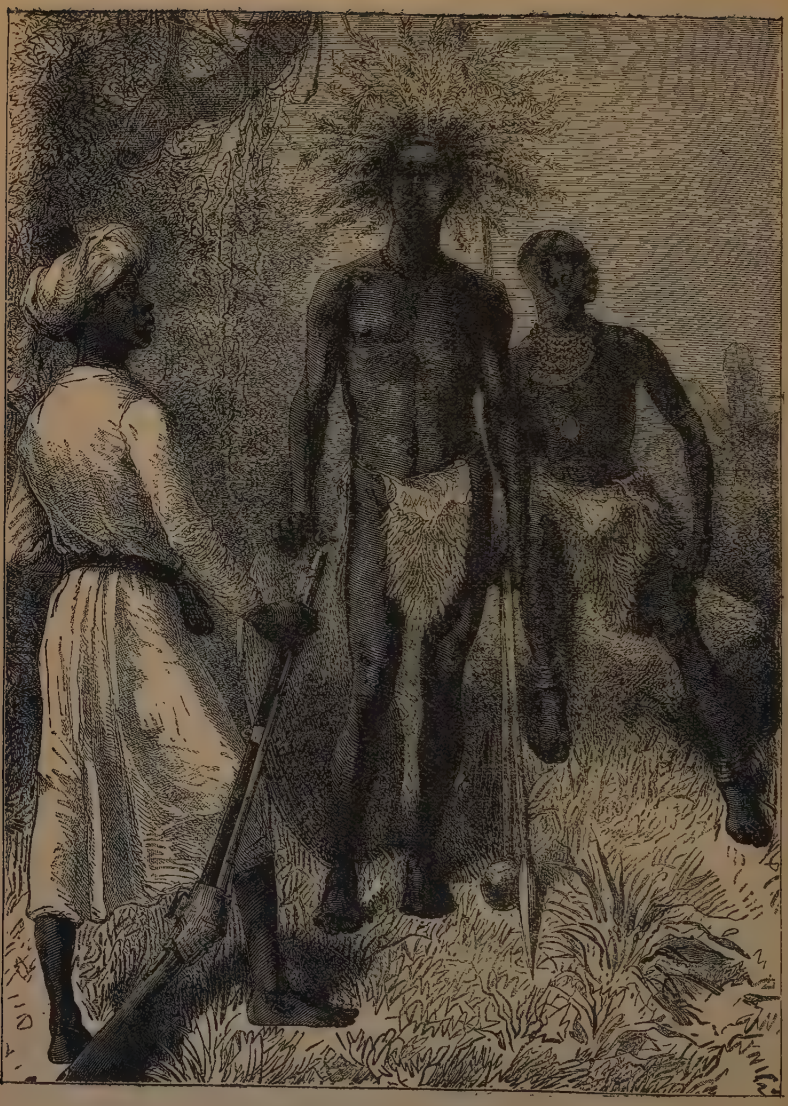
This man was once a common pagazi, but taking to the jungle, he established himself as leader of a small band of mal-contents, and upon the death of a chief of Nyoweh, he invaded the village, and proclaimed himself chief. His first ventures were successful, and ere long he had his own way among neighboring tribes. At this

time he had just taken as toll five kegs of powder and five guns and five bales of cloth, from an Arab caravan; but no sooner was the tribute paid than he ordered the caravan back to Unyanyembe, saying no Arabs should go to Ujiji, save over his dead body. The council having declared war against him, Stanley resolved to accompany them, taking his loaded caravan as far as Mfuto, and there leaving it under guard, while he went forward with the rest of the Arab army against Mirambo.

The finest house in Unyanyembe belongs to Amram bin Mussoud, who paid sixty frasilah of ivory—over $3,000—for it. Very fair houses can be purchased for from twenty to thirty frasilah. Amram's house is one hundred feet in length, twenty feet high, with walls four feet thick, neatly plastered over with mud mortar. The great door is a marvel of carving work for Unyanyembe artisans. Each rafter within is also carved with fine designs. In front of the house is a young plantation of pomegranate trees, which flourish here as if indigenous to the soil. A shadoof, such as may be seen on the Nile, serves to draw water for irrigation.

In Unyanyembe, Stanley found the Livingstone caravan, which had started from Bagamoyo only when frightened by the rumor that Kirk, the consul, was coming over from Zanzibar. On examination, Stanley found they had stayed one hundred days at Bagamoyo, twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, while Livingstone was doubtless suffering for the supplies which they should have been taking on to him.

Here Stanley was attacked by fever, and lay a week in delirium, doctored by his faithful Arab, Selim. However, on the tenth day after the beginning of his illness, he was in excellent trim. Shaw was now attacked, and



WARRIORS OF MIRAMBO.

Stanley had to doctor him a week. On his recovery, Selim was taken, giving Stanley another week's medical practice.

On the morning of the 29th of July, Stanley loaded fifty men with goods for Ujiji. When mustered for the march, Bombay was missing. While men were searching for him, others departed to take their final farewell of their "black Delilahs." About two P. M. Bombay appeared, his face expressive of a variety of emotions. Sorrow at parting from the fleshpots of Unyanyembe, regret at leaving his black Dulcinea, abhorrence of the long, hard, cheerless marches before him, dread of the impending war, in which he might be killed, all seemed contending for the mastery. Small wonder, then, that the order to take his place aroused his pugnacity. There was simply a word and a savage look, and Stanley's cane was flying around his shoulders as if he was to be annihilated. The very fury of the attack seemed to subdue him more than the punishment, and ere a dozen blows had been struck he was crying "pardon." At that word, never heard from him before, Stanley desisted. Bombay was conquered.

For a time the caravan moved on in utter silence, but, their spirits rising, they broke into the following song or chant:

Hoy, Hoy.
Cho. Hoy, Hoy.
Hoy, Hoy.
Cho Hoy, Hoy.
Hoy, Hoy.
Cho. Hoy, Hoy.
Where are ye going?
Cho. Going to war.
Against whom?
Cho. Against Mirambo.
Who is your master?
Cho. The white man.

Ough, Ough.
Cho. Ough, Ough.
Hyah, Hyah.
Cho. Hyah, Hyah.

This ridiculous song they kept up all day, without intermission.

The second day they arrived at Masangi, where Stanley was informed the Arabs were waiting for him. Having reached the Arabian army, a halt was ordered for rest and refreshment. The total number of men in the army was 2,255, of whom 1,500 had guns of various kinds

Amid flying banners, blowing horns, and the booming of fifty bass drums, they set forth on the 3d of August. In a few hours Stanley was again stricken down by fever, but was able to resume the march next day. Arrived at Bizo, the stronghold of the enemy, the forces were stationed around it, and suddenly opened fire. The attacking forces soon rushed through the gates, over the walls, captured the entire village, and completely routed the villagers. Not more than twenty dead bodies were found inside. Leaving a sufficient force to hold the place, the army then scoured the adjacent territory, clearing it of the enemy, and captured two other villages, which they committed to the flames, after having secured all the valuables. On the 5th a detachment of seven hundred sallied out, carrying fire and devastation up to the boma of Wilyankuru. On the 6th, a company of five hundred marched against Wilyankuru, supposed to be the dwelling place of Mirambo. Another party going south, defeated a company of Mirambo's "bush-whackers."

At this critical period, Stanley once more succumbed to the fever, and as he lay in his hammock, news came that the party of five hundred had been surprised

and killed. The lamentations of the women over their slain husbands made the night hideous.

The next day the entire Arabian army stampeded, leaving Stanley sick, with only seven men who had courage enough to remain with him. He was compelled to return to Mfuto, reaching there about midnight. His men had all arrived before dark. The brave and faithful fellows who had boasted so much of their valor, had run back an eleven hours' journey, in a little more than six hours. Selim, the boy interpreter, whom Stanley had brought from Jerusalem, had alone been true to his master.

Stanley asked him, "Why did you also not run away, and leave your master to die?"

"Oh, sir," replied Selim, naively, "I was afraid you would whip me."

It was now evident that the direct road to Ujiji, which lay through Mirambo's territory, was utterly impracticable. In fact, the only way open was to abandon the search for Livingstone, and return to the coast. But Stanley, taking counsel of his indomitable will, resolved to force a way to the southward. He had good reason to believe Livingstone was locked up in Ujiji, and Stanley felt that he could not abandon the enterprise, now that he was within four hundred miles of its completion.

On the 13th of August, a caravan arrived from the East, and reported the death of Farquhar, and the cook, who had been left to care for him. Stanley's first impulse was for revenge, believing that the chief had murdered them; but a subsequent interview with the men who brought the news set his mind at rest on this score. That night he remarked to his companion, "There is one of us gone, Shaw, my boy. Who will be the next?"

Shaw was now taken very ill, and Stanley, not having the proper medicine, hired three soldiers to go to Zanzibar for them, giving them fifty dollars each.

Despite the counsel of Stanley, the cowardly Arabs had retreated to Unyanyembe, thus encouraging Mirambo to press the war vigorously. Stanley had followed them, though very leisurely.

At ten o'clock the morning of the 22d, a continued firing was heard in the direction of Tabora. Men soon came in with information that Mirambo had attacked Tabora with over two thousand men, and that a force of one thousand Watuta, having joined Mirambo for plunder, had suddenly attacked on the opposite side. Fugitives soon came pouring into Kwihara for protection, and from them Stanley learned the particulars of the attack.

At the first notice they had of the attack, Khamis bin Abdullah said, "Let us go to meet them. Arm yourselves, and come with me." His friends urged him not to go, but Khamis impatiently cried out, "Who goes with me?" His little protege, the son of a dead friend, asked to be his gun-bearer. Three other young Arabs, of good families, offered to go with him. Hastily arming eighty of his slaves, Khamis sallied forth to meet the ruthless invader. Seeing the Arabs advance, Mirambo ordered a slow retreat. Deceived by this, Khamis rushed on after them, when Mirambo charged on them. At this Khamis' slaves ignominiously fled, leaving their master to his fate. Though several fell before the fire of the Arabs, the savages closed around, shooting at them, till Khamis received a bullet in his leg, bringing him to his knees and a knowledge of the cowardice of his slaves. Though wounded, the brave man fought till shot through the heart. His little protege, seeing his

BATTLE BETWEEN ARABS AND NATIVES.

adopted father fall, exclaimed, "My father Khamis is dead; I will die with him!" and kept up the fight till he was killed. In a few minutes, all Khamis' friends who had accompanied him were dead with him. Truly, they displayed the spirit of courageous heroes. We need not dwell on the burning of the village and the horrible mutilation of bodies of brave Arabs, lest the details prove too revolting for the sensitive reader.

Finding his people ready to stand by him, Stanley prepared for defense by boring holes for muskets through the walls of his tembe. The preparations put courage into the men, and the refugees from Tabora, with their guns in their hands, asked admission into the tembe to assist in its defense. Collecting Livingstone's men, he found his force amounted to some hundred and fifty men. However, Mirambo did not attack him, and, five days after, retreated. The Arabs urged Stanley to become their ally, but he refused, and resolved to start by a more southern route, and by forced marches, enter Ujiji before the way was blocked.

Stanley really had a good excuse for abandoning the enterprise and returning to the coast; but his conscience and the confidence reposed in his pluck would not let him do so. He would find Livingstone or die in the attempt. He had received some old news from him, by which he knew he must be in need of supplies; and if Stanley could not make his way to Livingstone, it was equally certain that Livingstone could not reach the coast. Stanley had fully discharged his obligations to the Arabs, and henceforth they could fight their own battles with Mirambo.

A little boy, whom Stanley named Kalulu, was here presented to him by an Arab named Mohammed.

A new difficulty arose here. The new pagazis said

they had been employed for the route through Mirambo's country, and they would go no other. Time was lost in obtaining new carriers. Then some of the soldiers fell sick; Stanley was kept busy doctoring and nursing them; Shaw was sick and melancholy by turns, and Stanley tried in vain to infuse any life into him. Thus weeks passed, till the 19th of September came, when Stanley himself had a slight attack of fever. While the fever was at its height, the moping Shaw came in and asked to whom he should write in case Stanley died, whereupon Stanley, not proposing to die, sent him about his business.

The following extract from his diary serves to show the spirit which supported Stanley all through the vast enterprise:

"About 10 P. M. the fever had gone. All were asleep in the tembe but myself, and an unutterable loneliness came on me, as I reflected on my position and my intentions, and felt the utter lack of sympathy with me in all around. Even my own white assistant, with whom I had striven hard, was less sympathizing than my little black boy Kalulu. It requires more nerve than I possess to dispel all the dark presentiments that come upon the mind. But probably what I call presentiments are simply the impress on the mind of the warnings which these false-hearted Arabs have so often repeated. The melancholy and loneliness I feel may probably have their origin from the same cause. The single candle that barely lights up the dark shade that fills the corners of my room, is but a poor incentive to cheerfulness. I feel as though I were imprisoned between stone walls. But why should I feel as if baited by these stupid, slow-witted Arabs, and their warnings and croakings? I fancy a suspicion haunts my mind as I write, that there

lies some motive behind all this. I wonder if these Arabs tell me all these things to keep me here, in the hope that I might be induced another time to assist them in their war with Mirambo. If they think so, they are much mistaken, for I have taken a solemn, enduring oath, an oath to be kept while the least hope of life remains in me, not to be tempted to break the resolution I have formed, never to give up the search until I find Livingstone alive, or find his dead body; and never to return home without the strongest possible proofs that he is alive, or that he is dead. No living man, or living men, shall stop me; nothing but death can prevent me. But death—not even this: I shall not die, I will not die, I cannot die! And something tells me—I do not know what it is,—perhaps it is the ever living hopefulness of my own nature, perhaps it is the natural presumption born out of an abundant and glowing vitality, or the outcome of an overweening confidence in one's self—anyhow and everyhow, something tells me to-night I shall find him, and—write it larger— FIND HIM, FIND HIM. Even the words are inspiring. I feel more happy. Have I uttered a prayer? I shall sleep calmly to-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DETOUR.

DESPITE the counsel of the Arabs, Stanley prepared to march on September 20, with a force of fifty-four men, though he was quite weak from his attack of fever. All were in their places except Bombay. A messenger found him weeping in the arms of his Delilah.

"Why did you go away, Bombay, when you knew I intended to go, and was waiting?"

"Oh, master, I was saying good-bye to my missis."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes, master; you no do it, when you go away?"

"Silence, sir."

"Oh, all right."

"What is the matter with you, Bombay?"

"Oh, nuffin."

Seeing he was in a quarrelsome mood, and being determined not to be balked before the Arabs, Stanley administered a sound thrashing to the loving Bombay. The ever-croaking Shaw now desired to be left behind, saying he was sick, but Stanley induced him to go on. After a short time the men gathered more spirit, and things looked more hopeful. But the fever again attacked Stanley. The men thereupon became discouraged, and when Stanley began to prepare for the next march,

twenty men were missing. Selecting twenty of the strongest and most faithful of his retainers, he sent them after the missing men, and another to a neighboring sheikh to buy or borrow a long slave chain. At night the detectives returned with only nine of the runaways; the rest had departed in a body and could not be found. Stanley then showed his chain, saying he had never used a slave chain, but would use it on the first deserters. He did not, however, use it in the present instance, thinking to frighten them into good behavior. Next morning two more men were gone. They were sent after, brought back, flogged and chained. Next morning another carrier was gone, and with him he had taken all his wages and a gun. One man now asked and obtained his discharge, while several were taken very sick and were unable to proceed. It seemed as if the expedition must be given up. But men coming in from the coast that evening, revived the spirits of all with their wonderful stories, and they proceeded. A march of three hours brought them to Kigandu. Almost at the threshold of the camp, Shaw, in endeavoring to dismount, lost his stirrups, and fell to the ground on his face. This little by-play was getting too common; so Stanley, when the men ran to his assistance, ordered them to leave him alone. The foolish fellow actually lay there an hour in the hot sun, and when Stanley asked him if he did not feel rather uncomfortable, he sat up and cried like a baby. Then occurred the following dialogue:

"Do you wish to go back, Mr. Shaw?"

"If you please; I do not believe I can go any farther; and if you would only be kind enough, I should like very much to return."

"Well, Mr. Shaw, I have come to the conclusion

that it is best you should return. My patience is worn out. I have endeavored faithfully to lift you above these petty miseries which you nourish so devotedly. You are simply suffering from hypochondria. You imagine yourself sick, and nothing, evidently, will persuade you that you are not. Mark my words—to return to Unyanyembe is to DIE. Should you happen to fall sick in Kwihara, who knows how to administer medicine to you? Supposing you are delirious, how can any of my soldiers know what you want, or what is beneficial and necessary for you? Once again I repeat it, if you return, you DIE."

"Ah, dear me, I wish I had never ventured to come. I thought life in Africa was so different from this. I would rather go back, if you will permit me."

Accordingly arrangements were made for him to return. Before they parted, they spent the night together. Shaw played some tunes on an old accordeon brought from Zanzibar; but though it was only a poor affair, Stanley thought the tunes evoked were divine melodies. The last tune played was "Home, sweet Home," and before it was ended, they were mutually softened toward each other.

On the morning of the 27th, having left behind all the sick and afflicted, Stanley again set forward, and in seven hours reached Ugunda, a village of two thousand.

This little village is so strongly fortified, and the ground for a mile around it is so carefully cleared, that it can hardly be taken by any means common in African warfare. Even the robber Mirambo was several times ignominiously repulsed.

Not unfrequently Stanley or some of his men would be laid up temporarily with fever bred by the malarial, half-drained regions they were frequently compelled to

cross. The African fever is peculiar. It causes the sufferer intense agony of mind during his delirium, rendering him remarkably peevish and choleric. While sick, he regards himself as the focus of all miseries. When he recovers, he becomes ridiculously amiable, seeing only delights in all things which yesterday tormented him so grievously. His men he regards with love and friendship; whatever is trite he views with ecstasy. Nature appears charming; in the dead woods and monotonous forests, his mind becomes overwhelmed with delight.

For some days the route lay through an arid, sparsely settled region, the path through which was marked by skeletons of men who had fallen from the ranks of other caravans, and died in the wilderness. At length they reached a village called Manyara, on the border of an uninhabited tract twenty-five miles wide. Here it was necessary to procure supplies. The surly chief refused to favor the great white man. Stanley, finding his men hungry and mutinous, sent the chief a rich present. It was returned. In the morning a second was sent. This conciliated him, and provisions were brought in abundance. Soon the chief and his officers visited Stanley, surveying critically his face, clothes, and guns. They were immediately pleased with the rifles, guns and pistols, being convulsed with laughter. Having explained to them the difference between white men and Arabs, Stanley exhibited his medicine chest, which evoked another burst of admiration. Producing a bottle of ammonia, he explained that it was good for snake bites and headaches; when the sultan was immediately seized with a headache, and a desire to try the white man's medicine. Telling him to close his eyes, Stanley suddenly uncorked the bottle, and presented it to his majesty's nose.

The effect was magical, for he fell back as if shot, while his features underwent indescribable contortions. The chiefs yelled with delight, and each pushed forward to get a smell. Each in turn went through the most ludicrous performances, to the intense delight of the spectators. "Oh," said the sultan at parting, "these white men know everything; the Arabs are dirt compared to them."

Leaving here, they passed on through an open forest resembling a park, surrounded by beautiful scenery, and abounding with many kinds of tropical animals. It was a veritable hunter's paradise. Stanley halted here for two or three days to give the men a rest, and to procure supplies of meat. Game was so abundant that there was no difficulty in securing any quantity of it. Stanley went out the first afternoon and shot a spring-bok and zebra. Strolling down to the pool below the camp, the cool, placid water strongly tempted the hot and weary traveler to take a bath. "I ventured to undress, and had already stepped in to my ankles in water, and had brought my hands together for a glorious dive, when my attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface which I was about to explore by a header. Great heavens! it was a crocodile. I sprang back instinctively, and this proved my salvation, for the monster turned away with the most disappointed look, and I was left to congratulate myself upon my narrow escape from his jaws, and to register a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river."

Not so tragic an ending of a day as often occurs. A party of men gather for a frolic in the water, not dreaming of danger. You stand on the shore watching someone unusually exhilarated in the keen enjoyment of

ATTACKING A CROCODILE.

his bath. A shadow glides toward him—seemingly that of a cloud in the sky; there is a start, a scream, a throwing up the hands, a swirl—the shadow glides away, vanishes. The man is the prey of a crocodile.

These creatures are the terror of nearly all African rivers. Scores of persons are carried off by them every year. The natives seldom molest them, unless some person has been killed by them; then they sometimes stalk and kill them. A crocodile's hide is so tough that only behind the fore leg can a bullet or knife successfully penetrate. The natives sometimes undertake the perilous feat of stealing alongside the beast and stabbing him deeply there; this seals his fate. If the wound be not mortal, yet the crayfish and shrimps will find the open wound, and gradually eat the beast up, leaving only his tough hide. He dies by inches, an agonizing death.

With no special adventures, and without difficulty, the men laid in a bountiful supply of meat in their two days' halt here. They literally gorged themselves, and as usual were unwilling to leave a land of plenty. Consequently there was much grumbling and dissatisfaction on being told to march. Walking some distance behind with his gun bearers, Stanley saw the caravan come to a halt, and a nearer approach showed the baggage on the ground, and the men conversing excitedly. Taking his double-barreled gun, and a dozen cartridges loaded with buckshot, he walked toward the men, noticing that they seized their guns at his approach. When within thirty yards of the group, he discovered the heads of two men appear above an ant-hill, with their guns pointed toward the road. Halting, he took deliberate aim at them, and threatened to blow their heads off if they did not come forward. These two men were As-

mani and Mabruki, the guides of Sheikh bin Nasib. Seeing it was dangerous not to comply with such an order, they came forth, but Asmani brought his gun to the "ready" with his fingers on the trigger. Again Stanley lifted his piece, threatening him with instant death if he did not drop his gun. Asmani came on in a sidelong way, with a smirking smile on his face, but in his eyes shone murder as plainly as it ever shone in a villain's eyes. Meanwhile, Mabruki sneaked around to the rear, putting powder in the pan of his musket. Wheeling sharply around, Stanley brought the muzzle of his gun within two feet of his face, ordering him to drop the gun instantly. Mabruki obeyed at once, when Stanley gave him a vigorous punch in the breast with his gun, sending him reeling away a few feet. Facing around, with his finger working nervously on the trigger, he commanded Asmani to put down his gun. Instead of complying, Asmani began to raise his gun to his shoulder, when Mabruki Speke, gliding up behind him, struck the gun from his hand, crying, "Man, how dare you point your gun at the master?" This ended the trouble, peace was concluded, and with one accord the men agreed to go on.

The instigators of this mutiny were Bombay and a savage named Ambari. Snatching up a staff, Stanley laid it vigorously on Bombay's shoulders, then turning, sprang upon Ambari, whose smirking face underwent a remarkable transformation in a very short time. Putting them both in chains, he kept them there till both eagerly begged pardon.

After a three days' march, in which water was very scarce, the caravan reached Marefu. Here they found an embassy from the Arabs of Unyanyembe, which had

been sent with presents to the southern Watuta. It had been stopped here by the report that two neighboring chiefs were at war. Stanley kindly offered the Arab caravan his protection, which was declined. As he had now been traveling fourteen days in a southwesterly direction, and was sufficiently far south to be out of danger from Mirambo, he struck off west-by-north, toward Lake Tanganyika. The little experience which Stanley had had with the Arabs and natives, had given him much more confidence in himself; so, when a neighboring drunken chieftain demanded a heavy tribute for the privilege of passing through his country, Stanley coolly fortified a camp, and proceeded to fix his own toll-rate.

A few days later, in a marsh on the border of Mrera, Stanley saw his first herd of wild elephants, and was much impressed by the sight, feeling disposed to call the elephant, rather than the cowardly lion, king of beasts. This animal abound through Central Africa, and produces one of the chief articles of merchandise sought by the Arabs. In fact, many Arabs, when asked why they carry on a slave-trade, will tell you that they only keep slaves to carry their ivory and the goods necessary to purchase it. Methods of hunting the elephant are various. In Central Africa they are killed chiefly by means of pitfalls, or by heavily loaded spears suspended from the trees, and released by a trigger touched by the passing animal. In West Africa, they are enticed into a kraal by means of herbs, of which they are specially fond, and the natives can then kill them at leisure. In Abyssinia, and the neighboring regions, the hunters pursue them with swift horses, and armed only with a strong, keen sword. Having selected their animal, they

endeavor to tease him into a charge, screaming at him, or chanting some such song as this:

> We are thy foes, we are thy foes.
> We killed thy grandfather, thy father,
> And thy brothers;
> Now we will kill thee.
> Thou art but a cowardly vagabond,
> If thou fleest instead of facing us.

Having thoroughly enraged the animal, one of them rides swiftly by to draw his charge, while a comrade attacks the elephant from the rear, hamstringing him with his keen sword. The beast is then at the mercy of the hunters.

The African elephant, though a far larger animal, is deemed inferior to the Asiatic in intelligence. The former furnishes sport for the hunter; the latter is tamed by the natives of Southern Asia, and made to labor in various ways. But either species will tax the hunter's ingenuity not a little, ere he can overtake and kill one. Sir Samuel Baker, having cornered a fine herd in a marsh by the Nile, succeeded in bagging but two of them. The rest swam the stream, and with their tusks tore a path in the steep bank on the other side, and so escaped.

Arriving at Mrera, Stanley learned that immediately beyond him lay a comparatively uninhabited region, the crossing of which would occupy nine days. He accordingly availed himself of a halt necessitated by the sickness of his interpreter, Selim, to patch his shoes and clothes and obtain a supply of grain. While crossing this wilderness, Stanley was overtaken by an embassy from a chief in southern Unyanyembe, requesting a small present of cloth as a memento, or token of friendship! Very smooth-tongued are these African blackmailers! Their manner reminds one of the Chinese

ELEPHANTS CLIMBING A BANK.

highwayman, who accosts the traveler with: "Venerable elder brother, I am very cold; will you lend me the loan of your coat?" or, "I am very hungry; would you kindly loan me your purse?" Stanley paid a good round sum for the friendship of this negro chief.

One very disagreeable feature encountered in this district, was the number of ravines filled with water and slimy ooze, through which the men were compelled to plunge. After a day or two of this sort of travel, they reached the Mtambu river, the first cool, clear water they had seen for some time. They were now in the land of the lion and the leopard. Soon after camping, on the 22d of October, the herder, who had charge of the goats and donkeys, started to water the animals. On the way, a black spotted leopard sprang on one of the donkeys, and fastened its teeth in his throat. The donkey began to bray hideously, when its companions set up such a frightful chorus and lashed their heels out so vigorously, that the leopard bounded away. The donkey had some gashes, but was not dangerously hurt.

Thinking that possibly he might meet with an adventure, Stanley took his gun and the boy Kalulu, with an extra supply of ammunition. Presently he saw a huge, reddish-colored wild boar, armed with most horrid tusks. Leaving Kalulu behind one tree, and his helmet behind another, he stalked to within forty yards of the animal, and fired. As if nothing had hurt him, the animal made a furious bound, and then stood with his bristles erected, his tufted tail curved over his back, presenting a very formidable appearance. While he was thus listening, and searching the neighborhood with his keen, small eyes, Stanley planted another shot in his chest, which plowed its way through his body. Instead of falling, he charged furiously in the direction from

which he had had come, and as he rushed past, Stanley put another ball right through him. Still he kept on till within six or seven yards of the tree behind which Kalulu was hiding, when he suddenly halted and then dropped. Stanley then advanced to cut his throat, when catching sight of Kalulu, and almost immediately afterwards of the white helmet, he sprang up, and with a terrific grunt, dashed into a thick brake, whence he could not be dislodged. As it was getting late, and the camp was three miles away, they were compelled to return to camp without any meat.

Two or three days later the caravan crossed one of those peculiar African natural bridges. Reeds and other aquatic plants in a shallow stream will stop a vast deal of floating refuse. In time the mass will be overgrown with sedge and grass, and so well matted together that men or beasts may readily walk thereon, while underneath is a swiftly flowing stream.

On the 2d of November one of the donkeys was seized by a crocodile, as the party was crossing the Malagarazi river. They were much delayed here by the avarice of a Mvinza chief, and by the extortion of a ferryman.

CHAPTER IX.

LIVINGSTONE FOUND.

ON November 3rd, 1871, Stanley's party met a caravan of Waguhha, coming from the westward. Asking the news, they were startled by the information that a white man had arrived at Ujiji from Manyuema. We take Stanley's dialogue with the caravan, and his own words, expressive of his thoughts:—

"'A white man?'

"'Yes, a white man.'

"'How is he dressed?'

"'Like the master,' (referring to myself).

"'Is he young, or old?'

"'He is old. He has white hair on his face, and is sick.'

"'Where has he come from?'

"'From a far country away beyond Uguhha, called Manyuema.'

"'Indeed! and is he stopping at Ujiji now?'

"'Yes, we saw him about eight days ago.'

"'Do you think he will stop there till we see him?'

"'Sique' (don't know).

"'Was he ever at Ujiji before?'

"'Yes, he went away a long time ago.'

"'Hurrah! this is Livingstone. He must be Livingstone. He can be no other; but still—he may be some one else—some one from the west coast—or perhaps he

is Baker! No, Baker has no white hair on his face. But we must now march quick, lest he hears we are coming, and runs away.'

"I addressed my men, and asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt, and then promised them, if they acceded to my wishes, two doti to each man. All answered in the affirmative, almost as much rejoiced as I myself was. But I was madly rejoiced: intensely eager to resolve the burning question, 'Is it Dr. David Livingstone.' God grant me patience, but I do wish there was a railroad, or at least, horses in this country. With a horse I could reach Ujiji in twelve hours."

But now, new obstacles arose. The chiefs became more obstinate in their demands. One in particular, Mionvu, demanded ONE HUNDRED cloths. This was more particularly aggravating, since the king's nephew had collected a large tribute saying it was for the king, which he kept himself. Stanley was compelled to halt and bargain with Mionvu. Only Stanley's intense anxiety to be going, prevented him from going to war with Mionvu. At last after much dispute, Stanley gave him seventy-five doti of cloth, and again set forward. Four hours' march brought them to the domain of the king's brother. Again came another heavy demand for tribute. The king's brother demanded thirty doti. Stanley says:

"If I only dared publish all the wild, furious thoughts that raged in my mind when this was announced, I should be shocked myself at some future calm moment, I have no doubt. But I was angry. Angry! Angry is not the word; I was savage—rendered desperately savage! Able, ready, and willing to fight and die, but not to be halted by a set of miserable,

naked robbers! Within sight of Ujiji, one may almost say—but four days' march from this white man whom I take to be Livingstone, unless there is a duplicate of him traveling about in this country. Merciful Providence! what shall I do?

We had been told by Mionvu that the honga of Uhha was settled,—and now here is another demand from the king's brother! It is the second time the lie has been told, and twice we have been deceived. We shall be deceived no more."

Learning that there were still five chiefs who would demand tribute, Stanley determined to avoid them, if possible by a night march. Accordingly, he arranged with a native to guide him, agreeing to pay him twelve doti of cloth, if successful. The only difficulty would be in keeping his people quiet while passing the villages.

Purchasing supplies sufficient for six days, he started in a southern direction, and an hour's march brought them to a grassy plain, across which they went, despite the usual obstacles of African travel. Bravely toiled the men, without murmur, though their naked legs were bleeding from the cruel grass. At daybreak they halted for breakfast near a river, not daring to shoot any of the large numbers of wild game around them, lest they should arouse the neighborhood. After resting an hour, some natives were seen coming toward them from the right bank of the river. Seeing them, the natives took to their heels, shouting as they ran, to alarm some villages about four miles off. Immediately resuming the march, Stanley crossed the river, and struck direct for a bamboo jungle in the front. Almost as soon as he entered, a weak-brained woman raised a series of piercing yells. The men were appalled at this noisy outbreak, fearing the vengeance of the Wahha for

evading the tribute. For no cause whatever, again and again, the woman screamed fearfully. Some of the men at once dropped their loads and vanished into the jungle. The guide rushed back and implored Stanley to stop her noise. The woman's husband, livid with rage and fear, drew his sword and asked permission to cut off her head. Stanley attempted to shut her up by putting his hand over her mouth, but she only wrestled violently with him, yelling louder than ever. Stanley's account is as follows:

"There remained nothing for me to do but to try the virtue of the whip over her shoulders. I asked her to desist after the first blow. No! she continued her insane cries with increased force and volume. Again my whip descended over her shoulders. No! no! no! Another blow. Will you hush? No, no, no! Louder and louder she cried, faster and faster I showered the blows for the taming of this shrew. However, seeing I was as determined to flog as she was to cry, she desisted before the tenth blow and became silent. A cloth was folded over her mouth, and her arms tied behind her; and in a few moments, the runaways having returned to their duty, the expedition moved forward with redoubled force."

Proceeding with all possible caution and diligence barely evading detection once, at least, they entered Ukaranga—an event that was hailed with shouts of joy. The villagers of the first village took the party to be a party of Mirambo's marauders, and marveled when matters were explained, that Stanley had been able to get past Mirambo. Stanley's impatience and anxiety was now most intense,—another day would bring him face to face with the old man with white hairs on his

face, and he should know certainly whether or not his mission was accomplished.

Starting rapidly forward in the morning, two hours' march took them to a steep hill, which they breathlessly ascended, and the glorious Tangayika burst on their view! Stanley's delight and joy at this sight knew no bounds. Entrancing as was the scene, however, he descended and pushed forward in all haste, lest the news of his coming should reach Ujiji, and the people come out to meet them ere they had made suitable preparation. Let Stanley continue the narrative:—

"At last the sublime hour has arrived! Our dreams, our hopes, and our anticipations are about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms, and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the gray beard we heard about on the Malagarazi.

"Unfurl your flags, and load your guns!"

"'Ay, Wallah; ay, Wallah, bana,' respond the men eagerly.'

"'One, two, three—fire!'

"A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect on the peaceful looking village below.'

"'Now, Kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear, and you men keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tangayika—I can smell the fish of the Tangayika now. There are fish and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!'"

"The volleys fired soon had the desired effect, for the people of Ujiji, recognizing the Amerian flag, rushed up the hill by hundreds to meet them. They gave a

hearty greeting to each and all of Stanley's men, and Stanley himself was much startled by a voice on his right, saying, "Good morning, sir."

Turning sharply around, he saw at his side a man with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous, —a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his head.

"Who the mischief are you?" asked Stanley."

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," he replied smiling.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

"Good morning, sir," said another voice.

"Hallo!" said Stanley. "Is this another one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chumah, sir."

"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the Doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?"

"In Manyuema."

"Now you, Susi, run and tell the Doctor I am coming."

"Yes, sir;" and off he darted like a mad man.

Soon Susi came running back, asking Stanley's name. He had told the Doctor that someone was coming, and when asked who it was, he was unable to answer. We now let Stanley describe his emotions:—

"In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, 'I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I have not given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those feeings that were wellnigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man, appearing under such extraordinary circumstances. So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob;—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did that which cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing,—walked directly to him, took off my hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"'Yes,' said he with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly."

"I replaced my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

"'I thank God, Doctor, that I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered, 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'

And thus they met—those two away in the wilds of savage Africa, far from home and friends, having fought through dangers, seen and unseen, to bring about this result.

Stanley's joy was full; he had FOUND LIVINGSTONE. Long they conversed that night, Stanley giving an account of all the important affairs of the civilized

world. In his turn Livingstone related his own immediate troubles with thieves and sickness. Stanley says:

"I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair on his head and beard, and every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, the slightly wearied look he bore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.'

"This day, like all others, though big with happiness to me, was fading away. Hours passed, and we were still sitting there with our minds still busy upon the day's remarkable events, when I remembered the traveler had not yet read his letters.

"'Doctor,' I said, you had better read your letters; I will not keep you up any longer.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'it is getting late, and I will go and read my friends letters. Good night, and God bless you.'

"'Good night, my dear Doctor, and let me hope your news will be such as you desire.'"

History tells us not of another such meeting. Stanley's feelings can only be imagined. The long strain was over; suspense was ended; he had found Livingstone.

David Livingstone

CHAPTER X.

LIVINGSTONE

THUS at length the falsity of the story told by the Johanna men was proven. This last journey of Livingstone had been a continual struggle with the indolence, treachery and avarice of his own men, and with the greediness and hostility of the natives and of certain Arabs. A brief outline of his dealings up to this point will give the reader some idea of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and will throw light upon the various conflicting rumors which had from time to time reached the coast. His party had consisted of nine Johanna men, seven freedmen and twelve Sepoys, who were armed with Enfield rifles presented to the Doctor by the Bombay government. They were supposed to act as guards. The only baggage taken, besides the Doctor's scientific and medical outfit, and his personal effects, was a small quantity of cloth and beads, for the purchase of food

Starting up the left bank of the Rovuma river, they cut their way for miles through an almost impenetrable jungle. At the very outset, the Sepoys and Johanna men began to shirk and to complain. They so abused the animals that in a short while no beasts of burden were left. Failing to defeat the expedition in this way, they began instigating the natives against the Doctor.

As the African is very credulous of evil, the Doctor was compelled to rid himself of the Sepoys by sending the dawdling rascals back to the coast. They had habitually lagged in the rear of the party, moaning and complaining, and moped into camp at night as if hardly able to crawl. Most valiant set of defenders, these!

Soon others of the party deserted. When the Doctor reached the Nyassa region, two of the freed slaves had deserted him, and here another one demanded his discharge upon a pretext which the Doctor found afterwards to be false. While encamped at the extremity of the lake, a half-caste Arab arrived from the western shore of the lake and reported that he had been plundered by a band of Mazitu, at a place which both the Doctor and Musa, the chief of the Johanna men, knew to be at least one hundred and fifty miles north-northwest of their encampment, and very far out of their route. The Doctor, after patiently hearing the tale, reminded Musa that the Mazitu would have killed the man as well as robbed him, and suggested that they ask the opinion of the chieftain of the village as to the truth of the Arab's story. The chieftain pronounced it false, asserting that if the Mazitu had been in that district, he should have known it at once. But Musa was bent on an excuse for abandoning the expedition, and persisted in pretending to believe the story of the Arab. All the Doctor's promises to proceed directly westward so as to avoid the beat of the Mazitu were of no avail. Musa croaked and wailed over his surely impending doom, and as soon as the party started westward, he and his companions ran away in a body. The Doctor felt strongly tempted to shoot Musa and another of the ring-leaders, but was afterwards glad that he did not do so. A day or two later, another of the men came to the Doctor with a tale

about the Mazitu. Compelled by the scant number of his party to repress all tendencies to cowardice and desertion, the Doctor sternly forbade the man to speak of the Mazitu again. Fortunately, the district upon which they were immediately entering was one as yet untrodden by the slave-trader, and the natives were quite friendly and hospitable, and rendered the Doctor much assistance; otherwise the expedition would have had to wait for reinforcements from the coast.

Pursuing his way into the interior, Livingstone reached the territory of the noted chief, Cazembe, first made known to Europeans by the Portuguese traveler, Dr. Lacerda. He was quite hospitably treated by this chieftain, who could not, however, understand why the white man had come to look for waters, rivers and seas. He informed the Doctor that it was useless for him to go further, as there was plenty of water in his own immediate neighborhood. He was quite pleased with Livingstone, however, and gave orders that he should be allowed to proceed whithersoever he pleased.

For the next two years the Doctor was chiefly employed in endeavoring to correct the mistakes of Portuguese geographers. The latter had been misled by a similarity of names. The Chambezi river they supposed to be identical with the Zambezi, and in all their books invariably spoke of it as such, but upon crossing the Chambezi, the doctor perceived that they must be wrong, and consequently spent much time carefully traveling over the complicated water system of this region, in order to definitely settle the question. The result was as follows: A large lake of which he was told, northeast of Cazembe's territory, he found to be the southeastern extremity of lake Tanganyika. Proceeding westward from lake Tanganyika, he came upon lake Moero, which

is about sixty miles in length. He found a large river flowing into it from the south. Tracing up this river, the Luapula, he found it to proceed from the great lake Bangweolo, nearly as large in superficial area as the Tanganyika. Searching for the feeders of this lake, he discovered that one of the most important was the river Chambezi. It was impossible that the Portuguese geographers were correct. At Cazembe's, Dr. Livingstone found an old half-caste Arab, who was kept as a sort of prisoner at large by Cazembe, because of certain suspicious circumstances connected with his arrival in the country. Livingstone's influence procured his release. The ungrateful wretch poisoned the minds of the Doctor's followers against him, and ingratiated himself into their favor by selling them the favors of his concubines. Thus all the Doctor's followers were induced to desert him, though two of them, Susi and Chuma, soon returned to their allegiance. This vile ingrate brought the Doctor only trouble so long as he was with him.

In March, 1869, Livingstone reached Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika; and from here he wrote the letters which brought to the civilized world the news that he was still alive, and satisfied all that Musa's tale was but the fabrication of a cowardly deserter. Here also he was subjected to such extortion by the Arabs and natives that his work was seriously hindered, and he was compelled to abandon some cherished projects. But so long as his means held out he was determined to press forward, though he knew not if the great outer world from which he had been separated so long would ever hear of his work.

About the first of July, 1869, he crossed the lake and landed in Uguhha, to explore the country to the west-

ward. He had heard much from the Arab traders of a great country called Rua, or Urua, which was some four hundred miles in length, and the breadth of which was unknown, even to the Arabs themselves. They occasionally obtained some ivory along its border, and reported it to be a fertile and populous region; but few of them had ever visited even its frontier. Fifteen days' march westward from Uguhha brought him to Bambarre, the first important station in Manyuema. Here he was detained nearly six months by ulcers in his feet. Once more able to travel he turned northward, and soon reached a broad, sluggish stream called the Lualaba, flowing through a level country in a most puzzling manner; now turning northward, now westward, now southward. With patient persistence he traced it to the long, narrow lake Kamolondo; and then turning back he found it issued from lake Moero through a chasm in the mountain chain that skirts the lake. The torrent soon spreads into a vast smoothly flowing river, which receives so many affluents that Livingstone noted only the more important ones on his map. Passing down the stream, he traced its course northward to within four degrees of the equator, when he was forced by the mutinous spirit of his men to abandon the exploration and return to Ujiji, leaving unexplored a great lake reported to lie further north, and learning but little of the teeming myriads of the negro race in this region who had never seen a white man.

Little did Dr. Livingstone imagine how bitter a disappointment was in store for him at Ujiji. As he neared the place, he met the faithful Susi and Chuma crying bitterly. On inquiring what was the matter, he was told that Sherif, the Arab, who had been left in charge of the Doctor's goods, had sold them all for ivory.

There was barely enough left to support him and his men for one month; then they must beg from the Arabs. How was he ever to reach the coast again, much less push forward his explorations, as he hoped to do? True, he expected in some way to secure the stores he had left at Unyanyembe; but might they not also have been plundered in his absence? Such was his almost hopeless condition, when Stanley arrived. Surprised as he was to see another white man in that wild region, his astonishment was still greater upon learning that the young American had been sent expressly to seek for him, and to aid him, if need be. He had had no appetite for weeks, but now he ate like a famished man, often repeating, "You have brought me new life—you have brought me new life." As he saw the huge portable bath-tub which Stanley carried about with him, and noticed the neat and home-like table service, and the careful attendance of Stanley's ebony Ganymedes, he thought, "Well, this is a most luxurious traveler, and not a poor, plundered fellow at his wit's end, like myself."

Thus opened the four months' association of the two great travelers at Ujiji. Insignificant as it may appear to many, this companionship was destined to play an important part in the history of Africa, and thereby directly influence the future of the civilized world. Stanley had been taught, in the first place, a lesson in providence. Had he proceeded at once upon his search for Livingstone upon receiving his commission from Mr. Bennett, he would, on reaching Ujiji, have found that the Doctor was far away up the Lualaba. He might have pursued him into Manyuema, but there would have been small probability of overtaking him ere his return to Ujiji, if at all: and his own stores

GRANARY, LAKE TANGANYIKA.

would have been too nearly exhausted to allow of his rendering the Doctor any material assistance. While Stanley was leisurely journeying through various oriental countries on his way to Zanzibar, Livingstone was making interesting and valuable discoveries west of the Tanganyika. And had Stanley not been delayed at Unyanyembe by the war between the Arabs and Mirambo, he would have reached Ujiji three months before Livingstone, and would most probably have not fallen in with him at all.

The best fruit of the companionship was the vast influence for good which the Doctor exerted over Stanley. The latter had heard much that was derogatory to the Doctor, but personal acquaintance satisfied him that Livingstone had been grossly misrepresented; and he enthusiastically asserts that while the Doctor was not an angel, "he approached as near to that being as the nature of a living man will allow." Again he exclaims, "You may take any point in Doctor Livingstone's character, and analyze it carefully, and I would challenge any man to find a fault in it. But he recognized that the Doctor's religion was the chief factor in perfecting that character; for without it, he concludes that his ardent temperament, his enthusiasm, high spirit, and courage, must have rendered him uncompanionable, and a hard master. Livingstone's religion was not ostentatious or noisy, but quiet and practical. Even the narrow and bigoted Moslems soon came to respect and esteem him, and ceased their efforts to thwart him. Every Sunday he would gather his little flock and expound a chapter to them from the Bible, and pray. He was extremely patient and persevering, and these qualities, combined with his strong constitution and temperate habits, enabled him to withstand the trying

climate of Africa far better than an ordinary man. All these traits were carefully noted by the keen-eyed American reporter. What their influence was Stanley himself may tell. In conversation with a reporter in America, he said: "I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I have never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What I want, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, and wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; mine was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness; his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he went about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."

CHAPTER XI.

STANLEY WITH LIVINGSTONE.

HAVING rested a few days at Ujiji, Stanley and Livingstone set out in a canoe, kindly loaned them by the Arab, Said bin Majid, to explore the northern half of Lake Tanganyika, a thing Burton had been defeated in by employing Ujijians. Stanley and the Doctor manned the boat with their own men, and set out northward from Ujiji, along the eastern shore of the lake. The point of chief interest to be settled was whether the Rusizi river, of which Speke and Burton had heard much, really flowed to or from the lake. Their voyage, save for an attempt or two by sneak-thieves, was entirely uneventful, yet by no means tedious. The scenery was exceedingly beautiful; the land was fertile; the lake teemed with fish and various waterfowl. The mountain ranges added to the beauty of the scene, and reminded Stanley of some American landscapes. The entire coast was dotted with little fishing hamlets, whose people lived in ease and comparative idleness. Soundings showed the lake to be very deep. At one place 1800 feet was found to be the depth.

The natives were in the main friendly, but at one or two places hostile demonstrations were made. Near the north end a Mgwana was met, who pompously in-

formed them that the Rusizi flowed out of the lake toward Uganda, and seemed to think it unnecessary for the party to go farther. His word was sufficient, he thought. But the chief of the village was as sure that the Rusizi flowed into the lake. Moral:—The African will tell you what he thinks you wish to hear. On finally reaching the head of the lake, it was found to terminate in seven bays, and into the largest of these the Rusizi, a comparatively unimportant stream, emptied through three mouths. It abounded in crocodiles, but had no hippopotami: thus showing it was shallow.

The Tanganyika had no outlet to the north. The party turned back to Ujiji, by the western shore of the lake.

On the way they fell in with a new specimen of African knavery. Landing at a village by Cape Luvemba, the travelers, while taking an afternoon nap, were aroused by the clamor of angry voices. It seems that the natives had a grudge against the Arabs for killing one of their number who had intruded on an Arab harem; and they persisted in pronouncing Stanley and Livingstone to be Arabs, and proposed to deal with them accordingly. When, by dint of the Doctor's patience and suavity, peace seemed about to be restored, the old chief deliberately slashed his leg with a spear, and then exclaimed that the Wangwana had wounded him! The consequent tumult was quelled by an old woman with a knob-stick and sharp tongue—a fit ending for the silly fuss. The travelers took advantage of the temporary quiet to leave the place, and three days later, having crossed the lake, they reached Ujiji. The trip had occupied twenty-eight days.

After a short rest the two travelers set out for Unyanyembe. Livingstone could not be induced to

VIEW ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

return home for even a very brief period. He was bent on finishing his work, believing the Lualaba to be identical with the Nile. Stanley suggested to him various plans, and he finally decided to return to Unyanyembe, there receive his own goods, and such as Stanley could turn over to him, and after a brief rest to return to Ujiji, cross over and push into Manyuema, and complete his task, which he was confident of doing in a year and a half. The men who had forced him to abandon his expedition when at Nyangwe were now deprived of their weapons, the Enfield rifles the Bombay government had given Livingstone.

For the return journey Stanley sketched a route before untraveled, which Livingstone approved. It was a longer one, but it avoided all the blackmailing and greedy chieftains, thus saving for the Doctor all the goods that would otherwise be paid as tribute. December 13th to December 27th was spent as a period of rest and preparation.

Coasting south from Ujiji, a distance of seventy miles in a straight line, the party was to strike eastward for the village of Mrera; thence to follow the road by which Stanley came from Unyanyembe. The Wangwana were greatly elated at the scheme, and entered into it with enthusiasm. All were merry. The boatman sang:

> "We have given the Wahha the slip! ha, ha!
> The Wavinza will trouble us no more! oh, oh!
> Mionvu can get no more cloth from us! hy, hy!
> And Kiala will see us no more—never more! he, he!"

The journey to Mrera was accomplished in safety, the only inconvenience being a scarcity of food in crossing an uninhabited jungle. Stanley had one or two attacks of fever, and Livingstone was footsore.

Otherwise the party was in good condition, and the natives marveled that the compass and sextant could tell the white men when to leave the lake, and what course to pursue to reach Mrera.

Twice on the way from Mrera, Stanley fell in with lions, but the cowardly beasts fled at sight of man. Lions are dangerous only at night, unless attacked; when they can defend themselves with much fury.

At Ugunda, four days before reaching Unyanyembe, the caravan was met by Sarmian and Uledi Manwa Sera, the two soldiers Stanley had sent to Zanzibar to bring medicine for Shaw. The sturdy fellows had performed their commission, and had also captured one of Stanley's deserters, and brought him back in slave-forks. They brought a considerable quantity of mail for the travelers, but the medicine came too late; Shaw had died some time before. The newspapers were a subject of great wonder to the natives, who marveled at the white man's news. Some of them thought the huge sheets merely ornamental.

After reaching Unyanyembe, matters were soon arranged. But little of all the Doctor's stores there were available for the region whither he was bound, but Stanley was able to turn over to him sufficient stores to last him near two years. The Arab, El Wali, had rifled the Doctor's property of much of the most valuable goods.

Livingstone, finding he had about seventy loads of goods, commissioned Stanley to procure him a few necessary items in Zanzibar, and to send him fifty freemen as carriers. He had proved by bitter experience, that slaves were worthless. All this Stanley was glad to undertake, though it necessarily frustrated his design of going down the Nile and obtaining news of Baker's expedition.

Ere the middle of March, all arrangements were complete. Livingstone's letters and dispatches were written. The natives assembled on the 12th, at night, and gave a farewell song and dance to the white man who was going home. The 13th of March was a day of sadness to both travelers. Stanley had become an ardent admirer of Livingstone; and the latter said that when Stanley left, the house would look as if a death had taken place. Fellow-feeling is far stronger between white men in the midst of savage tribes. But the time for parting was at hand. On the morning of the 14th the Doctor went a little way upon the road with the starting caravan. With choking voice and moist eyes, the Doctor and his three faithful servants, Susi, Chuma and Hamoyda, shook hands with the young American, and Livingstone turned his back forever upon the civilized world. A moment more, and a turn in the path hid him from Stanley's sight. The last link of the lone spaces was gone.

Wearily the caravan marched, homeward bound, meeting with no unusual occurrence till they reached the Ugogo territory. Here the rulers got it into their heads that Stanley proposed to pass through without paying the accustomed tribute. War seemed inevitable, but again Stanley escaped by a small majority. Traveling onward through flooded districts, swimming swollen streams, struggling through swamps, worn, weary, but triumphant, at last he reached Zanzibar. Happy in the thought of success, happier still in anticipation of the joy he believed his tidings would bring to others, his heart was full of good-will to all mankind. But all his joy was turned to gall on opening the papers at Zanzibar. Instead of kind words, he found suspicion, jealousy and detraction, and even charges that his story of

finding Livingstone was a fabrication. Stunned and deeply hurt at this undeserved treatment, no wonder he wrote bitter words of his critics. Certain "easy-chair geographers" especially aroused his ire; but nothing was so incomprehensible to him as the spirit of jealousy among Englishmen. One of the officers of a relief expedition which had been organized to aid Livingstone, and which he met at Bagamoyo, told him that his people did not want him to succeed, because he was an American! Stanley could not see why his nationality should so stir their jealousy. Stung by the coolness, incredulity and hostility of much of the secular press, it is small wonder that he vented his opinions freely, and in his haste said "all men were liars." Even the Royal Geographical Society was regarded by him with suspicion, but in the end he confessed they had dealt fairly with him.

As the news Stanley brought rendered useless the relief expedition, it was abandoned. Stanley promptly executed the commission with which Livingstone had entrusted him, and saw the carriers and goods safely off for Unyanyembe. This, he thought, ended forever his travels in Central Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

AN AFRICAN EXPLORER.

TWO years have passed. The Ashantee war is over. Stanley turns his face toward England. There comes a suspicion, a rumor, an official report. The great explorer, Livingstone, had fallen at his post, his work unfinished. Of that strange journey of his faithful followers to the coast, bearing the embalmed body of their great master, the world has heard again and again. Shameful their neglect by those who should have appreciated their deed. Yet they have their reward. Never, while Livingstone is remembered, shall Susi, Chuma, and their companions, be forgotten.

Stanley was burning with anxiety to follow up the work of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone, and complete it. The source of the Nile was unsettled till definite knowledge could be had of the Victoria Nyanza. Was it one vast lake, or five smaller ones? The outlet of the Tanganyika was unknown. Livingstone's Lualaba —was it the Nile? or, as Cameron suggested, was it the Congo? and if the latter, did it flow directly from Nyangwe, where Livingstone had left it? Such were the more important geographical questions to be determined.

Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey. Stanley was one of the pall-bearers. Hastily finishing his book, "Coomassie and Magdala," he spent some

time in reading works upon Africa. When the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph* decided to send him out, at the head of an Anglo-American expedition, to complete the work of exploration, he was ready in two weeks to start from England. Scores of applicants wished to join his expedition: but only three were accepted—Frank and Edward Pocock, two able young English river-men, and a clerk named Frederick Barker, who was passionately anxious to visit Africa. With these assistants he landed in Zanzibar in September, 1874, twenty-eight months after he had left it on his return from his former tour.

Repairing to the same merchant, a Hindoo millionaire, he procured a vast store of supplies, which were packed in rather smaller loads than usual, that the caravan might travel more rapidly. The total was over 18,000 pounds, requiring 300 pagazis, besides a good reserve force, and a guard of soldiers. The recruits were enlisted for two years. Not a few of Stanley's old force were glad to enroll again in his service. Having made all arrangements, mustered his forces, and bidden good-bye to his civilized friends of Zanzibar, he turned toward the Land of Darkness, little dreaming what hardships and perils he would meet in the days to come.

Some little trouble was experienced at Bagamoyo, because certain of his wayward men must needs go on a final "bust," and get themselves into trouble with the authorities. Having freed them from the clutches of the law, he collected his bands, and on the 17th of November started inland with 356 men, a few more being expected to overtake the troop shortly. The route chosen was parallel to those pursued by most travelers, but about thirty miles north of any of them.

No special adventures were met with in the early part of the journey. Ugogo was reached in five weeks. Along the route there was a scarcity of food, and the rainy season aided in rendering the party miserable. Stanley was reduced in weight forty-six pounds in thirty-eight days' travel. Such scanty supplies as they could procure were at enormous prices. Aside from these hardships, the constant haggling for right of way with blackmailing chiefs, the perpetual annoyance given by deserters, sluggards, and petty thieves, the trouble with the sick—to record all of which cases separately would require a volume—no unusual obstacles were encountered till they struck off from the regular route of caravans going west, and entered an entirely new country, and encountered a new race of people. Reaching the borders of Usandawa, he turned to the northwest, and entered Ukimbu on its eastern extremity. Here the guides he had hired in Ugogo to conduct him to Iramba, deserted him. Securing new guides, he traveled on for two days, when they also deserted. This left Stanley one morning at the edge of a vast, unknown wilderness, without any guide. Relying on the statement of the guides, that three days would bring them to an abundance of food, Stanley had only purchased enough for two days. Starting forward, with his compass for a guide, he soon came into a very thick jungle, where they of necessity made very slow progress. Instead of coming to a village, however, they were forced to encamp in the wilderness, with a very limited supply of food. They now wandered on some days without food or water. Several men, overcome by privation and fatigue, died by the way. At last they brought up at a small village, containing only four huts. Here they expected succor. Alas! the inhabitants could

not spare a single grain! In this crisis, Stanley, seeing the caravan could march no longer in their weak condition, sent forty of the strongest and most faithful men forward to secure food. As near as he could learn, they were still thirty miles from the nearest point where they could procure relief. Though pinched with hunger themselves, the brave forty set forward to reach Suna that night. In their absence, some of the men, wandering about, found two lion whelps, which they brought in. Stanley examined his medical stores, and, finding a good stock of oatmeal, emptied a sheet-iron trunk of its contents, and proceeded to make a big trunkful of gruel. The people, young and old, gathered round, heaping fuel about, to make it boil the quicker. "How eagerly they watched it, lest some calamity should happen, and clamored, when it was ready, for their share; and how inexpressibly satisfied they seemed as they tried to make the most of what they received, and with what fervor they thanked God for His mercies!"

The next morning, the forty returned, bringing just enough millet-seed to give each man one good meal. The people devoured this, and then asked to be led on at once, to which Stanley gladly assented, and set forth, reaching Suna in the morning.

Here trouble seemed imminent. The natives were not disposed to be friendly, and Stanley discovered that one of his men had stolen some chickens. The chickens being paid for, and the thief properly punished, harmony was restored. These people, the Warimi, were the finest in physique that Stanley had seen since leaving the sea. They are tall, robust, manly in bearing, possess very regular features, go stark naked, and are not troubled by any notions of modesty. They

have no chief, but are guided by the counsels of the elders of families.

The situation being deplorable, a halt of four days was made at Suna. Over thirty men were now ailing. On the day of their arrival at Suna, Edward Pocock was taken very ill. It soon became apparent that it was an unmistakable case of the dreadful typhus. To make matters worse, the Warimi evinced such unmistakable signs of hostility that it was necessary to move on, and carry the sick. Unspeakably worn and weary, almost without hope, the little band went slowly forward. At last they reached Cliwyu, four hundred miles from the sea. Pocock grew worse rapidly. We extract the following from Stanley's narrative: "Edward Pocock was reported by Frank to have muttered in his delirium, 'The master has just hit it,' and to have said that he felt very comfortable. On arriving at the camp, one of the boat sections was elevated above him, as a protection from the sun, until a cool grass hut could be erected. A stockade was being constructed, by piling a thick fence of brushwood around a spacious circle, along which grass huts were fast being built, when Frank entreated me to step to his brother's side. I sprang to him—only in time, however, to see him take his last gasp. Frank gave a shriek of sorrow when he realized that the spirit of his brother had fled forever, and, removing the boat section, bent over the corpse, and wailed in a paroxysm of agony.

"We excavated a grave, four feet deep, at the foot of a hoary acacia, with wide spreading branches, and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith we all believe in, and, when folded in its shroud, we laid the body in its final resting-place, during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beauti-

BURIAL OF EDWARD POCOCK.

ful prayers of the church service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed, whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard, nearly all the Wangwana were present, to pay a last tribute of sighs to poor Edward Pocock.

"When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood in sorrow and silence over our irreparable loss."

An uneventful march of some days brought them to Izanjeh. On leaving here, one man, who was afflicted with asthma, was permitted to lag behind, and was set upon and murdered. As it was impossible to discover the murderer, his death could not be avenged.

Camping at Vinyata, it was discovered that several bales were wet. To save the cloth, it was necessary to dry them. Accordingly, the rich goods were spread out in the sun, and, being seen by the natives, aroused their greed. However, the day passed quietly, and, the natives appearing very friendly, Stanley felt no uneasiness. The next morning, hearing shouts and war-cries, he supposed they were about to go to war with some hostile tribe, till their demonstrations undeceived him. Sending out messengers, word was brought him that the natives demanded payment for some milk they claimed had been stolen. Wishing to avoid any serious trouble, Stanley paid their price, and they went away, apparently satisfied. Soon after, one of his men came into camp, badly wounded, and reported to Stanley that they had attacked and wounded him, and killed his brother. Still Stanley feared summary punishment would be a rash thing He, however, ordered the defenses strengthened, and the stores of ammunition opened, and the men to hold themselves in readiness.

They had not long to wait. The savages soon came

on, and, with yells of triumph, discharged a volley of arrows. Making no sign, Stanley's forces waited till the enemy were within thirty yards, when they charged out, and drove the savages back about two hundred yards. Again they advanced, when fire was opened on them, and at the end of an hour, they were driven away. Every effort was then made to fortify the camp strongly. The next day the attack was renewed, and again they were repulsed. Stanley now determined to teach them a lesson; so he ordered his troops to follow them up, and burn their villages. He thus secured abundance of provisions, besides subduing the natives. He was molested no more. The battle resulted in twenty-four of Stanley's men killed, and four wounded—a heavy loss thus early in the expedition; twenty-five more were sick, and some baggage had to be burned, and some chiefs temporarily detailed to carry goods. The entire personnel of the expedition now numbered 240 souls, including women and children.

Within a week, however, friendly districts were reached, and reinforcements obtained. Game abounded in almost fabulous quantities. Within three days, Stanley shot six zebras, a giraffe, two gnus, a buffalo, and an antelope, besides a number of water-fowl and other birds. Once more there was peace and plenty.

Then the party entered Iramba, a district but little more friendly than that of Urimi. Mirambo was their terror, and again and again Stanley was mistaken for that chief. Indeed, Mirambo was fighting at one time but a day's march from him.

Leaving Iramba, he entered Usukuma, which was well peopled, and had an abundance of cattle. On the tenth of February, they reached the hospitable village

of Mombiti. Here an abundance of provisions was purchased, and for three days the weary caravan rested, and enjoyed the fat of the land to their hearts' content. Here a fresh troop of porters was engaged, and in excellent spirits, bearing a stock of provisions for an emergency, again they set forth, in the direction of the Monangah valley, and Usiha.

During the second day's march from Mombiti, Gardner, one of the faithful followers of Livingstone on his last journey, died of typhoid fever, and was buried at the junction of two roads. In his honor, the place was named "Camp Gardner."

From this place, Stanley marched on over a hilly, broken country, till he came to Usiha, a beautiful, pastoral country, terminating at the Victoria Nyanza. Here they were treated with great hospitality, and were plentifully supplied with the best of the land. They were treated to an amusing Mirambo scare, however, as they entered the district. One of the donkeys set up a hideous braying: and, as Mirambo was known to possess such a strange creature, it was with difficulty that they were convinced that the ass was not a member of Mirambo's band. Such is the suspicion occasioned by an African marauder, that the starting of a cow at the moving of some beast in the bush, readily causes an outcry of "Mirambo! Mirambo!"

On the 27th of February, the expedition came in sight of the great Victoria Nyanza, The view invigorated all. The white men were filled with enthusiasm; the pagazis, rejoiced at the prospect of rest and plenty, burst into a wild extempore chant. And here again our wanderers were for the nonce believed to be Mirambo's marauders. Finally, after having traveled 720 miles, at an average of seven miles a day, Kagehyi, on the shores of

KAGEHYI.

the "Great Lake," was reached. At this point Stanley halted a long time, to recruit the caravan, make observations, write news to the papers that had sent him out, and transact such other business as might legally come before him, under the usual African restrictions.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE VICTORIA.

THE days at Kagehyi were a halcyon period to the greater portion of the Caravan. Stanley, though strict, decisive and stern, was yet liberal with his men, and gave handsome rewards to each, according to service and rank. Such conduct obtained him the sobriquet of "The White Man with the Open Hand." Yet he himself was not at rest. His time was fully occupied in taking observations, and in planning a trip around the lake, to settle the question of its size and form.

Prince Kaduma, chieftain at Kagehyi, manifested great friendliness, and a disposition to aid and accompany Stanley; but he was such an inveterate toper, and so dilatory, that Stanley saw it was a waste of time to wait on him. The Prince, moreover, gave such a marvelous account of the size of the lake, the strange, tailed men, the cannibals, the nations with war-dogs, and such curiosities that none of Stanley's men would volunteer to accompany him, and he was compelled to select a crew and command them to go. In a few days the boat which had been brought from London in sections, was fitted together and provisioned for the voyage, and on the 8th of March, 1875, the party was sailing eastward along the southern shore of the great bay which Stanley christened "Speke Gulf."

Nearly two-thirds of the circumnavigation was performed in twenty-six days, without any serious hindrance. At but two or three localities did the natives manifest any hostility. Provisions were abundant, and the irregularly beautiful scenery of the lake was well adapted for an earthly paradise. On the 3rd of April, the party was met by a young chieftain, named Magassa, who had been sent by Mtesa, the king of Uganda, to welcome the white man, and pilot him to the king. Magassa was a fine specimen of youth "endued with a little brief authority," being extravagantly obsequious toward Stanley, and very tyrannical and overbearing toward Mtesa's subjects.

Mtesa was at Usavara, his hunting village. Here Stanley arrived on the 5th of April, and was received with much barbaric pomp. Stanley was rapidly questioned on every conceivable subject by the "*Kabaka,*" or king, and by his officials. After an hour of this sort of exercise, the inquisitive Waganda decided that "he passed;" and Stanley retired, pleased at having kept up the credit of the white man in Equatorial Africa. Baker was subjected to a similar examination, when in Unyoro, by the inquisitive people, who wished to know if he were a genuine white man, or a base impostor. Having satisfied themselves on that point, they pronounced him to be "Speke's brother." It must be remembered that the African regards the white man as a walking encyclopedia; and for the sake of his race the white traveler must assume a virtue, though he have it not.

Mtesa was an anomaly among African chiefs. He was intelligent and desirous of progress. He had made his court a rendezvous for Arabs, traders and travelers, till he had introduced not a few of the arts and modes of civilized nations. Stanley was on this visit agree-

BAKER PASSES EXAMINATION.

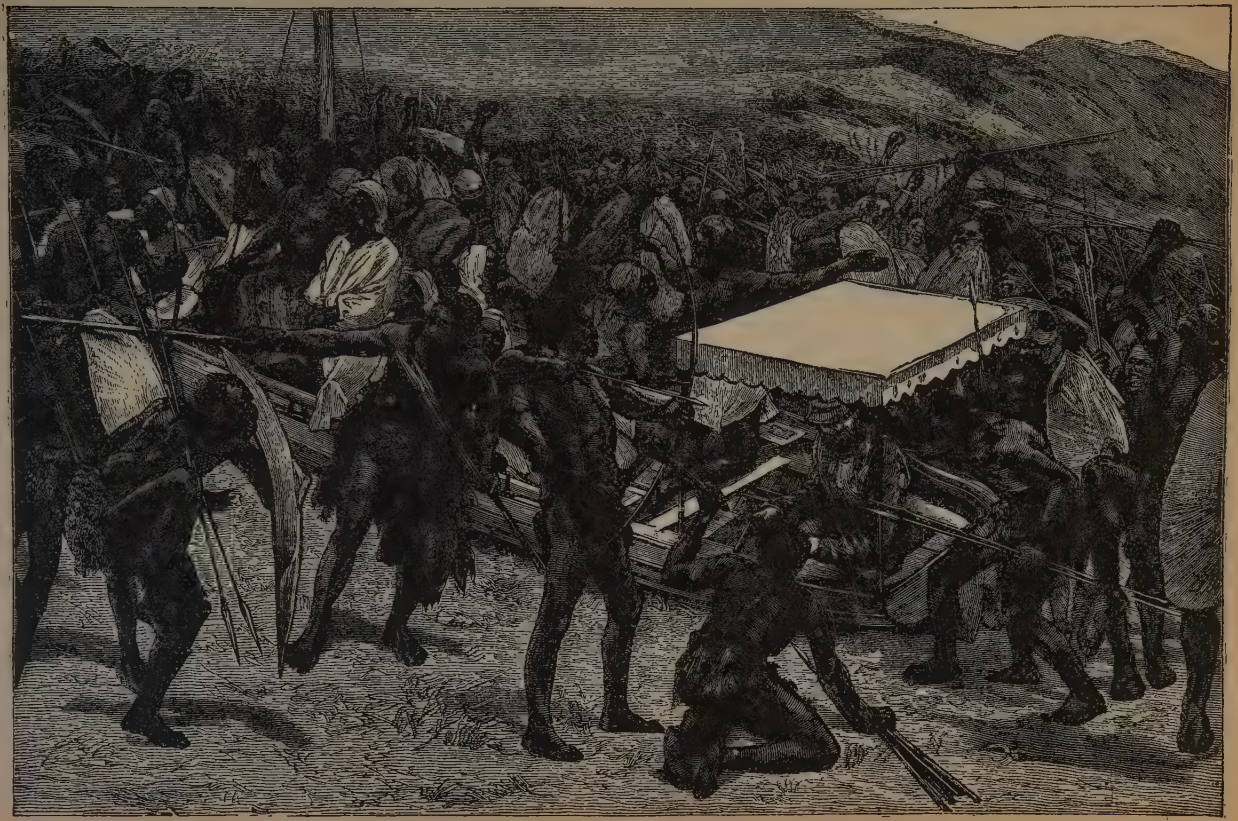
ably surprised in him. He was by far the most powerful and intelligent chief in Central Africa, and Stanley thought he saw in him the best instrument for introducing the religion of Christ into Equatorial Africa. He had already abandoned paganism for Mohammedanism, and as the white man was superior to the Arab, he was ready to concede that the white man's religion was better than the Arab's. In the ten days spent at Usavara and the capital, Rubaga, Stanley endeavored to instil into his mind the precepts of Christianity. Mtesa became deeply interested, to such an extent that all court business was dropped, in order that he and his people might hear the teachings of "Stamlee." He requested Stanley to urge white men to come and dwell with him and teach his people, promising all things needful for their support. Stanley's letters to papers at home were the chief factor in bringing about the final establishment of a mission at this place.

While staying with Mtesa, Stanley was most agreeably surprised by meeting a white traveler. He was a Frenchman, named Linant de Bellefonds. With him Stanley formed a very pleasant and useful acquaintance. M. de Bellefonds being a Protestant, as Mr. Stanley was, astonished Mtesa by teaching exactly the same things that he had already been taught by the American. He was a member of the Gordon Pasha expedition.

Stanley wished to bring his entire force to Uganda, and obtained a grant of thirty canoes for that purpose; but Magassa, who had grown vastly important in the past ten days, having been made an admiral by Mtesa, was so dilatory that Stanley finally set sail with only ten canoes. M. de Bellefonds had proposed to remain at Rubaga till he returned, which he expected to do in a month.

But the latter part of his journey was not so pleasant as the first. At the outset he was much annoyed by the domineering and arrogance of Magassa. Having "sat upon him" effectually, the young chieftain tarried behind a day to secure the full quota of canoes. Then one of his colonels, Sentum, was left behind to show him which way Stanley had gone. A few hours after, the other one turned back suddenly for some unknown reason. Magassa's fleet had been seen once on the horizon, but had not overtaken the white man. So Stanley and his man reach the great island of Bumbireh alone. Here they were compelled to land for food, having been supperless the night before, and in a cold rain the whole night.

Immediately the party was surrounded by about two hundred savages, brandishing spears, clubs, bows and arrows, and heavy stones. For a short time death seemed inevitable, but the meekness of the party apparently won the good-will of the king, Shekka, and quiet was restored for a time. The natives then held a "shauri," or consultation, and demanded tribute ere they would sell food. It was paid. More was demanded; the oars were seized—a grave blunder on Stanley's part—more tribute was paid. Then they drew off, spent sometime in carousing, and the hungry travelers waited. About three P. M., the hostilities were renewed, and Stanley soon saw there was no hope of concluding peace. Therefore he had recourse to stratagem. Sending one of his men toward the savages, apparently to carry presents, he ordered the rest of his men to launch the boat. As soon as the natives saw the ruse, they charged down, yelling furiously. The messenger saved his life by plunging head first into the lake, while Stanley shot the foremost of his pursuers.



PERILOUS SITUATION.

They then drew up on the shore, and began to cast spears, but a few well placed shots sent them to a more respectful distance. The danger was now increased by the approach of two open-mouthed hippopotami. Again the rifle was used to a decided advantage, one hippopotamus being disposed of at each shot. The furious savages launched some canoes; despite the heavy fire of Stanley's rifles, matters looked grave. The bottom boards of the canoes were torn out to use as paddles. No headway could be made. The canoes rapidly approached, and Stanley prepared for the pirates. This he did by loading his elephant rifle with explosive balls. Four shots killed five men, and sank two of their canoes. The remaining two went to the assistance of their comrades, and so the danger passed. The bloodthirsty savages called after them, "Go and die in the Nyanza!"

Escaped from the savages—but in what a plight! Already twenty-four hours without food; their oars gone, and only weak boards as rude paddles; completely at the mercy of the winds and waves, they were driven to and fro, now this way, now that, strength gone, courage going, hour by hour. Hither and thither they went at the mercy of the winds, till at length, three days after leaving Alice Island, having been seventy-six hours without food, they came to a small, uninhabited island, where they obtained relief. In commemoration of their deliverance Stanley named this island "Refuge."

They rested here a day or two, and on leaving reached a land of plenty. On setting out once more, they were seized by a terrible storm, and for a time it seemed they would be swamped. But it passed, and the next day the Expedition reached the camp in safety. Stanley was received with loud acclamations by the natives and his friends, but his joy was changed to grief

when he was told that Frederick Barker had died twelve days before. Of the three white men who had set out with Stanley, only one was left to share his fortunes. We give Stanley's own words as a tribute to the memory of the departed:

"I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services. When ill, my least wish was immediately gratified; he understood the least motion or sign. He was also a good writer, and kept the accounts of the various stores, cloths and beads. He was an admirable companion to Frank, and the two young men were good company for me. They had also won the heart of the Wangwana by their gentle, amiable conduct. An oath, or a profane word, I seldom heard from either of them; and when angry, their anger at the stupidity or insolence of the people was of the passive kind; they never resorted to violence without appealing to me."

Stanley was also informed of the death of several of his men. Most notable among these was Mabruki Speke. This faithful servant had accompanied Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, Stanley on his first journey, Livingstone on his last, and was one of the most trusted of the following, at present, from Zanzibar to Lake Victoria. This was a heavy loss to the Expedition.

Stanley now enjoyed a delightful, much needed rest. He excited the wonder and admiration of the natives by recounting his adventures on the voyage. During his stay, he was again attacked by fever, and suffered from its effects several days, but close attention eventually restored him to health.

Preparations were now made to depart, but fever again cut short the arrangements for some days. At hength, after much delay, and considerable difficulty in

bartering, canoes and men were obtained from Lukongeh, the king of Ukerewe. With the force thus obtained, Stanley set forth, but had not fairly set out on the journey when the Wakerewe became rebellious, and raised an uproar. They would certainly have caused trouble, had not Stanley by prompt action restored harmony, and brought about a definite understanding.

Halting seven days more at Kagehyi, twelve thousand pounds of grain, and five thousand pounds of rice were procured, when Stanley again embarked with his fleet, and set sail for Mabibi. This point was made in safety, and he then started for the Miandereh Islands, but intense darkness set in before they reached their destination. We now let Stanley proceed with the narrative in his own words:—

"We had proceeded quietly for three hours, when suddenly shrill cries were heard for 'the boat.' Hurrying to the spot, I managed to distinguish, to my astonishment, round dark objects floating on the water, which we found to be the heads of men swimming towards us from a foundered canoe. We took the frightened people on board, and picked up four bales of cloth, but a box of ammunition and four hundred pounds of grain had sunk.

"We moved forward again, but had scarcely gone half a mile when again piercing cries from the deep gloom startled us. 'The boat! oh, the boat!' was screamed in frenzied accents.

"As we steered for the spot, I lit a wax taper and set fire to the leaves of a book I had been reading in the afternoon, to lighten up the scene. Heads of struggling men and bales were found here likewise in the water, and a canoe turned bottom up, with a large rent in its side; and while distributing these among the other

canoes, we heard, to our alarm, that five guns had sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost, or other property, except four sacks of grain.

"My boat was now up to the gunwale with twenty-two men and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, unless we lightened her of property, she would inevitably sink.

Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men that, if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return and save them.

"I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: 'Master, the canoe is sinking. Quick—come here! Oh, master, we can not swim!'

"Again I hurried up to the cries, and discovered two men paddling vigorously, while five were bailing. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: 'The boat! bring the boat here! oh, hurry, the boat! the boat!" Then another broke out: 'And we are sinking. The water is up to our knees! Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!'

"It was evident that a panic was raging among the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly, 'You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return.'

"We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of Miandereh, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous

cries were heard far behind: 'Master, O master, bring your boat—the boat!'

"'Hark to them, my boys—hark!' I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the boat to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. 'Pull, my men; break your oars; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts; pull like heroes!' She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate efforts, spurred her with their oars.

"We reached Miandereh, shot the goods out, lightened her of the wrecked men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface.

"There were two brothers who had been made cockswains of canoes, who came prominently into notice on this terrible night. Each had his special crew—friends and people of the same tribe—and their names were Uledi and Shumari; the former about twenty-five years old, the latter eighteen.

"As I was returning with my boat to the scene, two canoes passed me like arrows. 'Who go there?' I demanded.

"'Uledi's and Shumari's canoes,' answered somebody.

"'Return instantly, after unloading, to save the people.'

"'It is what we intend to do, Inshallah,' answered a voice.

"'Fine fellows those; I warrant them,' I thought, 'Their very action and tone reveal their brave spirits.'

"Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing by us to the inlets. The lake was calm, and the moon shone clear and strong, casting a golden light upon the waters.

"We now heard the cries for aid come once more pealing over the lake from the foundering canoes. With fresh force she bounded forward. Every fibre of our straining bodies and the full strength of our energies was roused, and in five minutes we ran alongside first one canoe, then a second and third, until again the boat was down in the water to within an inch of her gunwale. But all the people—men, women and children, were saved. The light material of which the canoes were constructed had sufficed to float the loads that were on them.

"We rested until help should arrive, and presently Uledi's and Shumari's canoes were seen, advancing side by side, with lines of pale foam flashing from each bow, as they were driven with the force of strong men towards us. With loud, glad cries, they stopped their furious career alongside, and the first words they uttered were, 'Are all safe?'

"'Yes, all,' we replied.

"'Thanks be to God,' they answered, fervently.

"With the aid of these two canoes, we were able to return to the islets with the thirty-two men, women and children, and the entire property safe. Our loss during this fearful night was five canoes, five guns, one case of ammunition, and twelve hundred pounds of grain."

Such is Stanley's account of one of his most desperate situations, and an almost miraculous escape. It is worthy of more than casual notice that no lives were lost amid such dangers.

Being thus somewhat crippled, Stanley left Frank and Manwa Sera with a part of his force on Refuge Island, and returned to Kagehyi with seventeen canoes and their crews, for the rest of his force. Three canoes were missing when Kagehyi was reached. Five days Stanley waited; then a search party was sent. The

same day, hearing a sudden uproar, he rushed out and saw a horrible sight. About thirty men, armed with guns, were threatening one another in an excited manner; while clubs, spears and knives were flourished menacingly. One man lay dead with a ghastly knife thrust in his heart; another lay prostrate with his skull fractured by a club. The author of this deed was striding up and down among the men, brandishing a murderous club, and delivering sounding blows on the neighboring heads and shoulders. Snatching a stout stick, Stanley gave him a vigorous rap on his knuckles, making him drop his club, when the chiefs secured him, and disarmed the rest. This summary proceeding quelled the disturbance: and Stanley, finding that beer was at the bottom of all the trouble, ordered all the sober ones into line. To this call, all but fifty-three responded, these being quite intoxicated.

The mischief-makers were instantly secured for trial, and the jars of beer were all broken. The case being tried before a jury, the murderer was sentenced to death. To this extreme measure Stanley would not consent; consequently the sentence was changed to two hundred lashes and the chain, till he could be taken to Zanzibar, and there surrendered to his prince. The other offender was awarded fifty lashes in punishment of his conduct.

Four days later, the scouts returned with two of the missing canoes. The others had deserted.

Promptly setting out, on the 11th day of July, they arrived safely at Refuge Island, where the garrison was found in a flourishing condition. Here Stanley was confined for five days with such a serious illness that he was unable to attend to business; consequently, young Pocock was deputed to take charge of affairs.

The night before the departure from this place was

celebrated by a wild dance under the moonlight, three kings participating, and the revelry closing with a glorious feast.

On the 21st of July, Mahyiga, the southernmost of the dreaded Bumbireh group, was reached, which was found to uninhabited. While they were at work here, two large canoes filled with natives approached cautiously from the direction of Iroba. Their questions and answers showed why Magassa had never appeared. Hearing from the Wa-Bumbireh that Stanley had perished in the lake, he had taken the stolen oars from them and returned to Mtesa. The people of Iroba told Stanley that they and the men of Bumbireh and Ihangiro would not allow him to pass. Stanley asked for a consultation, and for the privilege of buying food. They promised to effect this, and departed.

The morning of the 23d brought another canoe, with about fifteen men, who came up in a bold, defiant manner, evidently with a view of ascertaining the strength of Stanley's force.

Being rendered suspicious by these proceedings, Stanley made all necessary preparations to guard the camp against surprise. Wishing to preserve peace and mutual good-will, however, he always spoke mildly to any natives that came, and exhibited rich gifts to one canoe-full of men. To these friendly advances, he received no reply, save an insolent and scornful laugh. Several days now passed, during which messages were sent back and forth, but without securing a treaty of peace.

Stanley was then reinforced by a party of Waganda and Wazongora, sent out by Mtesa to hunt him up, and to convey the Arab Sungoro to Uganda. They were in command of a chief named Sabadu. Stanley's force

now numbered four hundred and seventy men, which dispelled all fear of an attack, but left the fear of famine to be confronted.

The natives now assuming a more friendly demeanor, Sabadu was sent to them to purchase provisions. Returning after about six hours, he reported that the natives had treacherously attacked his party, killing one man, and badly wounded eight others. The wounded men being brought on shore, their comrades became furious, and declared their intention of fully avenging the assault.

Stanley, unwilling to declare for war, exhorted the men to do nothing so rash till he could investigate the matter. He then waited on the king of Iroba, and became assured that he was perfectly innocent in the affair.

Circumstances were now such that war could only be delayed, and not avoided. Accordingly twenty pounds of ammunition were given to each gun-bearer; two hundred and thirty spear-men, and fifty musketeers were detailed to act as a fighting party, and eighteen canoes were prepared to convey them to Bumbireh. They then proceeded to within one hundred yards of the shore, where they anchored, and made a last attempt to avoid the fray, which was unsuccessful.

Further parley was useless; so each man, having taken aim, was directed to fire into a group of about fifty. The result was several killed and wounded. The savages, seeing the effect of the fire on so compact a body, scattered, and rushed down to the water's edge, some of the boldest advancing into the water hip-deep. Stanley then moved his forces nearer shore, and the battle began in earnest. For an hour the savages boldly held the water line, using their slings and stones with better effect than they shot their arrows. Seeing their spirit

abate, Stanley made a feint as though he were about to land. This had the desired effect, for, as the savages rushed down to prevent it, another volley was poured into them, completely discouraging them, and precipitating their retreat. The battle was finished.

Having thus shown sufficient boldness in meeting the enemy, and their ability to cope with the savages of the lake, Stanley had more confidence in his men. While the test was not severe, yet it was useful training for the days of greater peril yet to come.

Stanley suffered no further molestation from the Wa-Bumbireh, and at once proceeded on his journey to Uganda, arriving at Dumo without further hindrance or especial adventure.

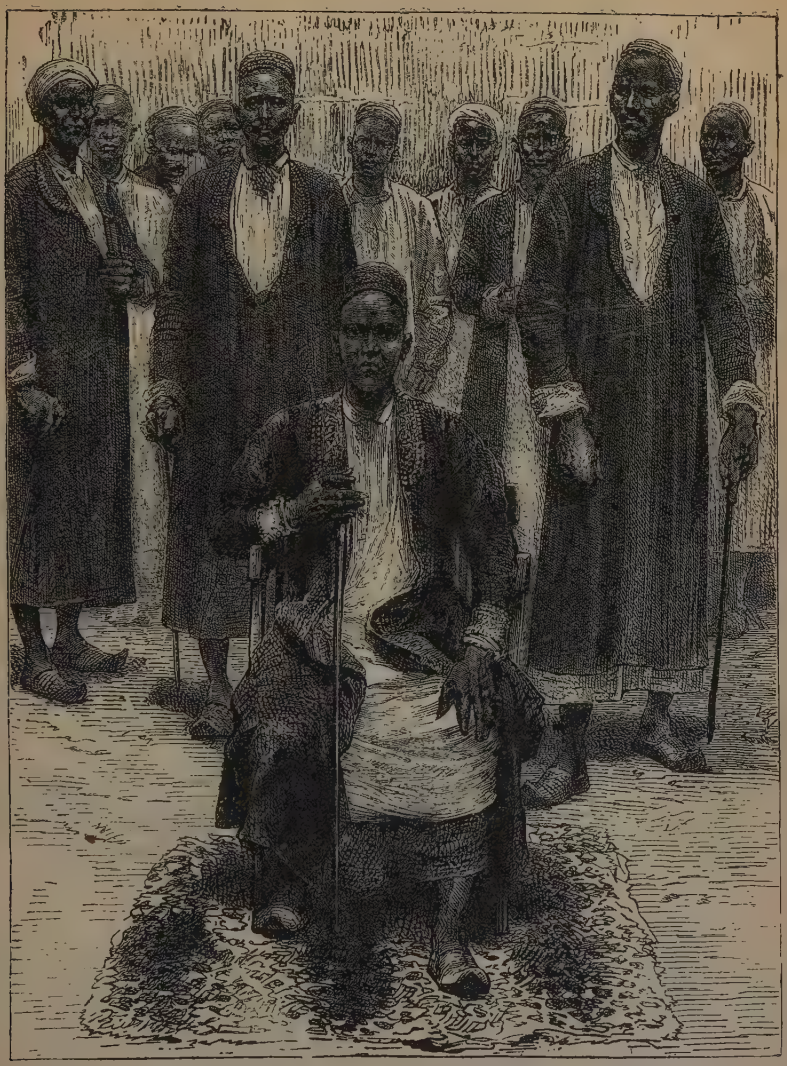
CHAPTER XIV.

THE WAGANDA-WAVUMA WAR.

AT DUMO, there was much talk about a war, and the vast preparations Mtesa, King of the Waganda, was making for an expedition against the Wavuma pirates. Hoping to reach him at his capital, and being desirous of prosecuting without delay the journey to Lake Albert, Stanley pushed forward, with all haste. On his way, however, he was informed that Mtesa had already been engaged, and was then at or near the Ripon Falls. Accordingly he altered his course and went to that place, receiving on the way many messages and tokens of good-will and esteem from Mtesa. On his arrival, he was received with great ceremony by the followers of Mtesa.

Finding it impossible to proceed at once, and relying on the promise of aid by Mtesa as soon as the war was concluded, Stanley prepared to remain for a time with him, and employed himself making notes and observations.

The Wavuma inhabit a large island in the lake. Between Wavuma and the mainland are two other islands, the smaller of which, Ingira, was the base of operations of the Wavuma. Mtesa's forces occupied the great cape Nakaranga, separated from Ingira by a channel 700 yards wide. In the bay sheltered by the cape, was the Waganda



MTESA AND HIS STAFF.

fleet of 325 canoes, about 230 of which were in condition for good service. As these could be crammed with from 40 to 100 men each, Mtesa could float an army of 16,000 or more.

Mtesa's army on the march was a splendid sight. There were in all some 250,000 souls, gathered from all parts of his dominions. His women were not more than 5,000 in number. Of these about 500 were concubines, the rest merely attending to the duties of the household, Among all these women, there were not more than twenty worthy of a glance of admiration from a white man with any eye to beauty, and not more than three worthy of a second glance.

Having arrived at a proper distance from the enemy, Mtesa halted and camped. There was then, for some days, considerable skirmishing, which resulted in no decided advantage to either side. A peace party was then sent over to the enemy, despite all Stanley's strongest advice to the contrary, when they were most foully murdered as soon as they had landed. This discouraged and disconcerted Mtesa very much, and he retired to his tent gloomy and depressed.

Mtesa now conceived a desire to be instructed in the sciences of civilization. Accordingly, Stanley became a kind of encyclopedia of general information for him, keeping in mind his idea of Christianizing him. Stanley finally turned his attention to matters of divinity, on which topic he discoursed till he happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and the patricians of Uganda struck up in chorus, as if they had heard an exceedingly good thing.

The uproar subsiding, Mtesa said: "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men knew everything, and are skillful in all things. A great many

Arabs, some Turks, and four white men have visited me, and I have examined and heard them all talk, and for wisdom and goodness the white men excel all the others. Why do the Arabs and Turks come to Uganda? Is it not for ivory and slaves? Why do the white men come? They come to see this lake, our rivers and mountains. The Arabs bring beads, cloth, and wire, to buy ivory and slaves; they also bring powder and guns. But who made all these things the Arabs bring here for trade? The Arabs themselves say the white men made them, and I have seen nothing yet, of all they have brought, that the white men did not make. Therefore, I say, give me the white men, because if you want knowledge, you must talk with them to get it. Now, Stamlee, tell me and my chiefs what you know about the angels."

Thus requested, Stanley gave as good a description as he could of the generally accepted idea of angels, and in order to show that he had authority for what he said, procured a Bible, and translated what Ezekiel and St. John said of angels.

This little incident was the beginning of many interesting talks of the truths contained in Scripture. Henceforth, in the intervals of war, the King, court and Stanley, were all engaged in a translation of leading portions of the Bible.

Having an abundance of writing paper, Stanley made a large book, into which the translations were fairly copied by a writer called Idi. When the abridged Bible was completed, Mtesa called all his chiefs together, as well as the officers of his guard, and stated that when he succeeded his father, he was a heathen, and delighted in shedding blood, because he knew no better, and was only following the ancient custom. When an Arab trader taught him the creed of Islam, he had renounced

the example of his fathers, and executions became less frequent, and since that day he had never been drunk on pombe. Still there were many things which the Arabs taught him which he could not understand, and which his sense condemned, as there was nobody in Uganda to enlighten him. But as it was in his heart to be good, he hoped God would overlook his follies and forgive him, and send men who knew what was right to Uganda. He then proceeded in his own way to draw comparisons between the book of Mohammed and the Bible, and then asked his chiefs and soldiers, "Shall we believe in Jesus and Moses, or in Mohammed?"

Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is best." The Katekiro said, "We know not which is the best. The Arabs say their book is the best, and the white men say their book is the best—how then can we know which speaks the truth?"

Kanta, the imperial steward said: "When Mtesa became a son of Islam, he taught me, and I became one. If my master says he taught me wrong, having got more knowledge he can now teach me right; I am waiting to hear his words."

Mtesa smiled, and said, "Kanta speaks well. If I taught him how to become a Moslem I did it because I believed it to be good. Chambarango says, 'Let us take that which is best.' True, I want that which is best, and I want the true book; but Katekiro asks, 'How are we to know which is true?' and I will answer him. Listen to me. The Arabs and the white men behave exactly as they are taught by their books, do they not? The Arabs come here for ivory and slaves, and we have seen that they do not always speak the truth, and that they buy men of their own color, and treat them badly, putting them in chains and beating them. The white men, when

offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No, we are all sons of God. I have not heard a white man tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda, they were very good. Stanley came here, and he would take no slaves. Abdul Aziz Bey (M. Linant) has been here, and is gone, and he took no slaves. What Arab would have refused slaves like these white men? Though we deal in slaves, it is no reason why it should not be bad. And when I think that the Arabs and the white men do as they are taught, I say that the white men are greatly superior to the Arabs, and I think, therefore, that their book must be a better book than Mohammed's, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days, gives us the words of God himself, and of Moses, and of the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the Son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now I ask you, shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

Seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's mind, they all replied, "We will take the white man's book," which caused the Emperor's face to light up with real joy.

Thus he renounced Islamism, accepting the Christian faith, and announcing his determination to build a church, and do all in his power to disseminate the truth among his people by precept and example.

"Stamlee," said Mtesa, as they parted, nearly two months after the massacre of the peace party, "say to the white people, when you write them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness or born blind, and that all I ask

is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

It must be said, however, that Mtesa was not so promising a case as Stanley thought him. He was fickle and unreliable. Much of his profession ultimately seemed to be due to the African desire of novelty. While more intelligent than most of his race, that ability was employed for his own aggrandizement, rather than for the good of his people. His wavering, impetuous nature rendered him easy to master by a strong, firm man like Stanley; but while often acting from good momentary impulses, he became restive under restraint. The missionaries found him friendly because of the temporal advantages he expected to gain by intercourse with the whites, but more than this could hardly be asserted of him; yet he was far superior to his reckless, bloodthirsty, and bigoted successor, his son Mwanga, who was responsible for the murder of Bishop Hannington and of many native converts,

On the 14th of September, Mtesa decided to give battle to the Wavuma, who were daily becoming more arrogant and boastful. Accordingly, after all due precaution had been exercised in the way of charms and incantations, the army went forth to the encounter. As usual, the conflict resulted in no decided advantage to either side. Mtesa now began to realize that some decided effort must be put forth. Calling his chiefs together, he held a council, and made them a powerful address, and then went forth again to battle. Many battles were now fought, each side displaying great bravery, till at length it became evident that the Wavuma would not surrender without a fearful loss of life; it was also equally apparent that Mtesa would not relax his hold without receiving satisfaction from the enemy.

At this crisis Stanley felt that he must devise some means to end the strife. He therefore contrived a plan which he felt confident would succeed, but before he could present it to Mtesa for his consideration, an incident occurred which interrupted him.

Mtesa had succeeded in capturing one of the principal chiefs of the Wavuma, and was about to burn him at the stake for the amusement of his army. Hurrying to the scene of execution, Stanley held the following conversation with Mtesa:

"Ah, Mtesa, have you forgotten the words of the good book which I have read to you so often! 'If thy brother offend thee, thou shalt forgive him many times.' 'Love thy enemies.' 'Do good to them that hate you.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"But this man is a native of Uvuma, and the Wavuma are at war with me. Have you forgotten Webba?"

"No, I remember poor little Webba; I saw him die, and I was very sorry."

"Shall this man not die, Stamlee? Shall I not have blood for him, Stamlee?"

"No."

"But I shall, Stamlee. I will burn this man to ashes. I will burn every soul I catch. I will have blood! blood! the blood of all in Uvuma!"

"No, Mtesa, no more blood. It is time the war was ended."

"What!" said Mtesa, bursting into a paroxysm of fury. I will slay every soul in Uvuma, will cut down every plantain, and burn every man, woman, and child on that island. By the grave of my father Suna, I will!"

"No, Mtesa, you must stop this wild, pagan way of

thinking. It is only a pagan who always dreams of blood and talks of shedding blood, as you do. It is only the pagan boy Mtesa that speaks now. It is not the man Mtesa, whom I saw, and whom I made a friend. It is not 'Mtesa the Good,' whom you said your people loved: It is not Mtesa the Christian, it is the savage. Bah! I have had enough of you; I know you now."

"Stamlee! Stamlee! Wait a short time and you will see. What are you waiting for?" he said, turning to the expectant executioners.

Instantly the victim was bound; but suddenly rising, Stanley exclaimed, "Listen to one word. The white man speaks but once; listen to me for the last time. You remember the tale of Kintu you told me the other day. He left the land of Uganda because it stank with blood. As Kintu left Uganda in the old, old days, I shall leave it, never to return. To-day Kintu is looking down upon you from the spirit-land, and as he rebuked Ma'anda for murdering his faithful servant, so is he rebuking you to-day through me. Yes, kill that poor old man, and I shall leave you to-day, unless you kill me too; and from Zanzibar to Cairo I shall tell every Arab I meet what a murderous beast you are, and through all the white man's land I shall tell with a loud voice what a wicked act I saw Mtesa do, and how the other day he wanted to run away, because he heard a silly old woman say the Wasoga were marching upon him. How grand old Kámanya must have wept in the spirit-land when he heard of Mtesa about to run away. How the lion-hearted Suna must have groaned when he saw Mtesa shiver in terror because an old woman had had a bad dream. Good-bye, Mtesa; you may kill the Mvuma chief, but I am going and shall not see it."

Mtesa's fury wavered: astonishment followed; then

he broke down, wept like a child, and rushed out of the council. An hour later he sent a page to Stanley to ask him to come into the royal presence again. Mtesa then said, "Stamlee will not say Mtesa is bad now, for he has forgiven the Mvuma chief, and will not hurt him. Will Stamlee say that Mtesa is good now? And does he think Suna is glad now?"

"Mtesa is very good," said Stanley clasping his hand warmly. He then explained his plan for subduing the enemy without further slaughter. Mtesa gave him liberty to use all the men he needed, and do anything he liked. Stanley then selected three of the largest boats, and placing them side by side, built a large stockade of poles on them, which was impenetrable to spears. When completed, the king was doubtful about its floating, but his women said: "Leave Stamlee alone; he would not make such a thing if he did not know it would float." When launched it floated easily and safely, and with banners flying above it, and apparently moving of its own accord, was well calculated to inspire terror in the untutored Wavuma. A herald announced to them that a terrible thing was to be sent against them to blow their island to atoms if they did not submit. They were told all the potent charms of Uganda were concealed within; a very effective argument, for the African has a very great respect for "fetish." The craft was then loaded with men, and sent in perfect silence towards the enemy. Approaching within fifty yards of the shore, it halted, and a stentorian voice within cried out, "Speak; what will you do? Will you make peace, and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer."

There was a hurried consultation, a trembling with awe, a nearer approach of the "spirit," a second de-

mand, a pause,—an unconditional surrender. The war was ended.

All were highly pleased; the tribute was brought, and amicable relations were restored.

A day or two later, as the army was breaking camp, a sudden cry of fire was raised. The grass huts were everywhere speedily in a blaze. Blinded by the smoke, prince and peasant, Waganda and Wangwana, rushed for the hill back of the camp. Stanley himself was almost suffocated. As the entire army numbered many ten thousands, and many were sick and helpless, it is certain that scores perished in the conflagration. Stanley was in high dudgeon, believing the deed was another piece of Mtesa's reckless wantonness; but being assured by Mtesa that the act was without his order, he regained his composure, and joined the army on its return journey.

CHAPTER XV.

TO NYANGWE.

ON THE 29th of October, Mtesa arrived with his army at the old capital of Ulagalla. He was received with hearty embraces by his old mother, and the relicts of the late lamented Suna. Other than this, there was no demonstration made to meet him.

Allowing a few days to elapse for rest, Stanley reminded Mtesa of his promise of assistance on the contemplated expedition to the Muta Nzige. Mtesa thereupon consented to his departure, and bade him make choice of any one of his chiefs to accompany him. Accordingly, Stanley chose Sambuzi, a man of thirty, who had distinguished himself for his personal bravery during the war. Mtesa approved of the choice, and publicly gave his commands to Sambuzi, to conduct Stanley in safety, at all times to be subject to him, and not to return without a letter of dismissal.

Stanley spent some time, before his departure, in conversation with Mtesa, talking chiefly on the church in process of erection, which was to be in charge of a mission lad from Zanzibar, till one more worthy should take his place. Mtesa exhibted genuine sorrow at the final parting with Stanley, sending him away with many tokens of his esteem. Stanley himself was filled with grave apprehensions, for he knew Mtesa's embracing of

Christianity was merely nominal, and that his friendliness to white men was prompted solely by self-interest. Yet in him, on account of his power and his intelligence, Stanley believed the hopes of Central Africa lay.

Finally, with an escort of twenty canoes filled with men, Stanley set forth on his journey. He was hospitably entertained on the march, and in four days arrived at Dumo, and greeted the expedition after an absence of three months and five days. All were in excellent health, and showed by their robust forms that they had been fed on the best of the land.

The expedition was reformed, the loads repacked, and on the seventh day after his return to Dumo, Stanley began his march towards the general rendezvous of the exploring army on the Katonga river. During an enforced halt of five days at Kikoma he shot fifty-seven hartbeest, two zebra, and one water buck. Lions were here heard of, but none were seen.

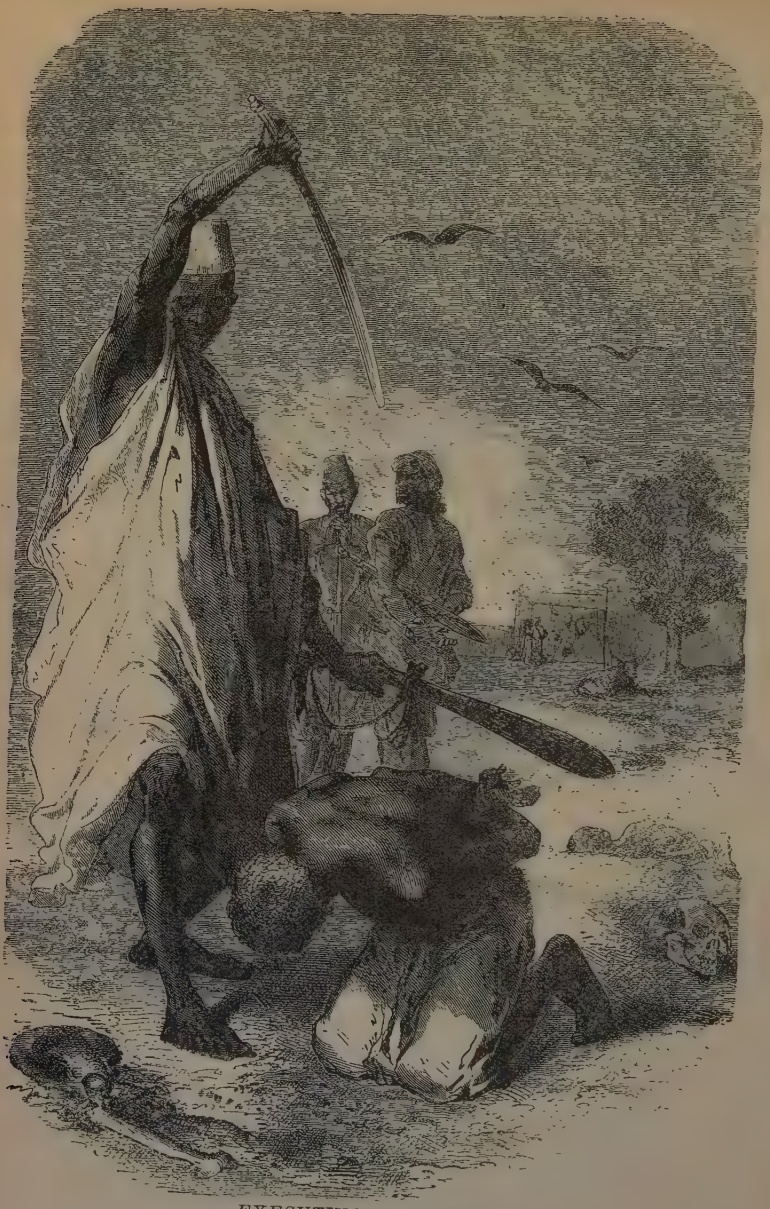
Sambuzi now became proud and haughty in his demeanor, and Stanley was compelled to talk plainly to him to come to an understanding. This brought about a better state of affairs. On New Year's day, 1876, the exploring army, nearly two thousand and eight hundred strong, left Kawanga, and for some days proceeded without molestation. On the ninth of January, they entered a hostile country, and at sight of them the natives fled precipitately, shouting as they ran that they would return and make war the next day. Fearing some evil, therefore, Stanley sent out two hundred men to capture prisoners. They returned with ten natives, whom Stanley loaded with rich presents, and then releasing them, bade them inform their respective chiefs that a white man wished to reside in their country a few days and see the lake.

In two days an answer was brought by about three hundred natives, who said they did not like for strangers to come into their country, and, though the white man's words were good, they believed his intentions were evil. They then left, bidding him prepare for war on the morrow.

This turn of affairs unsettled the nerves of the Waganda, and a panic was imminent. At this critical juncture, Stanley took counsel with the chiefs, and advised them to send out a detachment of five hundred to discover a path by which the canoes, luggage and equipments could be carried to the lake. They were also to ascertain whether canoes could be procured from the natives on the lake shore. This pleased the chiefs, who then acted accordingly, and the people were quieted somewhat.

The scouting party returning with an unfavorable report, the Waganda again became anxious to be gone on the instant. A council was then held, a long and heated discussion followed, and Stanley left the "shauri" promising to give an answer shortly. He then consulted with the trusty men of his own force, and finally resolved to return and try to reach the lake by another road. This decision was exactly in accord with the wishes of the Wangwana, and the line of march was soon formed for the return journey. The natives, seeing the compact form of the line made it a hazardous task to attack it, contented themselves with following at a distance until they were clear of the country.

On the 27th, Sambuzi parted from Stanley, going to his own land and carrying off one hundred eighty pounds of beads which had been allotted to him for transportation. Stanley then sent a messenger with a letter to Mtesa stating the behavior of Sambuzi. On



EXECUTING A CRIMINAL.

hearing it read, Mtesa became terribly enraged, and sent Saruti to plunder Sambuzi's territory, depose him from the chieftainship, and put him in chains. The others who had advised returning, he punished with lashes. He then depatched a messenger to Stanley, offering to send a hundred thousand men to conduct him. This offer, after reflection, Stanley declined, realizing that the Waganda could not be trusted out of Mtesa's sight, and sent a letter to Mtesa so stating. This letter terminated the intercourse between them, and thenceforth the expedition was to be guided and controlled by one man only, subject to no interference or hindrance by a petty chief.

On the 25th of February, Stanley entered Kafurro, an Arab depot, which owes its importance to being a settlement of a few rich Arabs. Here he rested a month, spending his time in exploring Western Karagwe. He was very kindly treated by Rumanika, who was in temper and all personal traits the very opposite of the nervous and furious Mtesa, affected no state, and was a kind and considerate sovereign. Resuming his march on the 26th of March, he traveled on through lands affording a diversity of aspect, occasionally shooting a rhinoceros, and at times compelled to pay a heavy tribute to some grasping chief. At the road leading to the territory of Makorongo, he was met by an embassy with an insolent demand, which he refused to obey. Not being satisfied with the answer, the embassy resorted to threats. In the end they were compelled to depart without accomplishing their object. Stanley then made a forced march, and ere they could return with sufficient force to stop him, had passed their territory, and was out of reach of their greed.

At Nyambarri, one of the captains was detected in

the act of inciting a large number of the men to desert. He was promptly deposed from his office, and sentenced to carry a box for six months.

During the march from Nyambarri to Gambawagao, the last surviving dog, overcome by age and the journey of fifteen hundred miles, lay down in the path and died. To the last, he bravely tried to keep up, and in death still kept his eyes looking forward toward the caravan receding along the path he had vainly tried to follow. On the 18th of April, a messenger brought the news that the African bugbear, Mirambo, was only two marches distant. The caravan and the village at which it was encamped were in a panic. The chieftain wished Stanley to stay and help fight. But Mirambo was by this time a very old story to Stanley, who coolly proceeded on his way, regardless of native forebodings.

But there was no mistake about the matter this time, and two days later the expedition came face to face with the veritable Simon Pure. Stanley was astonished and disappointed. The redoubtable Mirambo had been pictured to him as a sort of exaggerated Mtesa. He was amazed to find a grave, quiet, well-dressed man of medium size, prompt and decisive in action, generous to the white man, whom he persistently outdid in liberality, and with whom he finally made a blood brotherhood. So this was the man who had turned Stanley out of his course at Unyanyembe, three years before! From this place Stanley pushed forward with little hindrance. He made his own terms with tribute-seeking chieftains, telling them to take his offer or nothing. His success was good, for the chieftains were astonished at the coolness and audacity of the white man.

On the 27th of May the caravan entered Ujiji. Nothing was changed much, save the ever-changing

mud huts of the Arabs. The house where he had spent so many happy hours with Dr. Livingstone had long since burnt down, and in its place there only remained a few embers, and a hideous void. "The surf is still as restless, and the sun as bright; the sky retains its glorious azure, and the palms all their beauty, but the grand old hero whose presence once almost hallowed Ujiji is gone."

Although Stanley had been in Africa nineteen months, and had long before sent a message to Said bin Salim, governor of Unyanyembe, to forward all his letters to Ujiji, promising him a liberal reward, yet he found no letters for himself or Frank, on his return. Thinking that he might possibly obtain some news by sending to Unyamyembe, he despatched messengers thither, while he should explore Lake Tanganyika. His five trustworthy men reached Unyanyembe in fifteen days, but, though he halted at Ujiji seventy days, they from some cause never returned to the expedition.

The great problem in connection with the Tanganyika was, had it an outlet? Commander Cameron's observation had satisfied him that it had, in the Lukuga River. But the testimony of all at Ujiji was directly opposed to this. Stanley saw the only solution was to carefully circumnavigate the lake.

There was strong circumstantial evidence that there was no outlet. Three palm-trees which stood in the market-place in November, 1871, were now one hundred feet out in the lake. The channel separating Bangwe Island the Arabs were accustomed to ford thirty years before. It was now quite broad, and in the deepest part twenty-five feet deep. At another point in the lake Stanley was shown a tree in nine feet of water. Not many years before it had stood high and dry.

Other evidence of this sort was obtained from time to time. The Wajiji lake traders and fishermen relate the following legend concerning the origin of the lake:

"Years and years ago, where you see this great lake, was a wide plain, inhabited by many tribes and natives, who owned large herds of cattle and flocks of goats. On this plain there was a very large town, fenced round with poles strong and high. As was the custom in those days, the people of the town surrounded their houses with tall hedges of cane, enclosing courts where their cattle and goats were herded at night from the wild beasts and from thieves. In one of these enclosures lived a man and his wife who possessed a deep well, from which water bubbled up and supplied a beautiful little stream.

Strange to say, this well contained countless fish, which supplied both the man and his wife with an abundant supply for their wants; but as their possession of these treasures depended on the secrecy which they preserved respecting them, no one outside their family circle knew anything of them. A tradition was handed down for ages through the family, from father to son, that on the day they showed the well to strangers they would be ruined and destroyed.

"It happened, however, that the wife, unknown to her husband, loved another man in the town, and by and by, her passion increasing, she conveyed to him by stealth some of the delicious fish from the wonderful well. The meat was so good, and had such a novel flavor, that the lover urged her to imform him whence, and by what means she obtained it. But the fear of dreadful consequences, should she betray the secret of the well, constrained her for a time to resist his eager inquiries. But she could not retain the secret long,

and so, in spite of all her awe for the Muzimu of the well, and her dread of her husband's wrath, she at last promised to disclose the mystery.

"Now one day the husband had to undertake a journey to Uvinza, but before departure he strictly enjoined his wife to look after his house and effects, and to remember to be silent about the fountain, and by no means to admit strangers, or to go a-gadding with her neighbors while he was absent. The wife of course promised to obey, but her husband had been gone only a few hours when she went to her lover and said, 'My husband is gone away to Uvinza, and will not be back for many days. You have often asked me whence I obtained that delicious meat we ate together. Come with me and I will show you.' Her lover gladly accompanied her, and they went into the house, and the wife feasted him with an abundance of fish meat. Then when they had eaten, the man requested to be told the secret of the fish, which the wife promised, after making him promise never to divulge it.

"So they arose, and she took him to the enclosure, jealously guarded, and taking his hand she showed him what appeared to be a circular pool of deep, clear water, and said, 'Behold! this is our wondrous fountain, and in this fountain are the fish.

"The man had never seen such things in his life, and his delight was very great. He sat some time watching the fish leaping and chasing each other, but when one of the boldest of the fish came near to where he was sitting, he suddenly put forth his hand to catch it. Then was the spirit of the well very angry, and the world cracked asunder, and the plain sank down, down, down,—the bottom cannot now be reached by our longest lines—and the fountain overflowed and filled

the great gap made by the earthquake, and now what do you see? The Tanganyika. All the people of the great plain perished, and all the houses and fields and gardens, and all the herds and flocks, were swallowed up by the waters.

"After the husband had finished his business in Uvinza, he began his return journey, and suddenly he came to some mountains he had never seen before, and from the top of the mountains he looked down upon a great lake! So then he knew that his wife had disclosed the secret of the fountain, and all had perished because of her sin!"

Having set forth on his tour of exploration, Stanley traveled several days without any incident worthy of mention. Approaching Kiwesa, which was apparently a large village, he was struck with the silence which filled the place, for which his guides were unable to give a reason. Resolving to enter the village, he armed thirty men, and proceeded. Surmounting the high ground whereon the village was built, they saw a ghastly scene. Lying upon the ground, in a decomposed state, with a broad spear-wound in the back, was the body of a poor old man. A few yards farther on was the decapitated corpse of another man, and ten feet from it, the bodies of three men and one woman, one of them dismembered. The defenses of the village were broken down and burnt. Unharmed by fire, about fifty huts still stood, but all the rest had been destroyed. Despite the fury of the conflagration, evidence still remained that the flight had been hasty and compulsory. All the articles that constitute the furniture of an African household were still scattered upon the ground. A few smoking rails, the warm hearths, and the dead not yet

putrefied, bore testimony that this desolation had been wrought recently.

It is the same story throughout Africa. Ponda, the chief of this village, had doubtless given offence to some enemy, who had retaliated in this barbarous fashion. Thirty bleached skulls before Ponda's own hut bore evidence that Ponda himself did not fail to proceed to such extremities in success.

Leaving Kiwesa, the party embarked for the Rugufu River. On reaching it the guide sprang up in surprise, glanced about, and then exclaimed that the place where Cameron had encamped was already under water.

The voyage southward was continued without special opposition. On one or two occasions bandits were met, but Stanley managed affairs wisely and no hostility was manifested.

The scenery was magnificent—the lake everywhere girt by high mountains, now receding far from the lake, and sloping up into elevated table-lands; now rising in massive crags or boulder-strewn beaches, directly from the water's edge; here rising in thickly wooded knolls, and there giving place to bosky brakes and lowlands, the haunts of myriad wild fowl, as well as of nobler game. Largely uninhabited on the southeast, the land is a hunter's paradise. The exploring party lacked not for meat.

The extreme southern end of the lake was a shallow, reedy inlet, shut in by fantastic cliffs that attracted the attention of natives and Stanley alike. Numerous dead trees here stood well out in the lake.

The imagination of the natives peoples the cliffs and crags along the western shore, as far as the Rufuvu River, with spirits and muzimus whose freaks throw into the shade the tricks and capers of Scotch and Irish

brownies, spooks and banshees. Two gigantic castle-like towers of granite, twelve hundred feet in height, are thought to be the abode of spirits who raise storms on the lake, and are accordingly viewed with especial awe and superstition by the neighboring tribes. The bandits of this region invoke the spirits to wreck the boats of traders, that they may profit by the plunder.

Reaching the Rufuvu River, and comparing with Livingstone's notes of nine years before, it was seen the lake had encroached upon the land one thousand yards! Soon after quitting the Rufuvu River, the expedition had rough experience with a storm of considerable fury. The boat flew over the waves like a wild sea-gull, the tempest howled, and the waters flew by in great curling crests. Unable to obtain shelter till they had rounded a cape, the sails were set, lest they should be swamped, and the boat flew over the waves at such speed as made the guides set their teeth. The wind rose to a hurricane, but they held on with all sail, and in fifteen minutes were safe in the little creek behind the headland. Fortunately, they met with no disaster.

July 15th, a little more than a month after leaving Ujiji, the Lukuga was reached. Here again was evidence that the lake was rising; and the superstitious old chieftain here would have it that the white man (Cameron) had effected this by his "medicine." He feared Stanley would do even more fearful things; but the latter managed to laugh him out of his suspicions. A careful examination of the Lukuga revealed these facts: The mouth, very wide, was almost closed by a bar of sand, evidently the work of opposing currents. There was, at the time of the visit, no distinct current in either direction. The inlet rapidly narrowed, and at a distance of four miles or so from the lake was completely closed by reeds,

though from seven to eleven feet deep. Some distance farther on, water was found certainly flowing westward.

Stanley's conclusions were in brief as follows: Having observed a chain of remarkable igneous rocks in the southern portion of the lake, his opinion is that the northern part is of far later date. The Lukuga was at one time the outlet of the southern lake.

Some great upheaval and subsidence opened a great channel or basin to the north, thus greatly extending the area and reducing the level. Since then the lake has been gradually filling up again, and was, at the time of Stanley's visit, almost ready to make its way out once more through the long useless and reed-grown channel of the Lukuga. The great natural convulsion which so enlarged the lake would account, perhaps, for the strange Wajiji legend of its origin.

The remainder of the journey about the lake was completed without especial adventure or hindrance. It was everywhere much the same in scenery; high, rugged mountains alternating with alluvial lowlands, reminding one somewhat of the bluffs and bottoms of our Western rivers. At one or two places the natives manifested a hostile spirit, but were unable to do the party any harm.

On the 31st of July, after an absence of fifty-one days, Stanley arrived at Ujiji. During this time, he had sailed, without disaster or illness, a distance of 810 miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganyika is about 930 miles.

Upon his arrival, Stanley found Frank Pocock just recovering from a severe attack of fever. Small-pox had broken out in the place, and many had died. Five of his men were dead, and six others were seriously ill. Foreseeing some such disaster he had previously vac-

cinated, as he thought, all hands; but it now transpired that several, through superstitious prejudice, had not responded to the call, and, consequently, some of them had forfeited their lives The Arabs were dismayed at the dreadful pest; mortality was increasing: from fifty to seventy-five deaths occurred daily in a population of three thousand. It was imperative to move the expedition forward as soon as possible, to avoid the effects of the epidemic. Stanley hoped to be able to depart on the 17th of August, but a serious attack of fever delayed him till the 25th. When mustering his forces, preparatory to starting, he was dismayed to learn that thirty-eight men had deserted. He learned from the chiefs that the men were nearly beside themselves with terror at the reports they had heard of cannibals ahead of them. Fearing that a wholesale desertion would ruin him, he selected such as did not bear a good character for fidelity, and conducted them under guard to the transport canoes. Those he believed to be trustworthy he permitted to march on land with himself. On the march, several more deserted, till Stanley determined to recover some of the runaways. Accordingly, he sent back, and, after some trouble, secured seven men, who, with some others arrested in the act of desertion, were given merited punishment, which ended the desertions, and prevented the wreck of the expedition.

Stanley had learned ere this time that the policy of Livingstone was entirely too mild for the African. It was responsible for the fact that Livingstone was finally left with but seven men out of seventy. Even when a deserter remained in the same village, the doctor would make no effort to compel the man to render the service for which he had contracted. Such leniency is as fatal to the leader of an expedition as is the cruelty

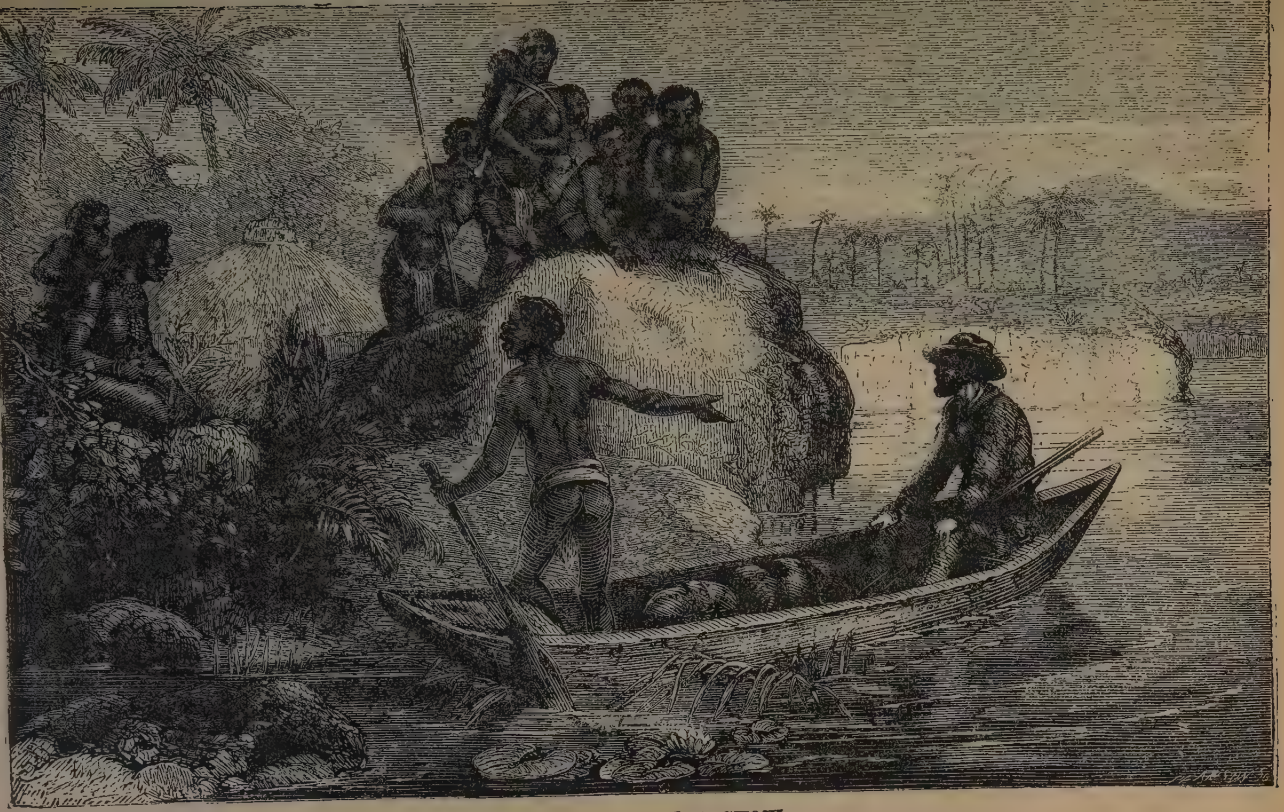
and rapacity of the Arabs. Stanley, while mild in time of peace, let his men know in emergencies that he was master. And hitherto he had traveled unfrequented routes, that opportunities for desertion might be rare. His experience at Ujiji shows what he might have expected had he done otherwise.

The party was now under way for the exploration of the last great unsolved mystery of Livingstone—the identity of the river he had traced from Lake Bangweolo to Nyangwe. Their general course was northwest, for Manyema, a land only lately opened by the Arabs, and exceedingly rich in ivory. The natives were reported by some to be cannibals; by others, to be very mild and pleasant. But Arab cruelty was already making fearful inroads upon the population.

Arrived at Uhombo, Stanley was very kindly treated, and loaded with provisions. The natives, though very ugly, and fearfully dirty, yet possessed some very pleasing traits of character. They were kind to strangers and to each other, full of humor and good-nature, and very hospitable and industrious withal.

It somewhat amused Stanley, while he and Frank were viewing these disgustingly dirty and naked and repulsive creatures, who were clustered curiously about the two white men, to hear them wonderingly question if these strange pale things, with long, sharp noses, thin lips, soft, "furry" heads, and bodies completely hidden by some means, were really human beings! Stanley had been rather loftily engaged in a similar speculation concerning them.

Manyema appeared to Stanley the most fertile district he had seen in Africa. Its next important village was Ka-Bambarre, which, aside from its natural attractions, was attractive to Stanley from having been the



THE WHITE MAN A SHOW.

residence of Dr. Livingstone several months. Here he halted for a few days. The natives were a decided improvement upon the Wahombo. The chief himself was nothing remarkable. Age had marred his good looks; but about him were some very pretty women, who had winsome ways that were quite charming.

Traveling onward through different tribes, becoming acquainted with some curious native traits, meeting with no incident especially worthy of mention, Stanley at last reached the confluence of the Lama with the Lualaba. For two hundred and twenty miles he had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before him flowed the majestic river itself. His task was now to follow it to the ocean. When he entered the district of Tubanda, however, he met an Arab trader named Tippu-Tib, who gave much interesting as well as discouraging information regarding the failure of Livingstone and Cameron to penetrate farther than this place. Here also he met a man, Abed by name, who told him the river flowed north forever, and there was no end to it. Abed also gave a lively description of his wanderings and adventures in a land he called the dwarf country. The dwarfs, he said, were a fierce tribe of very small people, who shot poisoned arrows, and ate men. He had spent some time in their country, and had spent day after day in a continuous battle. Aside from its ferocious inhabitants, he stated that the country was full of monstrous serpents, savage leopards, and gorillas. His account was detailed in an interesting manner, and made a profound impression on his credulous listeners. But Stanley did not place as much confidence in its truth as did the rest, and held a conference with Tippu-Tib, which resulted in an offer from the Arab to con-

duct him sixty marches, of four hours each, for the sum of five thousand dollars, both parties to be governed by certain conditions.

Stanley then held a long and earnest discussion with Frank Pocock, in which the dangers and profits were debated *pro* and *con*. They finally agreed to accept the conditions asked by Tippu-Tib. Accordingly, the contract was written out and duly signed, the conditions satisfactorily arranged, and once more Stanley was ready to set forward.

At Kaukumba, the boy Kalulu met with a remarkable accident. A Snyder rifle having been left loaded, contrary to orders, was leaning against a stack of goods, when a man hurrying by accidentally knocked it down. Kalulu was lying near by, and the rifle exploding, the ball struck him, wounding him in no less than *eight* places. The wounds were severe, but not dangerous, and were soon healed.

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH TIPPU-TIB.

ON the 27th of October the party reached Nyangwe, where they were welcomed by the Arabs, who evinced much surprise at the silence and discipline of Stanley's force. Disorder and noise are the characteristics of an Arab caravan in Africa. The weak and sick are abandoned; Arab dealing renders many local tribes hostile, causing to watch for every opportunity of reprisal. So the march is a helter-skelter rush; the motto, "The de'il tak' the hindmost." Yet this very policy produces such frequent and long delays that the traders of Nyangwe were greatly astonished that Stanley should perform in forty-three days what they required over three months to accomplish, and had, moreover, brought all his sick with him.

Nyangwe is the western-most trading station of the Zanzibar Arabs. It is comparatively a new post, having been occupied first in 1868. At the time of Stanley's visit it was the headquarters of a particularly villainous lot of Arabs. The trader Tippu-Tib, or Hamed bin Mohammed, would not consort with them. The population of the neighborhood was already lessened from 42,000 to 20,000. The Arabs had murdered many, enslaved others, and others had left the country. One of the Arabs, Mtagamoyo, was a most blood

thirsty and cruel wretch. Tippu-Tib said of him, "He is brave, no doubt, but he is a man whose heart is not as big as the end of my little finger. He has no feeling; he kills a native as though he were a serpent—it matters not of what sex."

Nyangwe has a great daily market, at which thousands gather from the surrounding country, with all manner of wares for sale. An animated scene it is. It was at one of these markets that Livingstone saw an Arab wantonly fire his gun into a crowd of chattering women. Others joined in, and there was an indiscriminate massacre. Hundreds of the wretched creatures attempted to swim the river. Some succeeded; very many were shot as they swam; hundreds sank—a few quietly, many throwing up their arms with a last wail of agony. Such is the Arab in Africa. Imagine the feelings of Livingstone, eye-witness of the horrible scene, and powerless to prevent it.

At Nyangwe, the members of the expedition were mustered, and it was found they numbered 154, while the inventory of weapons showed 29 Snider rifles, 32 muskets, 2 Winchesters, 2 double-barreled guns, 10 revolvers, and 68 axes. Out of this number of 64 guns only 40 were borne by trustworthy men. The large force brought by Tippu-Tib quite encouraged all, and they unanimously professed their readiness to proceed.

On the 5th of November, 1876, the expedition left Nyangwe, and marched eleven days through a damp, dismal forest. Wearily they plodded on, seeing now a huge python, and again other varieties of serpents, encountering numbers of monkeys, and meeting with hardships which fast took the courage out of the men. Stanley himself had worn out his shoes, and had traveled bare-foot till he was compelled to draw out his last

TIPPU-TIB'S IVORY.

pair from the stores. Frank was also wearing his last pair. The forest was dense, dark, dank; seldom could they tell if the day was sunny or no; everything dripped and plashed with dew; the path was clayey and slippery; the undergrowth retarded every step. Tippu-Tib said he had no idea the forest was so thick and gloomy. And in these fastnesses no breath of fresh air could penetrate. Above, the storm might rage; but in the jungle depths, its presence could be known only by its roar. The atmosphere was close, hot, stifling. Man and master lost their temper. Axe men were sent ahead, to open a narrow way, for the boat-bearers were complaining bitterly. So impenetrable these forests that the natives on the outskirts scarce knew they were inhabited. Eleven days march; scarcely seventy miles!

At last, Tippu-Tib quite gave out, and begged Stanley to annul the contract. Stanley, foreseeing that it would break up the expedition should Tippu-Tib retire now, altered his plan somewhat, and offered a new arrangement. For two hours he argued the matter, and at last persuaded Tippu-Tib to proceed twenty marches farther.

The next day brought them to a Wavinza village, where Stanley was astonished at the vast number of skulls scattered about. Inquiring what they were, he was told "meat of the forest." Asking for a specimen of this meat, he obtained a portion of skin with a dark gray fur, and two skulls. The Arabs carelessly supposed them chimpanzee skulls; but Prof. Huxley, when they were shown to him, pronounced them certainly human. Stanley was now among professional cannibals. A new danger was to be constantly encountered henceforth. The caravan was approaching a people who would regard it as a herd of meat!

On the 19th, having encamped on the bank of the river, Stanley was watching the majestic flow of the current, when it occurred to him to make canoes, and journey down the stream, and thus avoid the toilsome land marches. Calling his people together, he made known his intention, and addressed them concerning the project. Many dissented, and in response to his call for those who were willing to stand by him, only thirty-eight came forth.

The assembly dispersed, while several remained to persuade Stanley not to attempt anything so rash. He was fixed in his determination, however, and so expressed himself.

Meanwhile, a canoe bearing two men advanced from the opposite shore. Friendly advances were now made to them, but they only scorned them, and departed singing a wild, weird note, Ooh-hu-hu-hu! which the interpreter said was a war cry. Launching his boat, Stanley took a company of men and crossed over, and held a consultation with the natives, which resulted in a promise from them to perform the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with him. For this purpose, their chief was to proceed in the morning to an island in the river, there to meet the " white chief" and perform the ceremony. Each was to be accompanied by only ten men. Fearing treachery, Stanley landed a party of twenty men under Kacheche on the island before daybreak, he himself hiding with a boat-load higher up, while Frank acted as the great white chief, and went with ten men to perform the ceremony. This proved to be a wise precaution, and by it the lives of many were saved. Foiled in their attempt to kill the party, the natives assumed a more friendly bearing, and assisted in transporting the expedition. This was merely to get the cara-

van in their power. The next morning not a native was to be seen in any of the near villages. As the caravan struck camp, and floated down the river, from the villages below came the booming of drums, and the wild weird war cry. At sight of the expedition, the natives rushed off into the forest as if they were frightened, very likely with a view to inducing them to land. Stanley held on his course and halted on the 23d of November, awaiting the arrival of the land division, as they would need the boats in order to cross the Ruiki river. On the next day, no news having been obtained of them, Stanley manned the boat and rowed ten miles up the stream, hoping to hear of the missing ones. After rowing an hour and a half on the return trip, he was startled by hearing guns fired rapidly. As there was no reason why guns should be fired save for defense, he urged the crew to all speed, that they might arrive in time to render assistance. In a short time they saw the mouth of the Ruiki blocked with canoes filled with savages, launching spears and shooting arrows. With a loud shout, Stanley's men dashed straight down on them, when the savages immediately turned and fled down stream. The encounter had only been in progress a few minutes, and fortunately no one of the expedition was hurt.

Night came on but still nothing was heard of the land party. Early in the morning, Uledi was sent with five men to search for them. He returned in the afternoon, followed by the missing ones, weary, haggard, low-spirited, and sick. They had wandered from their way, and had been attacked by savages, who killed three of them. The entire party was soon transported to the left bank of the Ruiki.

Stanley's people were now suffering from the effects of the march. All felt the pangs of hunger, as the na-

tives would not trade, and Stanley relaxed his rule that no one should appropriate food without payment: for a hungry stomach knows no law. Many suffered from ulcers occasioned by thorn wounds. Small-pox and dysentery were at work. Some abandoned canoes were repaired and lashed together, and a floating hospital established.

On the next day, November 27th, they reached some rapids, where the land division was halted, with the strictest orders not to permit anyone on any account to move from camp till Stanley should return from a voyage of exploration down the river. The inspection of the river took him about two miles down the stream, where he nearly fell into a trap. In a small creek, concealed by high banks and thick vegetation, were some forty or fifty canoes, the crews all seated, silently watching the river. Stanley instantly retreated, without disturbing them, and hurried back to camp. On arriving at the boat, he was alarmed to find Frank had allowed Manwa Sera, the chief, with five others, to take two canoes and descend the rapids. Remembering the ambuscade, Stanley hastily selected fifty men, and hurried thither. When he reached the creek, it was empty. He then offered high rewards to the first one who should sight the men. Uledi, with three others, gave wild yells, and dashed forward through the jungle. Soon some startling gun-shots rang through the forest. The rest rushed to the spot, and saw the Wangwana in mid-stream, riding on the keels of the upset canoes, while they were attacked by a half dozen native canoes. Uledi and his companions had instantly opened fire on the latter, and thus saved the lives of their comrades. The men were all saved, but four Snider rifles were lost; a serious matter in

the present weakened condition of the force. For this act of disobedience Stanley administered a sharp rebuke, which was so keenly felt that Manwa Sera went to Tippu-Tib's camp, and sent word to Stanley's camp that he would serve him no longer. Stanley laughed, knowing it was merely wounded pride and momentary sulkiness. Without mishap they continued on, till, on the 4th of December, they came to a remarkably long village, or, rather, a number of villages, from fifty to a hundred yards apart, and a broad, uniform street, thirty feet wide and two miles long!

This town, called Ikondu, was quite deserted, but food was abundant. The expedition was very much dispirited, despite the plentiful supply of provisions obtained. The small-pox was raging, dysentery had many victims, over fifty were infected with the itch, some twenty suffered from ulcers, many complained of chest diseases, pneumonic fever and pleurisies; there was a case or two of typhoid fever, and, in short, there was work enough for a dozen physicians. Every day, two or three bodies were tossed into the river.

At Ikondu, there was a large canoe, with great holes in its keel and traces of decay in its shaky sides. Stanley overhauled it, patched the holes as well as he was able, strengthened the crazy craft, and placed the sick in it. It still leaked more than was agreeable, but some of the "hospital brigade" were able to bail enough to insure safety.

Three days later the expedition went down stream and camped at Unya N'singe. They had not been long there, before the war horns sounded along the right bank, and soon fourteen large canoes approached.

The crews were told that the expedition had not come intending to fight, and would not fight. This announcement was greeted with wild yells, and instantly the enemy dashed forward. Stanley disposed his men along the bank and waited. Coming within about thirty yards of the shore, half of the men in each canoe began to shoot their poisoned arrows, the other half continuing to paddle in shore. Just as they were beginning to land, command to fire was given to about thirty muskets, and the savages fell back, retiring about one hundred and fifty yards, where they kept up the fight. Choosing the boat's crew, Stanley dashed out in midstream, to the great delight of the savages, who seemed to think them an easy prey. In a few moments the guns did terrible execution, and the discomfited savages hastily pulled away down stream. This terminated the affair, and left Stanley a clear field.

For some time he continued down the river unmolested by the savages, but rapidly decimated by the small-pox. One day a shriek of agony was heard from one of the men, who had been struck in the breast by an arrow. Landing at once, a brush stockade was hastily constructed, while ten scouts with Sniders kept guard. Soon a second cry was heard, followed immediately by the report of the scouts' Sniders, succeeded by an infernal din of war-horns and yells, while arrows flew past in all directions. Twenty men were at once sent into the jungle to assist the scouts, while the remaining force labored with might and main to surround the intended camp with a dense hedge of brush-wood.

About fifty yards of ground around the camp had been cleared, and upon the retreat of the scouts who had been keeping them in check, was soon filled with savages. At such close quarters the contest soon be-

came terrific. Again and again the savages hurled themselves upon the stockade, each time to be repulsed. For two hours this desperate battle raged. At last the savages retreated from the vicinity of the clearing, but still kept up a hideous din with their ivory horns.

The night was passed in sleepless vigilance. Once the cannibals endeavored to surprise the camp by stealth, but they were detected, and a short but sharp midnight conflict ensued. The savages were driven back. Early in the morning, while the cooks prepared breakfast under the shelter of the high bank, Stanley went out in the boat to reconnoitre. He discovered, to his surprise, a large town a quarter of a mile below, consisting of numerous adjacent villages embowered in fruit-trees. Returning to camp, he hastily loaded all the people and baggage, and made all speed toward the village. Landing, they rushed up the steep bank, and cutting down some trees at each end of the single street of the deserted village, soon made it perfectly defensible. The inhabitants were all away at the scene of battle, but soon rushed down, and strove desperately to dislodge the expedition. The combat lasted until noon, when twenty-five men made a sally out of the village and dispersed the savages. This ended the fight for the day. The travelers employed themselves in clearing away the grass for a hundred yards or so, and in erecting "crow-nests" to be filled with sharpshooters. The location was good, and it was decided to await here the land-party, and look after the sick. Several had died of small-pox within twenty-four hours. The party was in a pitiable plight.

The next morning an assault was made, but the savages were quickly repulsed, when they retired into the jungle, where they maintained with great spirit a

terrific horn-blowing and yelling. Their wild war cry was different from that of the savages above. The "Ooh-hu-hus" were past, and the party were now among the terrific "Bo-bo-ers." These savages could easily give points to the American college boys in devising an appropriate yell.

About noon, an immense flotilla of canoes, containing hundreds of men, came down the river and began an assault. At the same time, the savages on land began to storm the village on all sides. The battle continued for half an hour with desperate energy, yet what might have been the ultimate result is doubtful, had not the advance guard of Tippu-Tib's land division arrived at this critical juncture. This materially changed the aspect of affairs, and soon the savages retired discomfited.

Stanley then determined to make an expedition that night, intending, if possible, to seize all canoes in reach, thus effectually stopping the engagement by water. The night came, bringing intense darkness, and considerable rain; this was admirably suited to their purpose. Accordingly, setting out with oars muffled, Frank Pocock took up his position below the camp of the savages, having in charge four canoes, and about twenty trusty men. Stanley ascended the stream, and, coming opposite the rendezvous of the savages, cut rapidly across the river and rowed cautiously in to the shore, discovering eight large canoes, each tied to a stake. These were soon set free and pushed far out into the stream. Four others were found and released a short distance below. They then found the savages were camped still farther down the river. Proceeding with the utmost caution, they were successful in setting adrift all the canoes, when they hastened to where

Frank was stationed, whom they found being borne down the river by the weight of so many canoes. These were all shortly landed, terminating a very successful night expedition, thirty-six having been captured.

In the morning Stanley again rowed back to the island, and found it all but abandoned. Only a few savages were left, and to them he proposed terms. The savages, being rendered almost powerless by the loss of the canoes, soon made an amicable settlement of their difficulties. The loss to Stanley in all this desperate encounter was four killed, and thirteen wounded, while he retained twenty-three of the captured canoes as compensation.

On the 22d of December, Tippu-Tib and his confederates declared their intention of abandoning the expedition. The incessant hostilities and numerous privations had utterly discouraged them, and no amount of persuasion could induce them to proceed. Accordingly, Stanley consented to release them from their engagement, though eight marches were lacking, and to pay them for services already rendered, on condition they would use their influence with the Wangwana to induce them to continue with Stanley. To this they agreed, and Stanley, in consideration of the many hardships they had borne, rewarded them liberally.

Stanley's captains were firm in their determination to follow him. The two years of association with that indomitable spirit had given them faith in him, and also self-reliance. They would show the faint-hearted Wanyamwezi of what stuff they were made. They would go, though every man of the rank and file should turn back in fear. Inspiriting speeches were made to the subordinates. The camp was separated from Tippu-Tib's on the 27th of December. In the

meantime, provisions were gathered and canoes repaired.

Christmas day was spent in enjoyment; feasting and games were the order of the day. The next day Tippu-Tib feasted the company, and the separation took place. Stanley and his men were ready to launch out into the UNKNOWN!!

CHAPTER XVII.

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

THERE are unsuspected crises in the life of every man, when the whole course of his future depends upon the action of a moment. It is not safe to say that many men have no influence whatever upon the destinies of others, but there are certain men who have come into prominence as of special importance to their fellows. In the case of such there are turning-points, when the future of a nation or of a continent lies covered in the balance. Such a period was that day in early October, 1492, when the anxious Columbus asked of his mutinous crew for only three days more in which to prosecute his, to them chimerical, search. Such a period was that in which Hernando Cortez burned his ships, to frustrate his mutinous followers, and left the little band the alternative to conquer Mexico or die. Such a period was the day that Pizarro, on the isle of Gallo, drew a line upon the sand, and asked which of his men would follow him: and, with the thirteen who came to his side, set forth to overturn the mighty empire of the Incas.

But in the case of the man whose fortunes we follow, still higher honor is deserved, for he battles with greater odds. Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro—they were followed by men of their own race, kindred spirits, men fired by similar ambition, and, in the case of the two

latter, of sympathy for their leader's object, and merely temporarily discouraged. But Stanley leads a horde of hireling freedmen, who neither understand nor care for the white man's curiosity for mountains and rivers, for valleys and plains. In all his troop, his English companion is the only congenial spirit. Yet we shall see, in the days to come, how the spirit of the master wrought upon his followers, and brought to light in the despised son of Ham the noblest qualities the Caucasian can boast. Toussaint L'Ouverture never accomplished feat like this; for he dealt with his own countrymen, and with men fired by the same zeal for freedom, slaves and outcasts though they were.

Already he had a foretaste of the fearful odds against him. One thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the sea! There were then cataracts to be encountered, and who could tell how many or how great? Cannibals —men who regarded the troop as so much provision, to be slaughtered and stored—already swarmed about them. What was the river?—the Nile, Niger, or Congo? That was the very question to be settled.

Search the pages of history, and find if ever man battled against greater odds, in nobler cause. The souls of Africa's millions are in the balance, as he parts from Tippu Tib's escort, and turns to regions never before trodden by white explorer and Arab trader, and renders it folly to dream of return, and almost recklessness to push on. Never before in the history of Africa had traveler undertaken such a task. Hardly a region hitherto explored but had first been visited by Portuguese or Arab trader.

The separation is over; the expedition floats out into THE UNKNOWN, to brave its perils and terrors alone. They number 140 souls; not a few are sick and dis-

abled. In silence and gloom they set forth. The song of bravado or of mirth dies away; the party is depressed and awe-stricken by the murmur of the stream, the frown of the impenetrable forest, and the mysterious, uncanny fear of the unseen regions beyond. But the spell cannot last. The shore resounds once more with cries of cannibal savages, and booming of war-drums; a score of canoes, long, brown, teeming with barbarians, dart forth—overtures of peace are scorned—spears and arrows flash and fly—cries of "Meat! Meat!" echo and re-echo—the roar of two-score muskets joins in the din, and the discomfited savages are hurled back in confusion. Their prey has escaped. The river is clear.

The elements also were against the wanderers. A storm on the last day of the year swamped two canoes, drowning two men, and losing two bags of beads and four muskets. Rations would be short ere the party reached the sea, and weapons of defense were already distressingly few.

For a few days the expedition incurred no serious molestation from the natives. Once or twice some fighting occurred, but the contests were short and decisive. Some cannibals, encountered upon the first day of January, styled the party "Wajiwa," or "children of the Sun"—presumably because they came from the east, and used such strange and mysterious weapons as guns.

In contrast with the hostility of these people was the amusingly timid friendliness manifested by a tribe reached a day or two later. Canoes were sighted below the party, which kept at a safe distance in advance, the crews responding enthusiastically, however, to the cries of "Sen-nen-neh!" (peace) with which they were greeted. Arriving at their village, they

halted, and the "great white chief" drew near, and began a most expressive pantomime to make known his famished condition, and his good-will to all men, and to these natives in particular. He and his people were far from their homes, and were seeking to reach them by way of the great river. A general stir of sympathy is manifest in the throng on the shore. Beads are held up in great variety by the travelers. The natives collect provisions, and put them in a canoe in charge of two women, who coquettishly and slowly approach, Stanley the meanwhile holding out the beads with aching arm, and talking volubly "of the happiness he felt at the sight of two such beautiful women coming out to see the white chief, who was so good, and who loved to talk to beautiful women." This to two naked barbarian negresses! "Man is the same the world over"—and so is woman.

Friendly relations being firmly established, the natives swarmed around the expedition with no further sign of fear. They said they were Wa-Kankore; their chief was Sangarika; the village opposite was Marimba. Such information as they possessed concerning neighboring tribes was cheerfully given. Their own district was very small. It was singular to find such a small, peace-loving people surrounded by cannibals.

When asked why their demeanor was so unlike that of cannibals only a few miles above, they told of a ruse they had employed to discover the character of the travelers. Some of their number had been on an expedition up the river, and had learned of their battle with the cannibals. Seeing the expedition would pass them, the natives had hurried back and warned their people. A woman and boy were placed in a canoe with a quan-

tity of provisions, and sent up to meet Stanley. As they were not molested, the natives decided he was a peaceable and trustworthy man; hence they manifested friendship and good-will. Had he molested them, or taken their provisions, they intended to make war on him.

Leaving this amiable tribe, he next encountered the Mwana Ntaba, a ferocious race of cannibals, who charged out into the river and gave battle as soon as he had reached them. These savages possessed the largest canoes Stanley had yet seen. One of the largest, afterward found to measure eighty-five feet and three inches, rashly charged the boat Lady Alice. Reserving their fire till the savages were within fifty feet, Stanley's crew poured in such a terrific volley that the savages were thrown in great disorder. The boat then charged the great canoe, compelling the cannibals to jump overboard, leaving their canoe to the victors. It was soon manned by thirty of Stanley's men, and led the entire expedition down the river. The enemy gathered their forces and gave chase, Stanley making all speed till the increasing velocity of the current, and an ominous roar below him, warned him that he must either stop and do battle, or be drowned in the falls. The decision was soon made, the canoes were anchored, and the battle begun. Fifteen minutes' hot fighting showed that it was impossible to effect a landing. Rowing back up the river to an elbow in the stream, the forces were divided, and a detachment sent out to attack the enemy in the rear, while Stanley occupied their attention on the river. The movement was successful, and the savages were gradually forced away, affording the expedition an opportunity of constructing an impenetrable stockade, wherein to pass the night. In the morning

FEROCIOUS ASSAULT ON THE CAMP.

the savages renewed the attack, keeping up an incessant fighting nearly all day. They were finally dispersed, but not before they had killed two men and wounded ten others. The expedition, now almost a unit, was filled with the courage born of despair. Go back, or over the cataract, they could not. They were compelled to fight their way around by land.

Two days the party halted here, preparing for a portage around the first cataract of the Stanley Falls. The river was divided into two streams. The main, or right branch, 900 yards wide, rushed for a mile in wild rapids east-northeast, striking against a hill that lay north and south, and sheering off in a confused, roaring mass of foamy waves to the north. The left branch, 200 yards wide, ran slower and with less broken water, and could be descended for two or three miles in a boat. A path was cleared around its lower cataract, and the canoes were dragged past. The first danger was over.

Re-embarking on a smooth stretch of water, the party had not proceeded far, when the roar of a second cataract was heard. Again the omnipresent cannibals appeared, and opposed their landing, compelling Stanley to camp on an island in the river. After much trouble, a landing was effected, and preparations made to cut a road around this second cataract. By shifting his men so as to continue the work night and day, and always keeping the savages in check by an armed guard, and occasionally pursuing them for miles into the jungle, after seventy-eight hours of extraordinary exertion, Stanley at last managed to pass the fall and launch the canoes. The cannibals, utterly disheartened by repeated repulses, left him in peace to try farther progress by the river, which, though dangerous, afforded greater facilities than did the land. The following

extract from Stanley's journal will be read with interest:

"*Jan. 14th.*—As soon as we reached the river, we began to float the canoes down a two-mile stretch of rapids, to a camp opposite the south end of Ntunduru Island. Six canoes were taken safely down by the gallant boat's crew. The seventh canoe was manned by Muscati, Uledi Muscati, and Zaidi, a chief. Muscati, the steersman, lost his presence of mind, and soon upset his canoe in a piece of bad water. Muscati and his friend Uledi swam down the furious stream to Ntunduru Island, whence they were saved by the eighth canoe; but poor Zaidi, paralyzed by the roar of the stream, unfortunately thought his safety was assured by clinging to the canoe. Soon he was swept past our new camp, in full view of those who had been deputed with Frank to form it, to what seemed inevitable death. But a kindly providence, which he has himself gratefully acknowledged, saved him even on the brink of eternity. The great fall at the north end of Ntunduru Island happens to be disparted by a single pointed rock, and on this the canoe was driven, and, borne down by the weight of waters, was soon split in two, one side being jammed below, the other tilting upward. To this the almost drowned man clung, while perched on the rocky point, with his ankles washed by the stream. To his left, as he faced up stream, there was a stretch of fifty yards of falling water; to his right were nearly fifty yards of leaping brown waves, while close behind him the waters fell down six or eight feet, through a gap ten yards wide, between the rocky point on which he was perched and a rocky island thirty yards long. When called to the scene by his weeping friends, from my labors up the river, I could scarcely believe my

eyes, or realize the strange chance which placed him there, and, certainly, a more critical position than the poor fellow was in cannot be imagined. But this solitary man, on that narrow, pointed rock, whose knees were sometimes washed by rising waves, was apparently calmer than any of us; though we could approach him within fifty yards, he could not hear a word we said; he could see us, and feel assured that we sympathized with him in his terrible position. We then, after collecting our faculties, began to prepare means to save him. After sending men to collect rattans, we formed a cable, by which we attempted to lower a small canoe, but the instant it seemed to reach him, the force of the current hurrying to the fall was so great that the cable snapped like pack-thread, and the canoe swept by him like an arrow, and was engulfed, shattered, split, and pounded into fragments. Then we endeavored to toss to him poles tied to creepers, but the vagaries and convulsive heaving of the current made it impossible to reach him with them, while the man dared not move a hand, but sat silent, watching our futile efforts, while the conviction gradually settled on our minds that his doom, though protracted, was certain. Then I called for another canoe, and lashed to its bow a cable consisting of three one-inch rattans twisted together, and strengthened by all the tent-ropes. A similar cable was lashed to the side, and a third was fastened to the stern, each of these cables being ninety yards in length. A shorter cable, thirty yards long, was lashed to the stern of the canoe, which was to be guided within reach of him by a man in the canoe. Volunteers being called for to man the canoe, Uledi, Marzouk, Shumari, and Saywa came forward. Of these, I chose the first-named pair, and they stepped into the boat with the air

of gladiators, amid hearty applause, coupled with injunctions to be careful. Turning to the crowd on shore who were manning the cables, I bade them beware of the least carelessness, as the lives of the three young men depended on a strict obedience of orders. The two young volunteers were requested to paddle across river, so that the stern might be guided by those on shore. The bow and side cables were slackened until the canoe was within twenty yards of the roaring falls, and Uledi endeavored to guide the cable to Zaidi, but the convulsive heaving of the river swept the canoe instantly to one side, where it hovered over the steep slope and brown waves of the left branch, from the swirl of which we were compelled to draw it. Five times the attempt was made, but at last, the sixth time, encouraged by the safety of the cables, we lowered the canoe until it was within ten yards of Zaidi, and Uledi lifted the short cable, threw it over to him, and struck his arm. He had just time to grasp it, before he was carried over into the chasm below. For thirty seconds we saw nothing of him, and thought him lost, when his head rose above the edge of the falling waters. Instantly the word was given, to "haul away," but at the first pull, the bow and side cables parted, and the canoe began to glide down the left branch, with my two boat-boys on board! The stern cable next parted, and horrified at the result, we stood watching the canoe drifting from us to certain destruction, when we suddenly observed it halted. Zaidi, in the chasm, clinging to his cable, was acting as a kedge-anchor, which swept the canoe against the rocky island. Uledi and Marzouk sprang out of the canoe, and, leaning over, assisted Zaidi out of the falls, and the three, working with desperate energy, succeeded in securing the canoe on the

islet. But though we hurrahed, and were exceedingly rejoiced, their position was still but a short reprieve from death. There were fifty yards of wild waves, and a resistless rush of waters, between them and safety, and to their right was a fall three hundred yards in width, and below them was a mile of rapids and falls, and great whirlpools, and waves rising like little hills in the middle of the stream, and below these were the fell cannibals, Wane-Mukwa and Asama. How to reach the islet was the question which now perplexed me. We tied a stone to about a hundred yards of whip-cord, and after the twentieth attempt, they managed to catch it. To the end of the whip-cord they tied the tent-rope which had parted before, and, drawing it to our side, we tied the stout rattan creeper, which they drew across taut, and fastened to a rock, by which we thought he had begun to bridge the stream. Night drawing nigh, we told them we would defer further experiment until morning. Meanwhile the ninth canoe, whose steersman was a supernumerary of the boat, had likewise got upset, and he, out of six men, was drowned, to our great regret, but the canoe was saved. All the other vessels were brought down safely, but so long as our poor, faithful Uledi and his friends are on the islet, and still in the arms of death, the night finds us gloomy, sorrowing, and anxious.

"*Jan. 15th.*—My first duty this morning was to send greetings to the three brave lads on the islet, and to assure them that they should be saved before they were many hours older. Thirty men with guns were sent to protect thirty others searching for rattans in the forest, and by nine o'clock we possessed over sixty strong canes, besides other long climbers, and as fast as we were able to twist them together they were drawn

across by Uledi and his friends. Besides, we sent light cables to be lashed around the waist of each man, after which we felt trebly assured that all accidents were guaranteed against. Then hailing them, I motioned to Uledi to begin, while ten men seized the cable, one end of which he had fastened round his waist. Uledi was seen to lift up his hands to heaven, and, waving his hand to us, he leaped into the wild flood, seizing the bridge cable as he fell into the depths. Soon he rose, hauling himself hand over hand, the waves brushing his face, and sometimes rising over his head, until it seemed that he would scarcely be able to breathe; but by jerking his body upward occasionally, by a desperate effort, he so managed to survive the waves, and to approach us, where a dozen willing hands were stretched out to snatch the half-smothered man. Zaidi next followed, but after the tremendous proofs he had given of his courage and tenacious hold, we did not much fear for his safety, and he also landed, to be warmly congratulated for his double escape from death. Marzouk, the youngest, was the last, and we held our breaths while the gallant boy was struggling out of the fierce grasp of death. While yet midway, the pressure of waters was so great that he lost his hold of two cables, at which the men screamed in terror, lest he should relax his hold altogether from despair, but I shouted harshly to him, 'Pull away, you fool! Be a man!' At which, with three hauls, he approached within reach of our willing hands, to be embraced and applauded by all. The cheers we gave were so loud and hearty that the cannibal Wane-Mukwa must have known, despite the roar of the waters, that we had passed through a great and thrilling scene."

Let the reader remember the bold Uledi, for he will

figure in many a thrilling scene in perilous days to come. What manner of man is he, think you? A Hercules or Apollo or Narcissus in ebony? Of short, almost stunted stature, small-pox marked face, nose broad in a land of broad noses, rude, untutored, semi-savage—yet devoted to his master with almost the instinctive, unreasoning affection of a faithful dog; ready to risk life at any time at a hint, or almost at a whim, of his employer; necessarily beloved by all and envied by none of his companions—such was the bold coxswain of the *Lady Alice*. Is there no nobility in the African?

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO STANLEY POOL.

TEN days more were spent in passing the three remaining cataracts of the Stanley Falls—in each case by the toilsome method of hauling the canoes overland, beset almost constantly by the hungry savages. Every day they heard the boom of war drums, and the lament of the cannibals that their meat was escaping them. Every bend of the great stream concealed wretches ready to attack them as so much game. Still more forcibly were they reminded of the light in which the barbarians held them, when, having encamped in an empty village one night, they arose in the morning and found themselves completely surrounded by a tall net, cleverly concealed in the jungle, while the path was studded with a strong, sharp splinters of reed! and behind the net spearmen lay in wait! Truly, they were but game in the eyes of these hideous man-eating monstrosities. In each village were found bleached skulls, half-picked ribs and thigh bones, joints, &c., ghastly and sickening witnesses of the cannibals' monstrous cravings. Stanley had derived some advantage from the rencontres, however, as he ordered his men to collect the great door-like shields, impenetrable by spear or arrow, and in consequence an excellent defense for the canoes, readily raised by the non-combatants, and so rendering

the few musketeers more effective than four times their number would have been if unprotected.

For two weeks, the time occupied in traveling from the Leopold River past the first five cataracts, the course of the river was perplexing to Stanley. Its trend to the east caused him to fear he might have been mistaken in his belief that it was the Congo. Livingstone had believed it to be the Nile, and Stanley began to think perhaps he was correct, though the great volume of water in the river was decidedly against the theory. Nothing could be proven from the native names of the river, as almost every tribe has a different name for it. But eight or ten miles below the fifth cataract the stream veered to the north, then sharply to the northwest. It could not then be the Nile, but there was a possibility of its being the Niger. But Stanley solved the difficulty of its name by continuing to call it by the name of its discoverer—Livingstone.

The seventh cataract is the most peculiar of all the series. The great deep stream, almost a mile wide some distance above, is narrowed at the falls to five hundred yards; yet through this narrow chasm is hurled a river of ten times the volume of the Victoria Nile. No words can convey a proper idea of the immense speed and power displayed. But the enterprising inhabitants in the great island here place huge rattan fish-baskets in the edge of the cataracts and obtain thereby a by no means small supply of fish. These people, the Wenya, were much more intelligent than their neighbors of the mainland.

Twenty-two days had been spent in passing the cataracts. We have gathered a faint idea of the perils of those fearful days. Only reckless buoyancy, partly dash, partly indifference, partly desperation, had en-

abled the Wangwana to withstand the struggle. There was not a little, however, in that feeling of fatality, peculiar to all believers in Mohammedan theology, that a man's fate is irrevocably fixed, and in consequence he is as safe in one place as another. When his hour arrives he will die at once, no matter where he may be. Till it does, he can not. Whatever may be said of the fallacy of this view, it has produced many of the boldest and most desperate soldiers the world has known.

But as the expedition hastened away from the last cataract, upon the 28th of January, a feeling of mirth and exhilaration seized the company. Yet there was a still undercurrent of sadness, which Stanley and Pocock felt more keenly than the others. And from this time on, a peculiar unconscious pathos runs through Stanley's narrative. It can not be located as definitely confined to any especial passage; but ever and anon the sympathetic reader finds himself stirred by the thoughtful sadness that is the more touching in that it is unintentional and unconscious. The expedition is losing its character of a master and servants on a journey of exploration; it is becoming a body of companions, bound together by a thousand perils and toils; all wanderers, longing for home.

Attempting to land on the evening of the 28th with a view to camping in the village of Usimbi, they were again opposed by savages, and compelled to cross the river. They then attempted to land on Ukioba Island, nearly opposite Usimbi. Once more the savages united their forces, and made an attack. The collision resulted in the capture of five savages and one war canoe. Stanley was then left undisturbed through the night. Next day, he crossed to Usimbi and found it abandoned. Here he found his first of the grotesque

NATIVES IN WAR-PAINT.

idols or fetishes that abound in Western Africa. This one was a rude semblance of a man, hewn from wood, under a small roof supported by ivory tusks, raised on a platform of tamped and carefully swept clay. The village consisted of streets crossing each other at right angles, instead of one long street, as was the case with the villages heretofore passed. It was protected by a ditch on the land side, the dirt being thrown inward. The canoes here were broad, flat-bottomed, slow-moving scows.

After releasing the captives, he had a peaceful voyage till noon, when he had a short contest with the inhabitants of a large village. An hour later, a new tribe which he had encountered opposed his farther progress. For three hours a running fight was maintained, when, observing the village Ituka below, and several canoes cutting across the river to head him off, he resolved to make a stand on shore. Accordingly, he landed and soon had a fortification constructed. The savages precipitated themselves on the defenses, killing one man and wounding another, besides barely missing many others with their heavy spears. They were hideously daubed and painted, one half the body being ochreous, the other white. At sunset they retired, affording the party a respite in which to care for the wounded and bury the dead. The expedition was suffered to depart next morning unmolested, attacked about ten o'clock by savages in canoes. Charging under cover of the great shields, one canoe and eight men were captured. This ended the fight and brought about negotiations for peace. Stanley had learned by this time the best method of dealing with these barbarians.

Up to the afternoon of the 29th of January, the party had fought twenty-four times since leaving the

Ruiki River, and had obtained sixty-five large shields. These were especially useful in this region, as the cannibals bore immense spear-blades, six feet long and six inches broad. The war-cry of these wretches was "Ya, Mariwa!" The "Bo-bo-bos" were passed. Having released the captives, the expedition departed without further opposition. The river here was near four thousand yards wide.

The following days were but a repetition of this, every nook concealing swinish fiends howling for human flesh. But the "thunder and lightning" of the children of the sun inspired them with a wholesome respect for guns. But this continual warfare and the cries for meat were revolting to the travelers. They were fast becoming filled with loathing and disgust for the world and the hideous bloodthirsty ghouls that dwelt in it. They were weary, weary, weary of the incessant howl and turmoil; and when a quiet part of the river was reached, they loitered and dallied, to enjoy peace as long as possible. Stanley continued his observations as carefully as ever, but more mechanically, and with less zest. Why should one take interest in such filthy brutes, who may well have been the originals of Swift's Yahoos. Even the long-suffering Livingstone, bearing meekly impositions not a few, had said of such villains, "They are bad men; fire on them."

On the first day of February, about two o'clock, an immense flotilla of fifty-four canoes, led by a monster vessel occupied by more than a hundred men, congregated in the mouth of the Aruwimi, a great tributary of the Livingstone, bore down on the expedition with great speed, compelling Stanley to draw up his boats in a compact form and anchor in mid stream. Stanley's men coolly waited till the enemy was within fifty yards,

when they opened fire, becoming so absorbed that nothing else was noticed for five minutes. At the end of that time, Stanley found the savages reforming two hundred yards above, and gave the order to charge. The blood of his men was up, and they responded to the order with right good-will, pursuing the savages up to their village. Landing, they continued the fight in the streets, finally driving the enemy out into the forest. The village was abundantly supplied with ivory, and Stanley gave his men permission to convey what they wanted to the canoes. Evidences of cannibalism were as abundant in this village as in others.

Oh, it was wearisome, sickening—this continual struggle for existence with these vulturous savages. If the party could only dash down by night! But what cataracts might not be in the stream? No, they must move on by day, contending every step of the way for bare existence, and purchasing all rights and privileges with cartridges. So they must go, ill or well. Not thirty in the entire expedition were unwounded. But there is no retreat possible. Onward is the word, till some day, in despair and loathing for the hideous world, they should unresisting become food for the maws of these ravenous ghouls. Even in hours of peace, the strange indefinable sense of danger is ever present. Their dreams were of contest and murders; of whirlpools and cataracts.

Some days they traveled thus, running the gauntlet. The 7th of February a new foe faced them. Provisions were exhausted; where, in this hostile land, could others be obtained? Food should be procured; if not peaceably, then by force.

They went hungry that night. At eleven o'clock next day, the village of Rubunga was reached. Direct-

ing Pocock to keep a few hundred yards in the rear with the canoes, Stanley approached the village in his boat. The villagers were silent. No hostile sound was made. Three canoes advanced. But at "Sennen-neh! Charereh!" (Peace) they scurried away. They did not understand. Patience! All the world knows pantomime.

"We had reserved one banana and a piece of cassava. We had our mouths and our stomachs with us. An appropriate gesture with the banana to the mouth, and a gentle fondling with a puckered stomach, would, we thought, be a manner of expressing extreme want eloquent enough to penetrate the armored body of a crocodile." So the negotiation progressed, Stanley standing, his helmet back, gesturing, posturing, exhibiting beads, cowries, brass wire, copper ornaments, lifting the banana to his open mouth—then waiting, "with what patience, what suspense, what a saint-like air of resignation! Ah, yes; but I think I may be pardoned for all that degrading pantomime. I had a number of hungry, half wild children; and through a cannibal world we had ploughed to reach these unsophisticated children of nature."

Slowly the elders approached the shore, and sat down. Their chieftain nodded. In two strokes the boat was ashore. Stanley grasped the chief's hand warmly. "Warm-hearted Uledi, who the moment before was breathing furious hate of all savages, and of the procrastinating old chief in particular, embraced him with a filial warmth." Blood-brotherhood sealed the peace. Provisions were supplied, and happiness once more prevailed in the expedition. And when, in a mongrel mixture of many dialects, Stanley succeeded in asking the chief the name of the river, and was told it was the

Congo, much joy was his. Long had he firmly believed it, yet it was very agreeable to be told so.

The great Aruwimi, passed some days before, Stanley believed to be the Welle of Schweinfurth. It must be remembered that all information gleaned from native sources is at best but of a very unreliable character, and so the testimony of the natives that the Welle flowed always west is about as reliable as their assertion that the Livingstone flowed ever northward. Stanley's observation of the Aruwimi at its mouth was, that it came from the northeast.

To such an excess do the people of Rubunga carry the art of tattooing that many of them are hideously deformed, not a few having quite unnatural features and necks. The whole body, from the roots of the hair to the knees, is covered with various designs, and *raised* figures. They contrive to insert air under the skin in such a manner as to cause large tubercles, some equaling a hen-egg in size. They were too freely tattooed to be picturesque or quaint; they were simply hideous. Their blood-brotherhood ceremony was decidedly cannibalistic. Instead of mingling a little of the blood from the arm of each principal, as is usually the custom, each vigorously sucked the blood from his new friend's wounded arm. And their ornaments were as tasteful. Necklaces of teeth of men and animals were massed around the neck till it was almost concealed from view.

Four ancient muskets found here gave the people joy, and Stanley some uneasiness. It indicated that the region was in reach of traders from the west; but if the tribes armed with muskets were as hostile and insistent as the barbarians hitherto encountered, what hope for the expedition?

Though but ugly, wheedling beggars, the people of

Rubunga were hospitable to Stanley, and when he left sent a canoe with five men to introduce the travelers to their neighbors, the Urangi, who accorded him a noisy and demonstrative welcome.

Though they manifested an unpleasant disposition to steal, no open rupture occurred and the expedition passed the night in peace. This tribe also was tattooed most hideously, and was highly ornamented with an abundance of copper wire obtained from traders down the river. The men wear an ample loin-cloth, while the women go entirely naked. About a dozen muskets, also obtained from traders, were found here.

As the expedition started forward next morning, scores of canoes put out from Urangi, and followed a short distance down the river. This did not arouse suspicion, till a shot was fired, killing one of Stanley's men. He instantly formed the canoes on the defensive, and opened fire. The natives persisted in following and firing, till the tribe below was aroused, when they also joined in the chase. With such pertinacity was he pursued that Stanley was on the point of despair ere he finally succeeded in escaping them.

On the 13th of February, yet another hostile tribe was encountered, who immediately started out in their canoes, uttering war-cries surprisingly like the neighing of a chorus of full-blooded stallions. But with guns already aimed and cocked, the savages were so overcome with curiosity at the appearance of the first white man they had ever seen that they followed on in perfect silence for over two miles. At last, when Katembo, the guide, spoke to them, a gun was fired, killing Rehani, one of the finest men of the expedition. Instantly the shields were raised, the battle was opened, and in thirty minutes the seventy musket-armed canoes of the enemy

were retiring to a more respectful distance. They continued the pursuit five miles, when they beat a retreat.

But a short distance below were the Bangala, a very powerful, courageous, and aggressive tribe; but in general, friendly to the traders from the west. But how would they regard strangers from the east? With much trepidation the expedition moved on for two days.

On the 14th of February the war drum was again sounded, and the dreaded Bangala prepared to oppose further passage by force. Stanley used his most fascinating arts to secure peace, but without avail. Ignoring his pacific demonstrations, the natives fired into the boat, wounding three men, while at the same time Frank's boat was fired on, and two of his men wounded. The missiles used were jagged pieces of iron and copper ore. These slugs, although dangerous, had not sufficient force to penetrate the tough shields raised as bulwarks. The battle raged continuously for hours, each village sending out recruits as they passed. Sixty-three canoes in all, with not less than three hundred and fifteen muskets, engaged in the pursuit. This was the thirty-first fight Stanley had on the terrible river, and by odds the most determined conflict of all.

On the 19th, having been unmolested for some days, Stanley was compelled to seek assistance from some native chiefs to obtain food, as the expedition was totally without provisions, and in a starving condition. For a long time they were obdurate, but finally yielded to Stanley's blandishments, and brought forward an abundance of all they possessed. The worn and weary expedition rested and recuperated here till the 21st, when they departed, accompanied some distance by eight canoes full of natives, who finally parted from them with many demonstrations of friendship.

FIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

The Wangwana were now resigned and patient amid hardships. Stanley had long ceased to purchase meat for himself and Frank, and in order to husband his scanty stores, fared as the others did. They had full confidence in him; but they were wearied with watching, toiling, fighting, and hungering, and acted mechanically. They were reaching a state of pathetic apathy.

Nothing of unusual interest occurred, barring the almost continual and wearisome display of native hostility, till the afternoon of the 23rd. The following is an extract from Stanley's account:—

"Being told by Kacheche that his poor wife was dying, I drew my boat alongside the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. 'Ah, master,' she said, 'I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoanuts and the mangoes; but no, Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master; do not forget little Amina!'

"While floating down, we dressed her in her shroud, and laid her out tenderly, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river." So died Amina in childbirth.

The voyagers were unmolested for some time after this. The natives they encountered showed a decided improvement over the cannibals up the river, being comparatively mild and peaceful. On the evening of the 27th, the village of Chumbiri was reached. The inhabitants readily consented to performing the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, and were exceedingly courteous in their

demeanor. This was most opportune, as the expedition was again without provisions.

The night was passed in peace and quiet, and the next morning five canoes filled with musketeers escorted the king of Chumbiri across the river to visit Stanley. The king was very cordial and kind in his bearing, but excessively cunning withal, having evidently cultivated fraud and duplicity to no mean extent.

The dames of Chumbiri were pretty, large-eyed and finely formed, with a graceful curve of outline not often seen in Africans. The favorite wives of Chumbiri were the slaves of fashion. All had brass collars soldered around their necks, varying in thickness from two to three inches. The king was the happy possessor of forty wives, six daughters, and several favorite female slaves. Stanley made a rough calculation of the weight of brass carried by the king's family, and found that the amount was about thirteen hundred and ninety-six pounds!

On being asked as to what disposition was made of the brass on the neck of a dead wife, Chumbiri smiled, and significantly drew his hand across his throat.

On the 7th of March, Stanley parted with this friendly king and set forth, accompanied by forty-five men under the leadership of the eldest son of Chumbiri. When they were camped in the woods the next day, a scream was heard from a boy, who had had a narrow escape from a python. In a half an hour, the serpent, or another one, was discovered in a different quarter of the camp about to embrace a woman. It was killed, and found to measure thirteen and a half feet in length, and fifteen inches around the thickest part of the body.

Six miles below the confluence of the Nkutu with

the Livingstone, the expedition landed in a thick grove to cook breakfast, entertaining a faint hope that their escort, which had lagged behind, would reappear. They had not been long landed when several loud reports near by startled all, and six men fell wounded. A desperate fight then began, and lasted an hour, ending in the discomfiture of the assailants. This fight was the thirty-second, and last.

In the afternoon the long absent escort came up, and they all proceeded in company till they approached a settlement called Mwana Ibaka. The escort then went forward to endeavor to establish a truce, while Stanley and his people followed leisurely on. Supposing all would be well, he steered straight for the shore, and was in dangerous proximity ere he noticed the escort signaling violently to him to move off. The natives were swarming along the shores by the hundreds, armed with muskets, but Stanley was out of range before the excited savages drew a trigger. Three miles below they camped, and next morning the escort returned to their homes.

For the past few days the natives had seemed to be of a different type. Though occasionally hostile in bearing, they were not like the ghoulish cannibals of the upper Livingstone, or the peppery and audacious Bangala. They were tribes who realized that there might be other men of influence and power in the world, besides themselves.

The river, too, had changed. The broad, lacustrine stream, filled with islands, had contracted to about twelve hundred yards in average width, and had a depth of from eighty to two hundred feet. The banks were high and precipitous. For three weeks its course had been southwest. It could not be very far to the

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

sea; but the great height above its level showed there must be a great waterfall, or series of lesser cataracts, ere long.

On the 12th the expedition reached a sudden expansion of the river—a vast pool, with sandy islands, high chalky cliffs on the right, and a grassy table-land above. Frank enthusiastically called it a bit of old England, and said he was near home. Viewing it with a glass from the top of a sandy dune, he reported more particularly its appearance. The great pool, six miles long and four miles wide, he suggested should be called Stanley Pool, and the white cliffs, Dover Cliffs. These suggestions, vividly recalled by later occurrences, Stanley accepted; and thus was named the great pool where is now a supply point for a score of mission and trading posts.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

PASSING down the pool, Stanley was hospitably received by the Bateke, of the left bank, who were reported by their neighbors to be cannibals. Stanley found them very peaceable and pleasant. They subsist largely by fishing. They told Stanley there was a great cataract but a short distance below, and made ludicrous efforts to describe its terrors. Mankoneh, the chief, offered to show the way down to the falls. Gliding down till opposite a rocky point called Ntamo, where is also a village of the same name, a camp was made on a boulder-strewn hillside. Here, in view of the falls, Stanley remained two or three days, obtaining a supply of provisions, and some information concerning the river.

As the reader cons the rest of this narrative, he will doubtless often wonder why Stanley persisted in following a river so full of cataracts, when it was comparatively but a short distance to the sea. Stanley was a man who did his work thoroughly. Though the identity of the Congo was unquestionable, he wished to complete a correct map of its course.

And the reader must furthermore remember what has been before said as to the reliability of native testimony. Had Stanley known the real character of the next two hundred miles of the stream, it is doubtful if

he would have considered the game worth the candle. But each tribe as he went usually represented that there was but one more cataract; the fact being that the West African knows practically nothing of any region outside of his own district. So Stanley kept on, at every turn hoping to identify "Tuckey's Farthest," and by means of native misinformation held in pursuit of a veritable "Cataract Flyaway."

That a better understanding of the condition of knowledge concerning the Congo may be had, let us note such facts as were hitherto known of it.

In the year 1485 Diogo Cam, a Portuguese naval captain, sought by doubling the southern point of Africa, to find a passage to the East Indies. Hugging the western coast, six degrees south of the equator, he turned into what he must have deemed a gulf of considerable dimensions. He found himself floating in the mouth of a great river. In the name of his royal master he took possession, and set up a pillar to commemorate the event. From this circumstance it was called Rio Padrao or Pillar River. But Martin of Bohemia, who was present, named it with equal propriety, Rio Poderoso, or Mighty River, from the immense volume of its waters. Later, from an African kingdom near to its southern bank, it was called the Congo.

A stream so vast could have its fountains only in the heart of a great continent. To ascend its current would be to invade a region alike to Phenicians, Greeks, Romans, moderns, a dark mystery. It must be a fertile region, rejoicing in tropical luxuriance, for such a volume of water could not proceed from a desert. It might offer a field for civilized achievement, and for empire. Who were its inhabitants, what its scenery of mountain, plain, and river; what its wealth of forest, field, or

mine; these were questions which offered themselves, but no one sought an answer. At the distance of one hundred and ten miles from the sea, navigation was confronted with a rapid. Concerning its existence there was vague report; whether any white man had ventured so far, we are not informed. One writer, a hundred years after the discovery, declares that the river is navigable for no more than twenty-five miles, when a strait is reached "between rocks, where the waters pour down with such a tremendous noise as to be heard eight miles off." A statement so false shows that nothing was known. Two hundred, even three hundred years after Diogo Cam saw the mouth of the Congo, exact knowledge was scarcely advanced. Strange that through all these centuries the African explorer should find no incentive, while men were pushing into the frozen North to find a Northwest Passage, or to reach the Pole itself; inhospitable, inaccessible, utterly worthless, if possessed. Expedition followed expedition, ever to disaster, or to death. Even the sterner realm of an Antarctic Continent was tempted once and again. Men sailed for days along a steep and solid cliff of ice, and returned to express their regret that they had been unable to set foot on land. The Nile has always been an object of great interest to geographers from the days of Herodotus to the present, and traveler after traveler has sought for its source. But for centuries after the mouth of the great stream was discovered, the mystery of the Congo remained a mystery, and none cared to attempt the unexplored region whence its waters were gathered.

The slowness of civilized men to possess the earth may excite our wonder. In Asia and Europe and portions of America men jostle each other, and complain that they find no room; they jostled each other centuries

ago. Yet two hundred and twenty-eight years elapsed between the discovery of America and the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Australia was known for three centuries to Europeans before they attempted settlement. Not a generation ago the western part of the United States was deemed an uninhabitable wilderness. The vast island of New Guinea, long known to exist, is yet a barbarous solitude. Wanting but six years, four centuries elapsed from the day when Diogo Cam anchored in the mouth of the Congo, before Henry M. Stanley endeavored to trace its waters from the far interior to the sea.

Some exact but very limited knowledge of the Congo was obtained in the year 1816. An expedition consisting of fifty-six Europeans, under Captain James Kingston Tuckey, was sent out by the British government. Its objects were threefold; to remove the reproach of ignorance; to decide the mooted question whether the Congo is "identical with the Niger," and to seek the sources of a river which "discharges more water than the Ganges or the Nile." Seldom has enterprise so hopeful in its inception been so melancholy in its prosecution and results. The expedition which was to have penetrated to the heart of a continent, with difficulty advanced one hundred and seventy-two miles from the coast. Two died on the passage out; four on their way up the Congo in boats; fourteen in a land journey beyond the cataracts—twenty in all; eighteen of these in three short months. The physical result was a tolerably accurate knowledge of the river to a point some sixty miles beyond the lowest cataract; the moral result was the discouragement and discontinuance of further effort for more than half a century. This "Tuckey's Farthest," the Sanga Yellala Falls, was the "Cataract

IN THE RAPIDS.

Flyaway" which Stanley sought. This was the objective point of which he and Frank Pocock had so often spoken, and the intervening district was the link wanting to complete the work he and Livingstone had brought so nigh completion. Hoping for a speedy and prosperous termination of his labors, he prepared to pass the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls, nine hundred miles below the Stanley Falls. In this distance there had been a reduction in level of only three hundred and sixty-four feet. Stanley Pool was one thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above the sea. Cannibals and hostile natives were left behind; the river only was to be feared.

The first cataract!—Two hundred yards of broken water; then a smooth surface. Half a mile of dangerous rapids; quiet once more. Then four miles of a wildly leaping stream, raging, plunging, whirling, roaring like the Ancient Mariner's ice pack. A stream a hundred feet or more in depth, dashing through a rocky chasm, rolling in crests and troughs like old ocean lashed by a hurricane; capable of hurling along the most powerful ocean steamer like a cockle shell; hissing through its broken channel at a speed of thirty miles per hour. Niagara is a toy; the fabled Scylla and Charybdis a phantom; the maelstrom a pigmy burlesque. Such was the first cataract, past which the canoes were dragged overland. Seven days were employed in the task. When completed, they were told there was but one small cataract below. One day, March 24th, was spent in rest.

The 25th found the expedition at work in a bad portion of the river, appropriately styled the "Cauldron." The best canoe, the *London Town*, was torn from the hands of fifty men, and swept down to destruction. In the afternoon, the *Glasgow*, parting her cables,

was swept away, drawn nearly into mid-river, borne up stream half a mile, again drawn into the depths, thrown up in a bay near where Frank was camped, and eventually recovered. Accidents were numerous, because of the slippery character of the water-washed crags of trap. There were falls, bruises, and dislocated limbs. Stanley himself fell into a chasm thirty feet deep, but fortunately suffered no serious injury beyond a momentary stunning.

On the 28th, having safely passed the "Cauldron," Stanley was about embarking to proceed a short distance to the Rocky Island Falls, when he observed Kalulu, one of his favorites, in the largest canoe. When asked what he wanted in the canoe, he answered, "I can pull, sir; see!" "Very well," said Stanley. Cautioning all to follow his boat, and by no means venture out in the current, he started. The river was about four hundred and fifty yards wide, and near the shore one hundred and thirty-eight feet deep, with a speed of seven miles per hour. One mile down the stream Stanley landed six hundred yards above the falls. The first, second and third canoes soon safely landed, and Stanley was beginning to congratulate himself on the completion of a good day's work, when to his horror he saw the *Crocodile* far out in the river, rushing madly to destruction. Human strength availed nothing, and he watched in agony, for several of his best men were in it, besides the ill-fated Kalulu. The canoe dashed over the falls into the rough water, whirled around three or four times, plunged down into the depths, and presently emerged stern foremost, and Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more.

Fast following this terrible calamity, another canoe with two men in it glided past to almost certain de-

struction. But the steersman, by a strange chance, dexterously shot the canoe over the falls, and guiding it near the shore a mile below, managed to land with his companion. They then returned to a point opposite the camp, and finally sat down, in silence regarding their companions across the river. The full tide of love and sympathy went out to them from the expedition, but the roar of the falls drowned all human voices.

But the greed of the cruel waters was not yet sated. Still another canoe, a small and light one, with only the brave lad Soudi in it, swept by. As he passed the spectators, he cried, "There is but one God; I am lost, master!" then turned to face his fate. Over he went, but presently emerged, still in the canoe, was whirled around and buffeted by the great waves, finally disappearing behind the end of an island, when darkness fell upon the day of horror. Nine men lost in one afternoon!

The Kalulu Falls were passed after four days' labor; and the march was continued down the river. The two absentees followed on the opposite side and signaled often to their companions. In the passage of a mile and a half of rapids below the falls, another canoe was lost, reducing the number of vessels to thirteen.

To the general joy, the absentees who had been on the other side of the river, appeared in camp in the afternoon of April 1st, accompanied by Soudi. Soudi related a strange account of his adventures. He had been swept over the upper and lower falls, and the intervening rapids, and had been carried along by the current till an hour after dark, when he drifted near a rock. He sprang out, and, seizing his canoe, had just landed it, when he was caught from behind and his arms bound by two natives. He was hurried to the top of

the mountain, and then was taken for an hour over the highland, finally arriving at a village. He was taken into a hut, where he was kindly treated and well fed, but closely watched. In the morning the report of his capture spread over the village, and many persons came to see him. One of the visitors had seen him at Ntamo, and recognized him as one of Stanley's men. Thereupon the visitor charged the captors with having stolen one of the white man's men, and drew such a picture of the white man with large eyes of fire and long hair, who had a gun that shot all day, that the villagers were terrified, and compelled the men to take their captive back where they found him. This they did, returning his clothes and begging him to make intercession for them with the white king, that they might not suffer for their proceedings.

The other two men, seeking for means to cross the river, had seen Soudi sitting by his canoe, and all then ventured to cross the river, which they accomplished without mishap.

On the 3d of April, another mile and a half of rapids was descended, though not without accident. A canoe, containing fifty tusks of ivory and a sack of beads, was upset. Four men had narrow escapes from drowning, but were saved by Uledi. Stanley himself fell headlong into the water, and with difficulty kept himself from being swept away.

Five or six days were spent in passing the rough water immediately below. The usual method was to begin with Frank leading an expedition overland and forming a camp, while Stanley, with the younger men, moved the caravan by land or water. The 8th, 9th and 10th of April were spent in passing some whirlpools and rapids, but no serious accidents occurred. Once, the boat was

INTERIOR OF AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

caught between two rocks, but was gotten off without much damage. The natives of this district were very hospitable, and vegetables were cheap. But meat was out of the question. The stores were running low, and every moment of daylight had to be used in pressing on.

The 12th saw Stanley in a perilous situation. A broad fall was succeeded by a narrow stream, and a rocky islet, which caused the waves from either side to meet in a foamy central dyke of turbulent water. On either side was a wall of boulders and crags hundreds of feet in height. A little lower down, three rocky islets divided the boiling stream. Reaching this strip of water, known as the Lady Alice Rapids, by noon, preparations were made to descend the stream direct, keeping to the shore. Stanley, with the boat's crew, was to take the *Lady Alice* down, aided by strong cane cables, lashed to the bow and stern, and held by those on shore. Scarcely had they reached the top of the rapids, when the boat was swept from the grasp of those on shore, and driven into the madly rushing waters. One man was dragged into the flood, but Stanley was, fortunately, able to assist him into the boat.

Onward they furiously rushed, Stanley directing Uledi by motions of his hand, as the voice could not be heard in the uproar of waters. Oars and helm were strained to avoid the rocks, past which they sped with increasing velocity. One or two of the crew screamed in terror. The land party was passed. On they rushed, till they were borne down two miles. A sudden rumbling noise caused them to look down, when they saw the river heaved bodily upward. Divining what was to follow, the men pulled frantically at their oars, and had passed the spot before the river began its usual fatal circling. A few moments longer they were tossed by the

waves, now this way, now that, now spinning in a whirlpool; when, taking advantage of a calm moment, they succeeded in landing the boat. A messenger was then sent to the despairing people above, who had given them up as lost. In about an hour a straggling line of souls appeared, making extravagant demonstrations of joy at the narrow escape of their comrades and master. Such incidents as these served to bind all more closely together, and to supplant the spirit of hirelings with that of companions. The bold Ulèdi was with Stanley almost everywhere. Pocock had merged from the servant into the loved and trusted friend. And his was not the least joy at the providential escape of Stanley and his crew from the treacherous river.

CHAPTER XX.

CONTINUED PERILS.

THE first camp below the Lady Alice Rapids was in a remarkable situation. Four cataracts were in sight. The whole region through which Stanley was now traveling, was rough and mountainous. Most of the rocks were of igneous formation; in fact, nearly all the cataracts were caused by upheaved trap dykes. Trap and basalt, being far harder than most other rocks, wear very slowly. The Congo was not alone in the possession of cataracts. These could be noticed in a considerable stream which emptied into the Congo just below Stanley Pool. This stream was named the Gordon Bennett River. At the camp above mentioned, the Nkenke River cascaded into the Congo from a precipitous slope 1,000 feet in height; from a cliff opposite, a river dashed down 400 feet. The roar of these streams, combined with the swash of the rapids above, and the sullen thunder of a Congo cataract two miles below, is something for the imagination—not for description. Such an interminable booming, and the deep, dark vales and precipitous crags among which the expedition journeyed, could not but have a most depressing influence upon all.

Something of the extreme difficulty of progress here may be inferred when we note that it took four days to

get the canoes down the three miles the *Lady Alice* had involuntarily descended in fifteen minutes, and even then accidents were numerous, and escapes narrow. Each canoe was held by eight cables, each cable by five men. "One canoe, with a man named Nubi in it, was torn from the hands of forty men, swept down two miles, and sunk in the great whirlpool. Nubi clung to his vessel, until taken down a second time, when he and the canoe were ejected fifty yards apart; but being an expert swimmer, he regained it in the Nkenke basin, and, astride of its keel, was circling round with the strong ebb tide, when he was saved by the dashing Uledi and his young brother Shumari." A few moments later, a canoe with three men, almost paralyzed with terror, was observed drifting into the rapids. The sudden stentorian shout of Stanley roused them from their stupor, and they managed to paddle safely ashore.

Shooting the rapids in the descent from Nkenke Bay on the 18th, a canoe was wrecked, but the loss was made good by the recovery of a large one lost up the river. It had been taken up by some fishermen, who readily gave it up on receiving a small sum in payment. At this camp, it was discovered that his people were robbing Stanley most shamefully, and a search was made without warning, and a considerable amount of stolen goods recovered. The boldest thief, fearing punishment, absconded, and never returned.

From two to four miles a day was gained for a week. April 21st, some Bassesse villagers told Stanley that there was but one fall below, but that it leaped from a cliff as high as that on which their village stood. Stanley was rejoiced, believing he had at last reached "Tuckey's Farthest." Five days brought him to these falls, the Inkisi. Forty-two days had been spent in the

cataracts, and the total distance was forty-five miles!

The Inkisi Falls have no direct drop; the river is forced through a chasm 500 yards wide, and with a considerable slope. The dashing waters recoil from the sides, and meet plunging, roaring and curling in the center. The gorge is two miles long. On either side is an elevated tableland, 1,200 feet above the stream.

The position was perplexing. After a careful survey of the falls, Stanley, being told there were no more great cataracts below, concluded this must be "Tuckey's Farthest;" and at once he determined to drag his canoes over the mountain, and reach clear water beyond. Upon his announcing this, the natives stared by turns at him and the steep, craggy, forest-grown mountain, in horror. Then, climbing the steep ascent, they secured their livestock, and scattered the report that the white man was going to fly his canoes over the mountain; while the Bassesse opposite gathered on the cliffs to see his magical boats swim through the cataract!

To work all hands went, clearing a road to the summit. The boat and a small canoe being carried to the top, the natives were vastly pleased, and as no witchcraft had injured their belongings, they were easily hired to assist in the work. By April 28th the task was completed. Kacheche was sent overland with six men to explore for ten miles. Manwa Sera was left in charge of the camp on the mountain, to bring forward the canoes as fast as possible, and Stanley pushed forward to Nzabi with the stores, and established a new camp there, where he intended to once more take to the water. Manwa Sera completed his task by the 15th of April.

In this region all manner of European cloths and

OVERLAND WITH THE CANOES.

utensils were abundant; and for this reason provisions were dear. Stanley and Pocock were now in sore straits. Sugar had given out in Uregga, coffee at Vinya Njara, and now tea was exhausted. Frank's shoes were gone, and Stanley's nearly so. Frank was reduced to such sandals as he could extemporize out of accessible materials. This was so wearisome a task that he frequently went barefooted; an act Stanley continually rebuked, both on moral and hygienic grounds. The white man, in the eye of the savage, abolishes much of his superiority when he lays aside his foot gear. And further, all of the people were in poor condition from poor fare and hard labor and exposure. Ulcers were abundant. Any serious abrasion of the skin resulted in one, and this region abounded in mosquitoes and skin-infesting vermin. Any man with unprotected feet ran serious risks. One or two already had their feet almost eaten away by malignant ulcers aggravated by these pests. And before the party broke camp at Nzabi, Frank himself had a small ulcer upon each foot.

While Manwa Sera was hauling the canoes to the new camp, Stanley determined to make a new canoe to replace one of the nine he had lost. The friendly old chief of Nzabi gave permission to use any of the largest trees in his territory. After careful examination of the various woods, Stanley set his men to work on a large ubani tree, whose timber, though soft, is strong. Uledi was in this, as in other labors, the most enthusiastic workman, swinging his axe as though never tired; and by the 22d of May three large canoes, the *Livingstone*, the *Jason*, and the *Stanley*, were afloat in the stream.

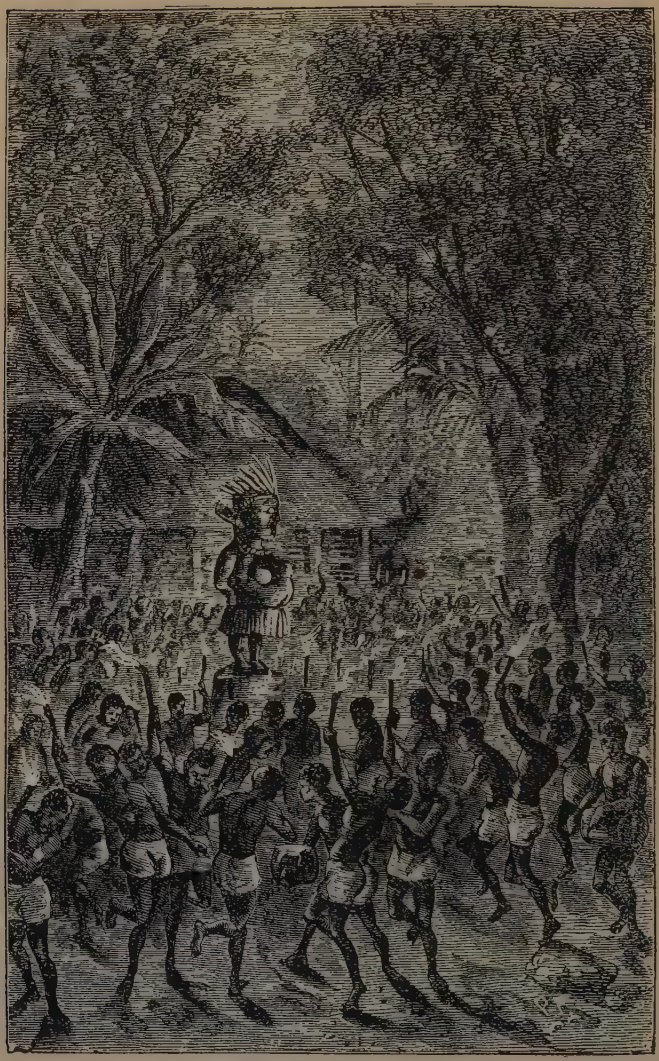
An incident which occurred during the hewing of the canoes shows how strongly the West African is im-

bued with a belief in witchcraft and fetish. The axes needed repairing. Kacheche was sent to seek a blacksmith. After a long search one was found near Mowa market. While the man was at work a piece of glowing iron flew off and burnt the breast of one of his children. The enraged father beat the war drum, summoning his countrymen to see what all the hullabaloo was about. Kacheche, in answer to the father's charge of bad fetish, folded his arms, and appealed to the common sense of the people. The father insisted it was bad fetish, and that only the property of an evilly disposed person could have wrought such hurt to an innocent child. Things looked squally. At this juncture the chief of Nzabi passed by, and induced the blacksmith to condone the offense for fifteen cowries extra. A general laugh, and drinking and handshaking, and tales of the wonders of fetish closed the scene.

While in this place, various complaints of theft were brought by the natives against those under command of Manwa Sera. One man was caught stealing, and Stanley spent an entire day negotiating for his freedom, and was finally compelled to pay cloth to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars for his redemption. As he could not afford to pay such exorbitant prices for their release, he decreed for the fiftieth time that anyone caught stealing thereafter should be left with his captors as a slave.

The chief of Nzabi astonished Stanley by the assertion that there were five large falls still below. This information proved far more reliable than any yet received; and for the reason that, toward the coast, trade and travel are more common.

The 22d of May saw the expedition, a little refreshed by brief rest, once more afloat on its journey. Frank



A FETISH DANCE.

Pocock's ulcers had been neglected till they were so serious as to prevent his traveling by land, and in consequence he was assigned to the boat. This aroused the chaffing propensities of the humorous gamin Baraka, who at once began to twit him with being a "Goee-Goee"—an untranslatable nickname he had invented for those on the sick-list. It means, as nearly as we can express it, "despairing, forlorn good-for-nothings." Frank took the gibes good-naturedly; he had plenty of company; thirteen others were in various ways incapacitated for work. Stanley, with the strongest of the party, went overland to the Mowa Falls, a distance of three miles; while the gallant Uledi, Manwa Sera, Chowpereh, and Frank managed the canoe party.

On the 27th of May all hands arrived in the camp below the great Mowa Falls, having sustained no worse accident for several days than a slight injury to the *Lady Alice*, which was easily repaired.

And now we have an incident which we at once regret and rejoice to record. We have seen how faithful and diligent Uledi has been; Uledi, the best soldier, sailor and artisan of the expedition; Uledi, who had up to this time saved thirteen persons from drowning; who was ever ready to risk life or limb for a mere wish of his employer; who had made himself the favorite of his master, and of his companions, doing for others often what they would never have done for him—to find a grave fault in this man is shattering a cherished idol. But it brings to light the nobility in others.

It was in the evening of the 27th of May. The expedition had been passing the Lower and Great Mowa Falls. After all had reached camp, the boy Majwara came and reported that in the transport of goods from the

Upper Mowa camp a sack of beads had been ripped open, and a considerable quantity of beads abstracted.

"Beads abstracted! at such a period, when every bead is of more value to me than its bulk in gold or gems; when the lives of so many people depend upon the strictest economy; when I have punished myself by the most rigid abstinence from meat, in order to feed the people!

"'Who was the thief, Majwara? Speak, and I will make an example of him.'

"He was not sure, but thought it must be Uledi.

"'Uledi! not Uledi the cockswain?'

"'Yes, replied Majwara timidly.

"Uledi was called, and while he was kept waiting Kacheche was called and told in Uledi's presence—while I watched his face—to seize upon everything belonging to him and his wife, and produce everything before me unopened. Uledi was asked to confess if he possessed any beads to which he had no right. He replied, 'None.' Kacheche was then told to open his mat, and in the mat were discovered nearly five pounds of the fine Sami-Sami beads, sufficient for nearly two days' provisions for the whole expedition! He was placed under guard."

At sunset the entire expedition was mustered. Stanley reminded them of the continual thefts of his goods; of the fact that he and Frank had been waiving their own rights and endeavoring to keep the rest supplied; yet they were almost sure to be reduced to starvation ere reaching the sea. Some terrible example must be made of a thief. That day a man had been found with a large stock of stolen beads; that man was Uledi; what should be done with him?

"After much urging, Manwa Sera said that it was a very hard case, seeing that it was Uledi. Had it been

any of the men who for months had been tenderly cared for, who had not toiled from morn till eve in the cataracts, nor borne the toil and fatigue of the day, who had never been distinguished for worth but were always a shiftless and cowardly set, he would have given his vote for drowning him by hanging a stone around his neck and pitching him into the river; but as it happened to be Uledi, he therefore proposed that he should receive a thorough flogging, to deter others from repeating the crime. The votes of the chiefs were in accord with this, and three-fourths of the people cried out for flogging.

"Then I turned to the boat's crew, and said, 'Now, you boys, you who know Uledi so well, and have followed him like children through a hundred rough scenes, —speak; what shall be done with him?'

"Mpwapwa, one of the most reliable and steady men, replied: 'Well, master, it is a hard question. Uledi is like our elder brother, and to give our voice for punishing him would be like asking you to punish ourselves. But the fathers of the people have demanded that he shall be beaten, and I am only like a boy among them. Yet, master, for our sakes, beat him only just a little. Mpwapwa has said.'

"'And you, Marzouk'—Uledi's companion on the rock at the fourth cataract of the Stanley falls—'what do you say?'

"'Verily, master, Mpwapwa has spoken what my tongue would have uttered; yet I would say, remember it is Uledi.'

"'And you, Shumari, who are Uledi's brother, what punishment shall I mete out to this thief who would starve everybody—you and me?'

"'Ah! dear master, your words are as lead.

Spare him! It is true Uledi has done very wrong, and has stolen. He is always stealing, and I have scolded him often for it. I have never stolen. No man can accuse me of taking that which did not belong to me, and I am but a boy and Uledi is my elder. But please, master, as the chiefs say he must be flogged, give me half of it, and knowing it is for Uledi's sake I shall notfeel it.'

"'Now, Saywa, you are his cousin; what do you say? Ought not Uledi to receive the severest punishment to prevent others from stealing?'

"'Will the master give his slave liberty to speak?'

"'Yes, say all that is in your heart, Saywa.'

"Young Saywa then advanced, and kneeling, seized my feet and embraced them, and then said:—

"'The master is wise. All things that happen he writes in a book. Each day there is something written. We black men know nothing, neither have we any memory. What we saw yesterday is to-day forgotten. Yet the master forgets nothing. Perhaps if the master will look in his books, he will see something in them about Uledi: how Uledi behaved on Lake Tanganyika; how he rescued Zaidi from the cataract; how he has saved many men, whose names I cannot remember, from the river; how he worked harder on the canoes than any three men; how he has been the first to listen to your voice always; how he has been the father of the boat-boys, and many other things. With Uledi, master, the boat-boys are good and ready; without him they are nothing. Uledi is Shumari's brother. If Uledi is bad, Shumari is good. Uledi is my cousin. If, as the chiefs say, Uledi should be punished, Shumari says he will take a half of the punishment; then give Saywa the other half, and set Uledi free. Saywa has spoken.'

"'Very well,' I said. 'Uledi, by the voice of the people, is condemned, but as Shumari and Saywa have promised to take the punishment on themselves, Uledi is set free, and Shumari and Saywa are pardoned!'

"Uledi, upon being released, advanced and said: "Master, it was not Uledi who stole. It was the devil which entered into his heart. Uledi will be good in future, and if he pleased his master before, he will please his master much more in time to come.'"

Like all West Africans, the Babwende around Mowa are extremely superstitious. The slightest untoward accident is attributed to bad fetish. Some one must suffer. The faith-curist should reap a rich harvest there; for all disease and trouble they firmly believe to come from the devil. Any written matter is viewed by them with special suspicion. Three days after the trial of Uledi, Stanley, encouraged by the friendliness of the natives, took his note-book out in their camp to jot down some items. In a few moments there was a great hubbub; the natives ran away, shouting their war cries. Two hours later several hundred musket-armed savages marched into camp, and demanded that the "Mundele" should burn the tara-tara upon which he had made marks. Otherwise they would fight.

Burn his valuable notes? Never. But something must be done. Turning over his book-box, Stanley hit upon a well-worn copy of Shakespeare; the companion of many lonely hours. Being of the same size as the note-book, and similarly bound, the natives readily pronounced it to be the objectionable article. It was burnt; the notes were saved.

"Ah-h-h," sighed the natives, "the Mundele is

good—very good. He loves his Mowa friends. There is no trouble now."

Superstitious as these people were, they were of a higher type than those found in another region by a French traveler. To them, as shown in our illustration, a newspaper was a novel and beautiful ornament. The traveler, having carelessly left one of his papers for a moment, returned to find one of the naked vagrants seated on the ground, while his companions stood around with hands upraised and mouths agape, uttering a chorus of cries of admiration. The scene is suggestive of the king of the cannibals, whose full dress costume, on state occasions, consisted of a shirt collar and eye-glass, and who was in consequence styled by his loving subjects, "The Magnificent."

The viewing of written characters with suspicion is not confined to Africa. It is quite common among many of the more ignorant Asiatic tribes.

ONE USE OF A NEWSPAPER.

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH AND DESPAIR.

SEVEN days were spent in camp at Mowa, and the time was, as usual, improved by Stanley in making notes of the surrounding country and the most interesting native customs. The ulcers on Frank's feet had by this time become so virulent that he was unable to travel, and was, as a consequence, carried in a hammock, when he could not go in a canoe. Though disabled, he was not idle, and devoted his time to mending, patching, and such other sedentary employment as he was able to perform. He also enlivened the camp by his cheery songs, and was an exceedingly pleasant companion to Stanley.

The third of June found all refreshed and ready to leave Mowa, and proceed to Zinga. Kacheche and Wadi Rehani, because of Frank's disability, were sent in charge of the land party with the goods, and the invalids, women and children.

Stanley himself set out ahead of the land party, to select a camp, and prepare the natives for his coming.

He attempted to make the trip down the river in the boat, but venturing into the rough water, was almost lost, being saved only by the most frantic exertions. Finding the boat very leaky, and hard to manage, he

returned to Mowa to take his swiftest canoe and start afresh. But the boat boys scattered out in search of food, and being unwilling to wait, lest the overland party should be ill treated by the natives, Stanley determined to go on afoot.

Before leaving, he gave very explicit directions to Manwa Sera concerning the transport of the canoes, strictly enjoining him to be cautious in the river. He also instructed Frank to wait till some men could be sent to carry him, telling him if the men did not come in time, to take others and proceed overland in a hammock.

The natives of the Zinga were kind, and Stanley soon established a fast and sure friendship, which was never broken. Having completed all his arrangements, about three o'clock he took his stand in an elevated position, and began to survey the river with a field-glass. He had not been long in this place before he saw a capsized canoe, with several men clinging to it, floating down the current.

Kacheche was instantly sent with eleven men and canoe ropes to a point where the current would drift the hapless men close in shore before finally hurling them over the great Zinga falls. Stanley still watched the unfortunate men, and saw them strive bravely to right the canoe, and failing in this, draw themselves up on the keel, and paddle for dear life to avoid the terrible falls. Finally, as the canoe drifted near the shore, the men abandoned it, and swam ashore, and a moment later the canoe darted by with the speed of an arrow over the cataract, through the waves, into the unfathomable depths of the whirlpool, and so away out of sight.

"Bad news travels fast. Kacheche, breathless with haste, and livid with horror, announced that of the

eleven men embarked in the canoe, eight only were saved.

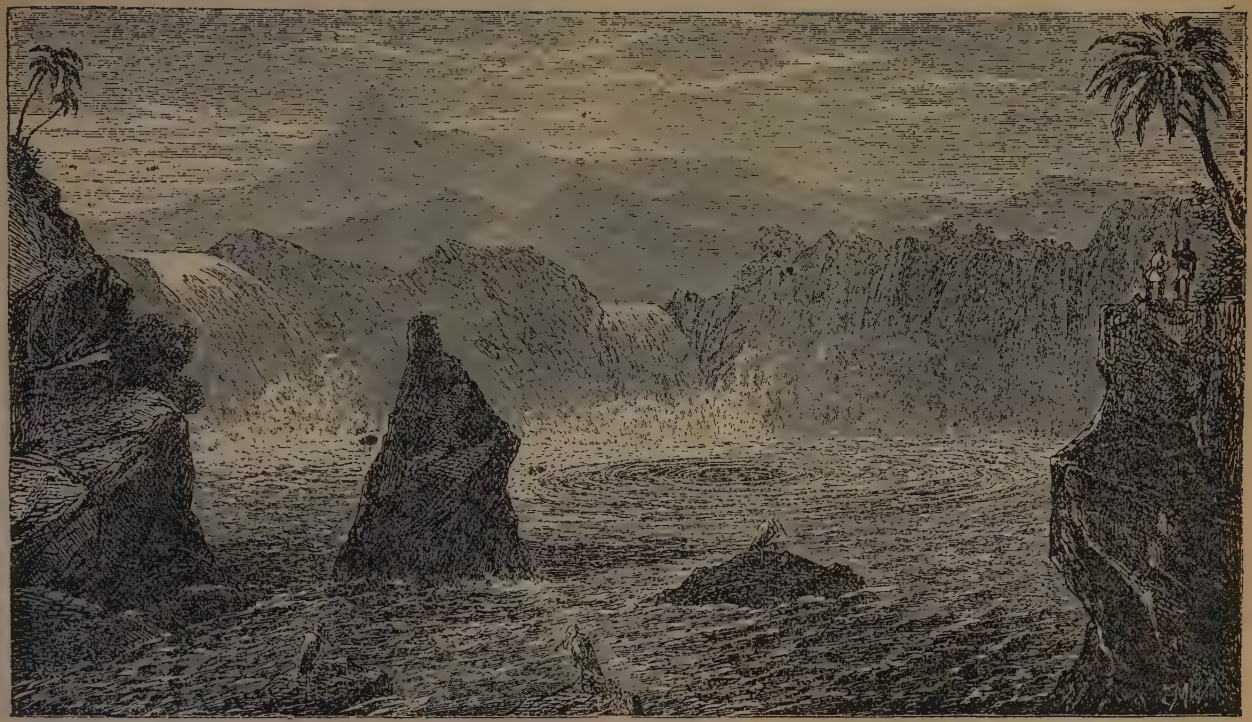
"Three are lost—and—*one of them is the little master.*"

"*The little master*, Kacheche?" gasped Stanley, "Surely, not the little master!"

"Yes, he is lost, master."

In response to his eager inquiries as to the circumstances of the tragic affair, Stanley elicited the following account from Uledi and his companions, who had come up dripping wet, and were still brown-faced with their terror.

As Uledi and his crew were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river, and told them to take him along. Uledi expostulated on the ground that he had no orders about taking him, but Frank persisted with all a sick man's impatience, and finally compelled them to assist him into the canoe. The *Jason* was swift and well-manned, and in half an hour had descended the river through the Massesse rapids, till the booming roar of the Massassa falls warned them of danger ahead. With Frank's permission, Uledi then landed and went to where he could view the falls. He soon returned and reported them impassable. Frank was incredulous, so Uledi went a second time with two others, that his opinion might be confirmed. They also reported that no canoe could live through the mad billows. Still Frank thought they were magnifying the danger, and taunted Uledi with being afraid. Uledi then reminded him of the many examples he had already given of his bravery, when Frank exclaimed, "Well, if you are not afraid, the others are." Uledi explained to him that all considered it death to venture farther on the river, but still Frank taunted the men



CATARACT AND WHIRLPOOL.

till their mettle was roused, and they told him they would make the trial if he would stand responsible for the consequences.

Frank said, no! Uledi was chief in the canoe, and must give all orders. He could go if he chose; if not, Frank would know it was because he was afraid. He could do as he pleased.

Terrible folly this, to so taunt and urge a man so brave as Uledi. It was Frank's weak point.

Uledi turned to his men: "Boys, our little master is saying we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract, but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men." They shoved into the stream.

The current was smooth, but very swift; the fall was diagonally across; the canoe was on the right side of the stream, near the upper end of the fall. At Frank's orders they endeavored to cross the stream so as to glide down by the comparatively safe current on the left side. It soon became apparent that this was impossible, as they were rapidly being borne broadside on to the falls. Uledi then headed the canoe straight over, and boldly bore down to the center. As the thunder of the water increased, Frank stood up and saw too late the fearful danger. Over the canoe went, into the terrible whirlpools. Shouting to the men to hold on for their lives, he started to tear away his shirt, and prepare himself for a life and death struggle. Before he finished his preparations the canoe was engulfed in the abyss, and the seething waters closed over all. The river then belched upward, and the canoe was disgorged into the bright sunlight, with several gasping men clinging to it. Counting their number, they found only eight alive, and alas! there was no white face

among them. Presently another heaving of the waters close to them showed the insensible form of the "little master," and a loud moan was heard from him. Uledi struck gallantly toward him, but ere he could reach him, another pool sucked them both under. A second time the gallant cockswain emerged, faint and weary, but Frank Pocock was seen no more.

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank," cried Stanley, "have you left me so? Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man."

"'Our fate is in the hands of God, master,' replied he, sadly and wearily."

All over the surrounding country the woful tale rapidly circulated. The natives crowded round, offering real and heart-felt sympathy after their lights. The large crowds spoke together in subdued tones, as though sincerely affected by the tragic end of Stanley's beloved companion. "The brother of the Mundele is lost at Massassa," they said. Ndala, the kindly chief of Zinga, drove away the throngs of natives, that Stanley might be undisturbed. He and his wives, and two or three chiefs seated themselves around to condole with Stanley; they said it was the work of the bad fetish of the Massassa people, and if Stanley was willing they would utterly destroy them. Their sorrow was deep and sincere.

The Wangwana were differently affected. They were stupefied; their faculties of feeling, hope and action were benumbed. Home was now an idle myth. Hitherto there had been a confidence in fate, and the energy of desperation. Henceforth it was the dark side of the same fatality, and the sullenness of desperation. From this time forward they exhibited a doggedness and

lack of feeling for themselves and their comrades. The most trifling ailment would cause them to lean on a rock, or crouch by a fire, with a despairing look. They would never ask for help or medicine, would hardly reply when asked what ailed them, and caring nothing for themselves, they naturally cared nothing for others.

"Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents had finally deadened, almost destroyed, that lively fear of death formerly shown."

Stanley himself was almost reduced to the point of despair. Daily seeing objects associated with memories of the loved and lost friend nearly unmanned him. He sat for hours in the silent light of the moon, viewing the treacherous river, and almost imagining that he saw his friend buffeting with the cruel waves, and himself powerless to assist.

He felt the stony grief devoid of tears which is so terrible to the subject. Almost was he persuaded to end his work. "Ah, had some one then but relieved me of my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their Zanjian homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and crying out, 'Who dies earliest dies best,' have embarked in my boat and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity."

Alas! alas! vain was the hope that by some miracle Frank had escaped. Eight days afterward a native arrived at Zinga with the statement that a fisherman in Kilanga basin had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and paddling to it had been horrified to find the upturned face of a white man! The fisherman would not touch it, and the body was permitted to drift away without burial, and was never seen again.

So passes from our narrative Francis John Pocock, well worthy of honor among African travelers, a victim to the nervous impatience of a sick man. Let him, like De Soto in the Mississippi, sleep in the Congo, whose mysteries he had so long and so anxiously aided his master to solve. No fitter grave can he have, and while the Livingstone shall roll, let the name of Pocock's Pool commemorate the worth of the tried and trusted friend and companion.

For some days a prodigious amount of labor was expended in collecting the forces (which now occupied three different camps), and in transporting the canoes past the dread Massassa. Meanwhile the difficulties of the task were increased by the sullen languor and indifference of the men, who had almost come to open revolt. They said it were better to be slaves for the heathen than to follow Stanley longer, for the end would be death. The natives had filled them with tales of the spirits of the Falls. But Stanley's unwritten sufferings told him their feelings, and he had no harsh words for them. Slowly and mechanically they set to work. In sixteen days the forces were once more collected, this time at Zinga. Two miles' distance in eighteen days! A good man drowned! Small wonder the Wangwana despaired.

It was necessary to construct roads of brush-wood around the Zinga Falls before the boats could be transferred to the basin below.

On the 20th of June, as this task was being prosecuted, the people stirred about so lifelessly that Stanley asked what was the matter. One fellow, remarkable for nothing but his great size and strength, turned sharply round and said—"We're tired, and that's what's the matter!"

This assertion two-thirds of the people did not hesitate to confirm. In view of the state of affairs, Stanley called the people together and invited them to rehearse their wrongs. They said they were tired; nothing awaited them but a repetition each day of frightful labor on the land; death was in the river, they had no strength, and were not going to work any more. Stanley told them he was as tired and hungry as they, and even sadder at heart. If they all left, he had no further responsibility, and could drop into the nearest cataract. While he lived, whether they followed or no, his duty was along that river. They could take the remaining beads, and go whither they would. He then walked away and went to his tent. Soon one of the tent-boys came to him with the announcement that thirty of the men had deserted in a body. As the disaffected proved to be less than one-third of the whole, Kacheche and Manwa Sera were sent after them, to reason with them, but after overtaking them five miles distant, found them determined to continue on their way. Meanwhile the faithfuls worked on.

The next day messengers were sent out to cut off the fugitives, and to request the chiefs not to permit them to pass.

The chiefs complied, beat the war drums, and created such a mock excitement that the mutineers were halted and made to regret the step they had taken. The next day Kacheche and Manwa Sera were again sent to reason with the mutineers, who were by this time fifteen miles away. By a promise of pardon and complete absolution for the offence, all were induced to return to their duty.

On the 23rd of June, assisted by a hundred and fifty natives, Stanley's men succeeded in drawing three ca-

ANIMALS OF AFRICA.

noes up the steep slope from the river to the rocky level above. The fourth canoe was the new *Livingstone*, weighing about three tons. It was drawn twenty feet out of the water, when the cables parted, and it dashed furiously down into the water. The chief carpenter clung to it, with the idea that he was able to check its descent, was dragged into the river, and being unable to swim, climbed into the boat. Uledi sprang into the water, swam alongside, and cried out to the man to jump and he would save him. "Ah, my brother," replied the unfortunate man, "I can not swim." "Jump, man, before it is too late! You are drifting toward the cataract." "I am afraid." "Well then, good-bye, my brother, nothing can save you!" said Uledi, striking out for the shore, which he reached only fifty feet above the cataract. In another second the great canoe was shot over the falls and drawn into a whirlpool. For some seconds it remained under water, then it rose high and straight out of the depths, the man still in it. Again it was swallowed up, and again ejected; still the man retained his hold. For the third time it was immersed, and when it again appeared, it had no occupant. After riding high on the waves to the calmer waters of the crossing place, in view of all, the canoe wheeled around five times on the edge of a large vortex, and sank to rise no more.

Another good man gone! The people were gloomier than ever. They sat at their fires, counting the losses. Doom they considered certain. The natives below were reported hostile. Stores were scarce. Stanley was at his wits' end. What could be done? Three miles in thirty days; four men drowned!

On the 27th Stanley entered the boat with six men, intending to be lowered by means of cables held by those

on the bank. Step by step, with a prudence and care born of their previous experience, they moved along till they neared a huge rock in the center of the stream. A channel ran between this rock and the shore, and even while they were hoping to pass through this thread-like stream, the cables parted, and the boat dashed down the channel, flying by the rocks with incredible rapidity. Uledi was at the helm, calm, cool, confident. So often had the men beheld scenes of death and danger that now they sat still, awaiting the final outcome with indifference. Certain voices whispered, "What is to be will be;" "One can not escape the inevitable," and such like sentiments. Past the Mbelo falls, whirled around an eddying pool, precipitated into a boiling, seething cauldron, away down stream they darted, finally emerging on a slackened current into Nguru basin. Subdued and grateful, they murmured "Saved again!" and sought the sandy beach.

Stanley says: "Leaving four men at Kilanga in charge of the boat, I crossed the little brook and proceeded to meet the terror-stricken multitude, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me advancing towards them. I was to them like one risen from the dead. 'Yes, we shall reach the sea, please God,' said they. 'We see the hand of God now. But you must not tempt the wicked river any more, master. We shall do it ourselves. Better far that we die than you. You shall not go to the river again until we are beyond the falls.' Poor dear souls, they made me forgive them all. How bitter had my thoughts been lately; but this genuine expression of love and devotion healed the sickened soul, and infused new vigor into it, until I felt again that old belief that success would finally reward us."

It was a providential occurrence; almost the only thing that could have reanimated these negro fatalists. Whatever their losses, their master's star was a lucky one. Their fortunes were best cast in with his. Thus, when a great gloom had seemingly totally crushed them, a great deliverance revived them. They saw Providence in it. A little of the old courage returned.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STARVING RESCUED.

THE situation was now a very grave one. The party was soon concentrated at Kilanga, but the stores were very low; so low Stanley saw that only rapid marching could preserve them from famine. Already disease and short rations had reduced all to gaunt, bony frames. Two died of want and disease on the 7th of July, at Mpakambendi, and two who who were seized for stealing from the natives were ransomed at a cost that left the expedition almost bankrupt. Famine already stared them in the face.

At Mpakambendi, the great irregular canyon ended. The river widened. Cataracts and rapids still occurred, but the trap, gneiss, and granite were replaced by shales, easily worn away by the stream, which in consequence was not dangerous.

The distance from Ntamo, just below Stanley Pool, to Mpakambendi, was only ninety-five geographical miles, and this distance had occupied one hundred and thirty-one days!

The natives about here were decidedly cool in their treatment of the travelers on account of the representations of certain native traders from the coast. Stanley quickly exposed the absurd protectionists by adroit questioning, and harmony prevailed once more.

Six miles progress was made by the 13th of July, when they reached the country of the Kakongo, reported to be very hostile. While still in fear and much perplexity, the natives came across the river in great numbers, and soon became very friendly, five volunteering to guide the company as far as the next fall, which was said to be the last. After obtaining a supply of provisions, all hands embarked on the 16th, and raced down the river in grand style to the great cataract. This was quite dangerous on the right side; fifteen feet high or more. On the left it was merely a swift stream with a steep slope, succeeded by many leaping waves. A large concourse of natives were present, and behaved very amiably. After the camp was made, three chiefs advanced and proffered their assistance, and were at once engaged. Next morning four hundred and nine natives conveyed the canoes and boat around the fall in admirable style, though one canoe was wrecked. They were liberally paid and the utmost good feeling prevailed. Stanley regarded these natives as the politest people in Africa.

Resuming the journey, a tribe of natives was passed, who, though sullen, made no resistance to the advance. A daring rush down the rapids of Ungufu-inchi was made without accident, when an advance of six miles ended in a halt near the village of Kibonda. The natives here were a surly, ill-disposed race, who demanded the most extortionate prices for food. One of the Wangwana, unable to obtain food, coolly went to a garden and began to help himself. The natives closed round him, bound him hand and foot, and carried him off. They demanded four times the worth of all the goods of the expedition for his release, and being unable to lessen their price, Stanley was com-

pelled to abandon his man to slavery. Still this did not deter another man a few days later from stealing some fowls. This case was submitted to the chiefs of the expedition, who gravely condemned the thief to captivity. On the 25th some natives were met who informed Stanley that he was about five days' journey by water from what they called "Isangila." Stanley believed this to be identical with the "Sanga Yellala" of Tuckey, or "Sangalla" of others, and told his people they were near the sea. All were intensely affected. One man, Safeni, the cockswain in the perilous voyage around the Victoria, was intoxicated with joy, and became frantic in his behavior. He cried out that he was about to run all the way to the sea, to tell the white men Stanley was coming; and seizing his pet parrot, he plunged into the woods. It then occurred to Stanley that the man was deranged, and three men were sent to bring him back. Four hours thereafter they returned, their errand having been fruitless. He might have been recovered in three or four days, but death by starvation threatened all, and they were compelled to hasten forward. They never saw Safeni more.

Had there been more energy among the people, many more would now have been on the verge of frenzy. But there was little more life in the emaciated bodies than could keep soul and body together. Hollow-eyed, weak, sallow, miserable, on they groped—the sea! the sea! their one ruling thought. Xenophon's Greeks were never more eager for the ocean than were Stanley and his starving Arabs.

The 28th of July, after a considerable stretch of calm water, they landed at Kilolo. The hungry people scattered with their trinkets to purchase provisions. Food! food they must have. Stanley remained among the natives on the bank.

Shots were heard in the uplands. Soon the people return; some with gunshot wounds; Uledi, bold fellow, faithful to the uttermost, bearing a feeble comrade on his back. What is all this? Stealing again? "We could not help it, master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground, and began to eat and they began shooting."

Poor starving men! better to be shot than perish by the slower torture of famine. Three had been captured, and the savages were about to attack and destroy the force; but the persistent entreaties of some friendly natives from the other shore pacified them. Sad and disheartened, the expedition moved on, and left their three companions in slavery. They might have attacked the villagers and released them, but that would have been contrary to their principles. But what one of our readers would have blamed the hungry men? It is some satisfaction to know that one of them eventually escaped, and after a variety of adventures, by the kindness of white traders and naval captains reached his Zanjian home.

The fact is, the natives degenerate rapidly toward the west coast. The people from this point on were decidedly inferior to the Babwende above. They cared nothing for the privations of the weary band, and seldom were willing to barter anything.

On the 30th of July the journey by water came to an end. The Isangila Fall was reached. The river dashes through a chasm five hundred yards wide, divided by seven rocky islets. On the right is a drop of ten feet, and a second of eight; on the left the river rebounds from a cliff, and storms down a mile and a half in a succession of tempestuous billows. On the left rose a mountain ridge, nine hundred feet high; on the right,

AFRICAN MARKET.

a broad terrace, sloping upward, rose steeply into a tableland twelve hundred feet in height.

Stanley's task was accomplished. There could be no reasonable doubt of the identity of this with the Sanga Yellala of Tuckey. The map of the Congo's route was completed. Stanley therefore determined to lose no more time on the river, but to strike overland to Embomma, five marches distant, where he was told he would find white men. He abandoned the boat that had done such good service for three years, leaving it high on the rocks above Isangila. He gave his followers every article that could be dispensed with, and prepared for a march overland. Efforts at barter were almost useless. Such food as was procured was high in price, and poor in quality.

In a starving condition they staggered on till a consequential, self-important chief hurried up and halted the caravan. He wanted tribute for passage through his territory. To Stanley's inquiry as to what he wanted, he demanded "a big bottle of rum," and refused to take anything else. During the dialogue, Uledi came up and asked, "What does this old man want, master?"

"He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it!"

"There's rum for him," said Uledi irreverently, slapping his majesty in the face. As the stool on which he sat was not very firm, the old chief fell over prostrate. He rose up, and with his people hurried off to his village, where a great excitement was raised, but Stanley and his men did not stay to see the end of it.

When the villages of Ndambi Mbongo were reached, an attempt was made to barter for food, but the unfeeling chiefs would trade for nothing but "rum."

Growing weaker and yet weaker, they toiled pain-

fully on, the young assisting the old, the husbands carrying their children and tenderly leading their wives, till all made their entrance to the village of Nsanda. Here Stanley learned that it was only about three days' journey, for a strong man, to Embomma. The chief of Nsanda was persuaded to send two natives with three of Stanley's men to carry a letter to Embomma. Stanley wrote in English, French, and Spanish, describing their destitute condition, and imploring assistance. He then called for volunteers to take the letters. Uledi offered himself with his usual alacrity, and was zealously seconded by Kacheche and two others. Through delay in obtaining guides, they could not depart till noon of the next day, August 4th. Then they moved off rapidly. But when half way to Embomma, the guides became frightened and deserted them. They in whom were the hopes of the expedition were alone in an unknown region.

Meantime Stanley had distributed a large quantity of cloth and beads, and sent the strongest out to forage. But little food was obtained. Again the people wearily dragged themselves forward a short distance, that they might be a little nearer the wished-for relief. On their march, a "powerful man," followed by a large crowd, came up and demanded payment for passage through his country. Stanley refused, and the "powerful man" became outrageous and called for his gun. He was warned that he had better not shoot, as he was dealing with a desperate set of men who might eat every soul in his country if once aroused. The "powerful man" then cooled down, and made friends.

On staggered the fast weakening people. The path was hard, and in places strewn with quartz. Many did not believe the sea was near; and coldly said

the master was right to encourage his people. The end was not far; hope going, strength going, day by day.

By morning of August 6th, Banza Mbuko was reached. The natives were prosperous and heartless. No pity was shown in their dusky faces. There would be a market in two or three days; the travelers could wait till then. Besides, they possessed little worth trading for.

Wait! In two or three days! How many would then be beyond all help? No hope now but in Uledi and his comrades. How had they fared? How would they be received at Embomma?

"Not one word of reproach issued from the starving people; they threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but with stony resignation surrendered themselves to rest under the scanty shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child; but the adults remained still and apparently lifeless, each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering. The youths, companions of Uledi, and the chiefs sat in whispering groups, removed from the sick and grieving, and darkly dotted the vicinity of the tent; the childless women were also seen by twos and threes far apart, discussing, no doubt, our prospects, for at this period this was the most absorbing topic of the camp.

'Suddenly the shrill voice of a little boy was heard, saying, 'Oh! I see Uledi and Kacheche coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them.'

TEMPORARY CAMP.

"'What!—what!—what!'—broke out eagerly from several voices, and dark forms were seen springing up from amongst the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill slope.

"'Yes; it is true! it is true! La il Allah, il Allah! Yes; el hamd ul Illah! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly. We are saved, thank God!'"

Imagine their feelings, you who can.

After being deserted by the guides, Uledi and his friends had followed a road for some distance, and the next day they followed the Congo, a wearisome, hill-climbing journey. They reached Embomma or Boma at dark, and were given prompt assistance by the resident agents of Hatton & Cookson, a Liverpool firm. They had fasted absolutely for thirty hours. The next morning they found a band of carriers with provisions, ready to be guided to Stanley.

The great peril was over. While the provisions were being distributed, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up an exultant extemporaneous chant of the great cataracts, the cannibals, the famine, great lakes and vast regions, and niggard natives, and closed by singing that the journey was ended; that his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "hell of hunger," and as each verse ended rang out the chorus, "Then sing, O friends, sing! the journey is ended. Sing aloud, O friends! sing to this great sea."

It is not necessary to detail further the incidents of the journey. The reader may imagine the eagerness with which the famished people cooked their food; and how many of them ravenously devoured rice and fish raw; how Stanley was delighted with the sundries sent

for himself—the bread, wines, jams, pudding, salmon, sardines, butter, to which he had so long been a stranger. Nor can we dwell upon the kindness of Stanley's reception by the Europeans at Boma on the nine hundred and ninety-ninth day after leaving Zanzibar; his strange feelings at seeing white faces once more, and involuntarily wondering at their paleness (they were much sunburned). With strangely mingled emotions he steamed down the stream, and on the 12th of August once more entered the restless ocean. The journey was over. The treacherous river was a thing of the past; yet not an idle memory, but a terrible reality. Honors might be in store for him, but the mighty flood should not surrender the loved and lost friend and the faithful followers till the day when there should be no more sea. Gladness and gratitude were tinged with sadness.

So ends a journey which has had few parallels in the history of civilization. Arctic explorers have encountered as terrible hardships, but of a different class. We might compare the perilous errand of Stanley to the wonderful icefloe drift of one thousand five hundred miles by Tyson and his party in the Polar Seas; or to the ill-fated expedition of Franklin; but neither can serve to illustrate the other. And we detract nothing from the laurels of Arctic explorers when we say that, with respect to importance of results, Stanley's explorations have achieved more for the benefit of the world than have all the Arctic voyagers from Lief Ericsson to the present. This fact is apparent from the very nature of the two regions.

But little remains to be said. Stanley had this time no reason to complain of the want of fairness or kindness in any one. At Loanda and Cape Town, Stan-

ley and his men were the lions of the day. Every hospitality was offered them. Vessels for transportation were tendered them. Europeans of all nationalities vied with each other in kindness and generosity. Yet in vain was the succor, for some. One of the Wangwana died at the mouth of the Congo. All were subject to the terrible reaction that comes after long mental and physical strain. Stanley, with all the duties that devolved upon him, the stimulus of friends and civilized surroundings, yet found himself, at times, sinking into lethargic sleep, even while eating. The Wangwana had no counter-irritant. Thought of home failed to arouse them.

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?"

"Ah! it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it."

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up; shake yourselves; show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest forever."

Poor fellows! Four more died of this malady at Loanda, despite the kindly attentions of the physicians, and three others on the way to Zanzibar. The wife of the sage Safeni, who went crazy for joy when told the sea was near, died the day after reaching home. And in their apathy, or with their last breath, they often murmured: "We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers. There is no God but God!"

At Cape Town they revived somewhat with the novelty of the surroundings, and at the sight of the strange "fire-carriages" upon which they were given a ride. Various entertainments were furnished for them. Yet sadness still showed in their faces. Stanley, learning

the poor, affectionate creatures feared he would return to Europe at once, and send them on to Zanzibar alone, renewed his oft-repeated promise to see them home, even if he had to walk all the way. "Now we are grateful, master," they said. There were no more sad faces among them.

No easy task would it be to portray their joy at once more beholding their beloved island. When on the 26th of November they landed, they danced, they leaped, they knelt, they kissed the sands, they wept, they sprang into their friends' arms, and shouted. The town was in a pleasant uproar over the wanderers. A few days were spent in paying off the survivors and the relatives of the dead; then Stanley was ready to depart. The Wangwana, having profited much by their painful experience, were disposed to settle down.

On the 13th of December, as Stanley was ready to leave the members of the expedition called to shake hands over and over again with him. As he rowed to the ship, they consulted a moment, rushed to a great lighter, manned it, followed him, sent a deputation on board headed by Uledi, Kacheche, Robert, Zaidi, and Wadi Rehani, to say that they would not leave Zanzibar till they received a letter from him that he had arrived safe in his own land; and if he wanted help to reach his land they would help him!

Brave, simple souls! The world may scoff at them as negroes and Mohammedans, but they nevertheless showed continually grand traits of character. Faults were numerous; but they had true fidelity, gratitude and heroism, notwithstanding. Ignorant and almost unreasoning, they had followed to the death, and had played a noble part in the unveiling of the vast mysteries of Central Africa. The simple story of the deeds of

the African on his native soil is the best eulogy that can be given, and shows what may be expected of him with proper management. Administrative ability is not often a prominent trait with him; but even in this there are notable exceptions, as the force of the famous detective, Sarmian, has shown. He it was who went with a single companion, half across the continent to obtain medicine for Shaw, and seized some of Stanley's deserters on the way. It was he who detected thieves and murderers, within or without the camp; and who, as Menenius did the Roman plebs, persuaded the murmuring people to return to their duty. It is he who has, through all this latter journey, figured simply as "Kacheche," "the weasel," because of his keenness. Such sagacity and courage as shown by him, or by Uledi and Manwa Sera, should forever vindicate the African from the charge of irredeemable stupidity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RESULTS AND POSSIBILITIES.

STANLEY'S explorations gave a new impulse to the advance of civilization in that hitherto benighted region of Africa. His earlier letters from the Victoria Nyanza had stirred the interest of the religious world, and emissaries of the Church Missionary Society had followed in his track and established stations in Uganda and the neighboring regions. The announcement of his discoveries along the lower Congo were of no little interest to the European world. As we have already seen, for centuries no traveler or trader had endeavored to pass the lower cataracts of the Congo; deterred partly by the difficulties of the passage, partly by the reports of ferocious cannibals in the interior, and partly by that mysterious, uncanny fear of the unknown which sometimes pervades the most intelligent of people, however little they may be disposed to superstition in general. But with the announcement of Stanley's work a zeal for development occupied many European minds. Leopold, the king of the Belgians, headed an international association for the developing of the resources of the newly opened country, and to Stanley, as the most capable man for the pushing of the enterprise, was entrusted the direction and the supervision of the work in Africa.

This is the organization of the Association; the

great European powers, together with the United States, entered into a solemn convention recognizing the right of the Congo Free State to self-government, and engaging to protect the Congo basin from the curse of the rum traffic. To Stanley was committed the task of treating with the native chiefs and obtaining their recognition of and obedience to the general authority. Of course, by such an arrangement each tribe surrendered a few of its long held prerogatives of independence; but they could not fail to receive in return much greater privileges than they surrendered. They are sufficiently intelligent to thoroughly appreciate the advantages that would accrue from liberal traffic and intercourse with civilized nations. Such, in brief, has been the plan and the organization of the Congo Free State, which has aroused so much of interest in the probable future of the sons of Ham throughout the civilized world. A nation has been born in a day; kings are its nursing fathers; queens its nursing mothers; while the expectant world is saying, "What manner of child shall this be?" The lusty lout has a rich inheritance: a country unsurpassed in fertility by any on the globe; a land the half of whose resources are not yet known; for a water way, the second mightiest river of the world. When this youth shall have attained his majority what may not be expected of him?

Now that we have followed Stanley through his perilous journey on the Congo, let us note ere proceeding further, the facts developed concerning that river. It has a basin of 1,508,000 square miles, a region as large as one-half of the United States. Topographically considered this region is a vast table-land, ranging in height from one thousand to five thousand feet above the sea level. It is traversed by numerous rivers

AFRICAN MARSH-BIRDS.

and dotted with great lakes. Its forests and rolling prairies are surpassed by none on the globe. Later explorations have shown that several of the Congo tributaries are of vast size and are navigable for a long distance.

The Congo itself we have seen is identical with the Chambezi, Luapula, and Lualaba, of Livingstone. The Chambezi rises in the Chibale hills, far to the south of Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone believed this stream to be the head waters of the Nile, and traced it to the great Lake Bangweolo, three hundred and sixty miles from its source. This lake is one hundred and sixty miles long. The river emerges from its western extremity under the name of the Luapula, and flows northward for two hundred and twenty miles to Lake Mweru or Moero, which has a length of sixty-seven miles. Continuing northward the stream is then known as the Lualaba, and at some distance above Moero expands so broadly as to resemble a long, narrow lake rather than a river. Four hundred and forty miles north-northwest of Lake Moero is situated the Arab trading station of Nyangwe, the farthest point reached by Livingstone in his explorations. Here Stanley took up his work and traced the river to the sea. From Nyangwe to the lower cataract of the Stanley Falls is a distance of three hundred and eighty-five miles; from the Stanley Falls to Leopoldville, on the Stanley Pool, is a distance of ten hundred and sixty-eight miles. From the latter point to Manyanga is a distance of eighty-five miles, which covers the upper series of the Livingstone Falls. Below Manyanga is a tolerably navigable stretch of eighty-eight miles, succeeded by the lower series of the Livingstone Falls, which occupy fifty miles of the river's length. From this point, Vivi. to the sea, is a navigable stream one

hundred and ten miles in length, giving a total length of three thousand and thirty-four miles. At its mouth the stream is seven and one-half miles wide, and at a distance of three miles from the mouth it is nine hundred feet deep. Thirty-five miles from the sea a ship like the Great Eastern might moor directly to the shore. Seventy miles from the sea, at Boma, the river is four and one-half miles wide, and a little above, where compressed between the hills, it is from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet deep, with a swift current. Where it enters Stanley Pool the river has a volume at low water of one million four hundred and forty thousand cubic feet per second. Twelve hundred and sixty-six miles from the sea it is two and one-half miles wide. The average width of the stream is estimated to be eight or ten times that of the Mississippi. This is in part, however, due to the fact that in its upper portion it seldom proceeds in a single undivided stream, but is a broad, lacustrine river filled with many islands, so that the right bank is often many miles from the left. Within the past year one of its largest tributaries has been discovered entering the river from its northern side at so slight an angle that its real character was unsuspected even by the many travelers who have recently passed it. It had been supposed to be merely one of the larger bayous into which the islands divide the main stream; and not till the traveler had proceeded up it a considerable distance did he realize that he had discovered a new river. In conclusion, the Congo is as large as the Nile, Niger and Zambesi. It is one and one-half times larger than the Mississippi. It is second only to the Amazon. Above Stanley Pool it is nameless, the natives calling it simply The River, as if there were no other. Below Stanley Pool it is the Moenzi

Nzaddi, the Receiver of all Rivers. It is the African Father of Waters.

That the reader may better grasp the general situation and comprehend the results of the past twelve years' explorations, let the following facts be briefly noted. Since Stanley ascended the Congo, Pinto and Wissman have crossed Africa. Others have traversed extensive regions and lifted the veil that covered them. The videttes of the army have penetrated the remotest places, and the world with interest awaits their report. The "Unexplored Region" which was blank on the maps, is now marked with lakes and rivers and villages. Africa is no longer the Dark Continent, but rather like a day mentioned by the Hebrew prophet; "neither clear nor dark." Conceding the rights of the International Association of the Congo in the heart of the continent, the nations of Europe are hasting to possess the remaining regions. Wissman is founding a German State in East Africa, while on the West Coast the same power has annexed the Cameroons, and the Southwest Coast from Cape Frio to the British Colonies. De Brazza is founding an empire for France on the Lower Congo. Britain bestrides the continent like a Colossus, with one foot on Egypt and one on the Cape of Good Hope. South Africa has long been her undisputed possession, and lately she has entered Egypt, doubtless to remain. More recently she has annexed the Delta of the Niger. Abyssinia and the Soudan are not unmindful of her presence and her power. Italy has found a footing on the Red Sea. France has long occupied Algeria and the region of the Gaboon. Portugal claims a territory equal in extent to twelve such states as Illinois, while the Congo Free State engages, as we have seen, the attention, the hopes, the interests of all.

The missionary has been the pioneer of civilization for the last century. Farther India, the heart of China, the islands of the sea, the torrid and frigid zones, stand as indisputable proofs of this assertion.

In the case of Africa in particular this truth is vividly marked. Far in the heart of the Dark Continent, at Chitambo's village on the southern shore of Lake Bangweolo, in 1873, David Livingstone died upon his knees. His last breath may been a prayer for Africa—perhaps for one to follow and finish his work, which he now saw to be ended. We have seen how his earlier years were spent; we have seen how patiently and lovingly the brave man toiled on heedless of worldly fame. We have seen the results of his example upon the godless Stanley, and though he lived not to see it, his dying prayers had a thousand answers. Everywhere the missionary is pressing forward; American Baptists have ascended the Congo to the cataracts; English Baptists are laboring at Stanley Pool; the London and the Church Missionary Societies have their representatives throughout the lake region of Central Africa. The Scottish Free Kirk is at work around Lake Nyassa. Congo Mission has laborers at Leopoldville, at Banza Manteka below, and Bolobo above. The Methodists, never slow as pioneers of the gospel, are represented by the wonderful Bishop Taylor. This venerable man, a laborer once in India, and then in South America, enters Africa as the captain of more than a hundred followers, men, women and children. They have occupied from Vivi to Stanley Pool, and have also effected a descent on the region eastward from Angola. They ask no contributions from the Church at home. They rely on Him who feeds the ravens and the sparrows. Their mission is self-sustaining, but not the mission of fanatics, unless

it be fanatical to preach the gospel to the heathen. They go equipped and aided by all the appliances of civilization, from a saw-mill to an electric light; from a garden hoe to a cabinet organ. They mean to provide for their own wants, using for this purpose the best means of civilized life, and giving thus a practical object-lesson to the natives of what Christianity can do for a people.

We have said the missionary was the pioneer of civilization. Godless advocates of commerce will dispute the assertion; they will point to the fact that the coasts of Africa have been a trading ground for Europeans for several centuries. They can prove that stations for the prosecution of the trade in slaves and ivory, in rum and tobacco, in beads and sea shells, in oils, cloths, and dye woods, were established more than one hundred years ago. But these very facts only prove the truth of the assertion above. The first musket was landed in Angola about the close of the fifteen century, for the Congo was discovered in 1485 by Diogo Cam. It has taken three hundred and ninety years for four muskets, by course of trade, to reach Rubunga, nine hundred and sixty-five miles from the sea. The Bangala just above the Stanley Pool are plentifully provided with muskets and ammunition, yet in the course of trade it took a keg of powder about five years to travel from the coast to them. The silks and teas of China have been pouring into Europe for centuries, but only the past fifty years have given us any extensive and correct information concerning the land visited by Marco Polo hundreds of years ago. And in this development all must admit the missionary has been the chief factor.

Not less rapid has been the advance of trade in the Congo region. On the Senegal, the Gambia, the Ra-

quette, the Niger, the Mimi, the Cameroons, the Congo, the Ogowai, and the Kwenza, trading stations have been rapidly established. Great companies have been formed, and in the wake of the peace-loving missionaries are contesting with each other the honors and benefits of trade. What this trade may yet become, no man dare predict. Already the traffic of the west coast, from the Gambia to the Congo, is more than $150,000,000 annually. Without doubt a few more years will see a railroad built from Vivi to Stanley Pool. This will render directly available the entire navigable portion of the Congo to Stanley Falls. Another short railway line here will finish the road directly into Central Africa. The extension of branches from these two railways would, with less than one thousand miles of road, render directly accessible a territory one-third larger than the United States, and having a present population of one-third greater. Then, were a railway built from Suakim to Berber on the upper Nile, a distance of two hundred and forty miles, that stream and the great lakes would be directly accessible from the Red Sea. A road of two hundred and fifty miles from the coast around the obstacles in the Lower Niger, would render that stream a potent factor in commerce. One hundred and fifty miles of road from the Upper Niger would open the Lake Chad and Central Soudan region. A liberal estimate for the construction for all this railway would be eighteen million dollars. The resultant traffic might readily be developed to a thousand millions a year.

Floods in the Congo region are not greatly to be feared. Stanley at first believed the volume of water in the river must be doubled during the rainy season; but the great upper Congo forest, which is one of the chief feeders, furnishes a heavy drainage during the larger

ANIMALS SEEKING REFUGE FROM A FLOOD.

part of the year, and thus tends to preserve the equilibrium. The water from this region comes into the stream slowly, and is gradually supplemented by the more rapid overflow of the great lakes far above. Hence the variation of volume is smaller than in most tropical rivers; far less than in the Amazon, or the great rivers of China. Nor can the time of highwater compare with the floodtime of the narrow Senegal valley, where animals are often overtaken by a sudden overflow, and in their haste to escape are for the nonce huddled together in a typical Barnum's "Happy Family."

Such scenes as this are not possible in a very broad valley, even though heavy rains occur suddenly. While the country is consequently quite moist, the absence of gorges and ravines removes one of the chief vexations of the railroader.

Europeans and Americans object that the climate is an insuperable barrier to the advance of civilization in this region. Testimony on this point has been largely collected from the Portuguese and English traders. These are, with few exceptions, hard drinkers. The testimony of Reade, Stanley and others points us to the fact that intemperance is the chief cause of the fatality among European residents. There was a time in English society and it has not yet passed away in European lands, when drinking to excess was the fashion. There are corners of the earth in which it exists. Habitues of the Gold Coast still consider it fashionable to drink at breakfast, at dinner, at supper, between meals, and with every chance visitor or customer who may call in the course of the day.

As a matter of fact, a strip along the west coast of Africa is low and moist, and decidedly unhealthy. In Senegambia malaria is an annual visitor; south of that

region it is a resident. Nature has established no sanitarium but in the Congo tableland

The rainy season is exceptionally fatal. The rains of the Senegal region render shoe-leather rotten and mouldy in twenty-four hours. Rawhide lasts better. Fires are kept in all houses to prevent the mildewing of the furniture. Mungo Park writes that his soldiers were affected with vomiting by the rains; that he himself was rendered excessively drowsy. The direct cause of the unhealthiness of the climate is of course the rapid decay of vegetable matter, and the exhalations from the marshes. Malaria perishes at a distance of three miles out at sea, and is not found in the mountains. Persons of a nervous temperament, or of light hair and fair complexion, or of plethoric disposition, are more liable to be attacked than others. Fever, when it appears, is usually developed at night. A siesta in the daytime also favors its approach.

The white frequenters of the coast, like military men in most hot countries, have usually contended that brandy, taken frequently and in small quantities, was necessary for the preservation of the health. A man may continue this practice two or three years, if he has a strong constitution. He then breaks down with delirium tremens, or some horrible disease of the liver. The poison which has so long been smouldering in his system bursts into life and fury; his debilitated system struggles faintly and vainly to throw it off; in an incredibly short time it seizes and annihilates his vital parts. Yesterday he was drinking his brandy and soda, and advising neophytes to take that kind of medicine. To-day he is a corpse.

Till within fifty years, the climate of India was as much abused as is the climate of Africa to-day. But as

such practices as the above have died out, or have been supplanted by athletic sports, it has been proven that India was misrepresented, and that its climate has no especial dangers for the average European. And the experience of recent explorers is producing a similar belief concerning the African climate. The testimony of such men as Livingstone, Stanley, Taylor and Reade is not to be despised. Even on the coast the danger is not necessarily greater than in Vera Cruz, or along the neighboring Mexican coast, where the mortality is seventy in a thousand. Of the interior Stanley says:

"Hundreds of raw European youths have been launched into the heart of the African Continent, but the farther inland they went the more they improved in physique. It matters not now what may be said by interested traders, selfish publicists, narrow-minded, grasping merchants, or discharged agents, of the climate. We have tested it most thoroughly for six years. There is less sickness, by half, in the Congo Basin, even in the present unprepared condition, than there is in the bottom lands of Arkansas, a state which has doubled its population in the last twenty-five years."

In conclusion let it be remembered that the two great obstacles to the development of Africa have been the unhealthiness of the coast region, and the cataracts of her rivers. The explorer, ere he left the region of malaria, was confronted by apparently insuperable obstacles, and left discouraged, or died where he stood.

But the obstacles which commercial enterprise so long failed to surmount are now made light of. Africa's greatness is yet to come. The movement of civilization towards a savage land is always slow at the first; but, with a footing fairly secured, the progress is rapid. Columbus discovered America in 1492; 128 years later

the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock; 150 years more had to pass before the little band could grow to three millions of people. One hundred and twenty years later we have a nation of sixty-five millions of inhabitants. What will Africa be in one or two hundred years from date? It is almost certain that the progress will be far more rapid than the progress of America within the corresponding period. And the two names that shall grow greater with the years; that shall be known as the fathers of African civilization, the benefactors of countless millions of the human race, are LIVINGSTONE and STANLEY.

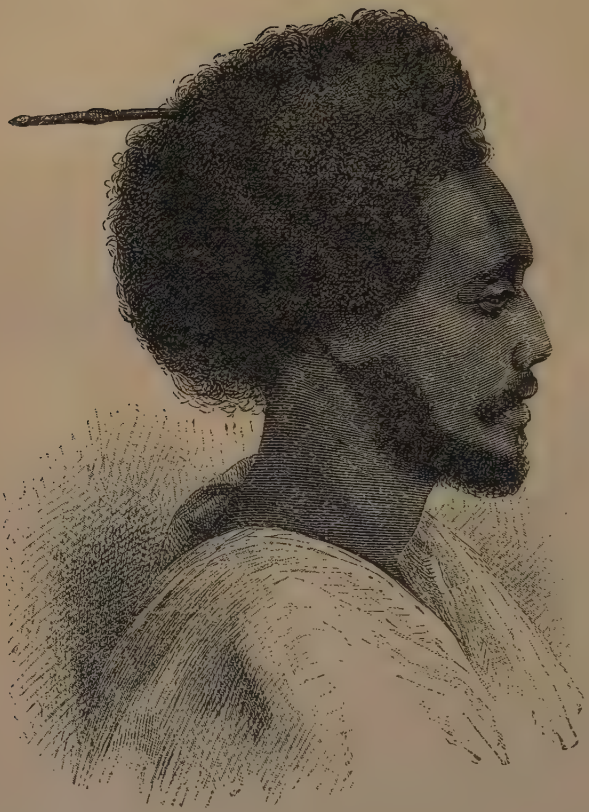
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EQUATORIAL AFRICAN.

ERE following Stanley in his work of developing the Congo Free State, some general facts concerning its aboriginal inhabitants must be given, that the reader may have a better idea of the character of the work to be performed, and the obstacles to be overcome in civilizing the African.

One who had given no especial attention to the matter would be apt to pronounce all Africans very much alike, both in appearance and habits. He would as nearly strike the truth were he to affirm that all white races are alike in habits of thought and action. The preceding portion of this volume, though we have not been able to make any special digressions consistent with the interest of a continued narrative, will prove to the reader that vast differences may and do exist even between those tribes in constant intercourse with each other.

In the limits of this book a detailed account of the peculiarities of each tribe may not be attempted. We can point out only the more prominent differences, and such customs as appear most at variance with the accepted ideas of civilized nations. We say appear, because the difference between the savage and the civilized man is rather one of appearance and polish, than of nature; a difference in degree, not in kind.



AN ABYSSINIAN.

The American people, as a class, have not formed a fair view of the intelligence or capacity of the average African. Our ideal differs from the real almost as much as does the Caliban of Shakespeare from the Bras-Coupe of George Cable. It is because our acquaintance has been, as in the case of the Chinaman, limited to an inferior type. The slaves imported to this country were obtained almost exclusively from the lowlands of the west coast. This is the home of the negro proper, a degenerate and very different being from the inhabitant of the great central plateau that constitutes the body of the African continent. And the negro has not been long enough among us to recover from the effects of centuries of degradation.

Ethnologists are not agreed as to the cause of the inferiority of the west coast African. The prevailing opinion is that he is the product of the climate. Some of the reasons for this position will doubtless be of interest.

As in India, the seasons in Africa are properly but two, the dry and the rainy. The climate is as trying on animals not indigenous to the country as upon human beings. Along what is called the "Gold Coast," and in many other portions of the country, horses cannot live; dogs lose nearly all their hair, cease to bark, and become sneaking in their manner; cats become long-legged, long-muzzled, scanty-haired, more timid, and also more savage in appearance; sheep lose their wool and become covered with a coarse, scanty, straight hair. In Equatorial Africa sheep become perfectly smooth and black-skinned. Cows in the same districts do not give milk after the calf is weaned. In the more malarial districts no cattle are found. Even the wild animals are of a degraded and degenerate type. For-

eign plants and vegetables, when brought to Equatorial Africa, lose many of their distinctive peculiarities.

Back from the coast, among the foot-hills, the people are of a distinct type from those on the coast. Prichard says: "If we traverse the intervening countries between Egypt and Senegambia, and carefully note the physical qualities of the inhabitants, we shall have no difficulty in recognizing almost every degree or stage of deviation successively displayed, and showing a gradual transition from the characteristics of the Egyptians to those of the negro, without any broadly marked line of abrupt separation."

The native of the highlands is of a reddish or olive color; hair more abundant and less woolly; features more prominent and less prognathous, with higher forehead and greater intelligence than the native of the miasmatic coast swamps, the true negro. The last is peculiar to the west coast, though coast natives in all parts of Africa are of a darker hue than those of the interior. There is a constant movement toward the west; and it is noticeable that the more intelligent, light-colored and physically fine-formed interior tribes, on reaching the coast swamps, soon degenerate to the true negro type; while the negro in the more healthy regions becomes of better form, appearance and capacity. The natives of Sierra Leone are tall and really handsome. The Liberian Krumen and the Senegal Wollofs are of great stature and wonderful strength, as compared with the natives of the more malarial regions.

The great branches of the African race all develop negro types. It is now generally conceded that the negro represents a degree, rather than a distinct race. Such would be the natural deduction from the foregoing facts. And nearly all the degenerate types known as

negroes are found on the borders of their ancestral tribes. Thus, the east coast of Africa shows us the Abyssinian type of aborigines, more resembling Arabs than negroes. North Africa gives us the Kabyles and Berbers, of decidedly Moorish peculiarities. South Africa shows the great Kaffir families, and the Hottentots and Bushmen. The Sennaar tribes of the Niger and Lake Tchad more approach the Arab. Yet where these families verge upon low and intertropical regions, they at once develop negroid branches. The brown, reddish, or olive-colored races are more numerous than the black; and among the hill-tribes, or those far from hot, swampy districts, thin lips and prominent noses are the rule. Precisely the same peculiarity is noticeable in the South Sea Islands. Those of the higher latitudes, or on elevated islets, are of a light brown or olive tint, nearly approaching white; while those of the low and moist islands are of a decidedly negroid type: so much so as to cause many to think at first they belonged to an entirely distinct race.

So the negro is simply an inter-tropical African in a humid locality. His distinctive features are well known: hair decidedly woolly, white of the eye tinged with yellow, lips thick, mouth projecting, hips less prominent than in the white man, calf of leg small, skull very strong and thick, beard very scanty. Except in some west coast equatorial regions, he is very prolific. In temperament, he is lethargic. Stimulants do not make of him such an infuriated madman as the North American Indian when intoxicated, or the bhang-smoking Malay. He consequently suffers less, and also has less compassion for the sufferings of others, than the white man. He is childish, fickle, and phlegmatically cruel. He never tortures his prisoners of war, as does

the Indian, though he may slay many thousands as a pastime, or for religious reasons. The refinements of pleasure and cruelty are equally unknown to him. If ill or well betide him, he is alike impassive.

There are some notable exceptions to this last, however. The Kru-boys of a small west coast district are high-spirited, and the slavers long ago learned to leave them alone, for pecuniary reasons. When enslaved, they quickly pine away and die—the slavers termed it "sulking themselves to death." These Krumen are physical giants, and are the reliance of the west coast traders, for all purposes of labor.

For the most part, the Kaffir, Berber, and Nilotic families lie without our range, as we shall notice only those people most directly affected by the establishment of Congo state. Of physical peculiarities nothing need be said, of most. But the strange dwarfs whose existence was long doubted, despite the many corroborative reports, deserve a word in passing.

A noted author has said that man originates nothing. So there are no such things as falsehoods in the absolute. Fables, fictions, and legends are but distortions or embellishments of the truth. The latter is absolute and eternal: the former only a dependent and relative.

Much smoke, some fire. So we may take the many fables of the ancients and find a reason for the existence of all. Every myth embodies an idea, or distorts a fact. The army of Regulus meets a python; it is a serpent as huge as a mountain. Ælian sees the barking baboons, or Barbary apes; we hear of dog-faced men. The mermaid of the mariners is the manatee, or dugong, with breast like a woman. Many a Sindbad the Sailor has lost his reputation for veracity through

his tales of the roc, a marvelous bird capable of carrying off an elephant. Modern science has partially vindicated the ancient mariner by proving the former existence of a bird to which the ostrich is a pigmy. The fabled dragon has its representative in the flying lizard, and its prototype in the pterodactyl. The sea-serpent exists; but his relative size depends largely upon the magnifying glass used by the enthusiastic naturalist. A six-glassed magnifier, with sugar and a spoon to stir the steaming contents, is possessed of telescopic and reduplicative powers. A whale seen through such a medium might prove an object of interest to scientists. The strange animal which would never set foot on the ground has proved no figment of a wandering brain: we have the sloth. Negroes of the interior had stories of strange white men from the seas who had hoofs. They wore boots. Tailed men have been told of again and again. The world has laughed; the world laughs no more. Tailed men have been born in England. Travelers have seen them in different regions of the world. Such cases are pathological: no more remarkable than people with six fingers and toes. Man is a tailed animal; the cases reported were simply of fuller development. The unicorn may yet prove to be a gemsbok with a single horn, just as elephants are found with but a single tusk.

Africa is the land of monsters. Congenital deformities are here more frequent than elsewhere on the globe. It is the paradise of the differentiation of species. The accounts of tailed tribes may yet be traced to a peculiarity of dress or ornamentation. Perhaps such tribes existed. The African would establish a race of congenitally deformed people by banishing such, or forbidding them to marry those of normal condition.

Tales of dwarfs in Africa have been passed around since the days of Andrew Battel, in the 17th century. The wise men placed them in the same category as the foregoing inexplicable myths; the ignorant believed and trembled. But the present century has seen Du Chaillu among the Obongo pigmies. Delbo, a servant of the missionary Krapf, tells of the strange Dokos, southwest of the Galla country.

"Delbo begins by stating that the people of Doko, both men and women, are said not to be taller than boys nine or ten years old. They go quite naked. Their principal food is ants, snakes, mice, and other things which commonly are not used for food. They are said to be so skillful in finding out the ants and snakes that Delbo could not refrain from praising them greatly on that account. The Dokos are so fond of this food that even when they become acquainted with other aliment in Enarea and Kaffa, they nevertheless frequently incur punishment for following their inclination of digging in search of ants and snakes as soon as they are out of sight of their masters. The skins of snakes are worn by them about their necks, as ornaments. They also climb trees with great skill to fetch down the fruits, and in doing this they stretch their hands downwards and their legs upwards. They live in extensive forests of bamboo and other woods, which are so thick that the slave-hunters find it very difficult to follow them in those retreats. These hunters sometimes discover a number of Dokos sitting on the trees, and then use the artifice of showing them shining things, by which they are enticed to descend, when they are captured without difficulty. As soon as a Doko begins to cry he is killed, for the apprehension is that this, as a sign of danger, will cause the others to take to their

heels. Even the women climb readily into trees, whence, in a few minutes, they are coaxed by their favorite foods and a great number of them are captured and sold into slavery. The Dokos live mixed together; men and women unite and separate as they please; and this Delbo considers as the reason why that tribe has not been exterminated: though frequently a single slave-dealer returns home with a thousand of them reduced to slavery. The mother suckles her child only so long as it is unable to find ants and snakes for its food. She abandons it as soon as it can get its food by itself. No rank or order exists among the Dokos; nobody obeys, nobody orders, nobody defends the country, nobody cares for the welfare of the nation. They make no attempt to secure themselves but by running away; they are as quick as monkeys, and they are very sensible to the misery prepared for them by the slave-hunters, who so frequently encircle their forests and drive them into the open plains like wild beasts. When thus pressed, they are often heard praying. They put their hands on the ground, and stretch their legs upwards, and cry in a pitiful manner, 'Yer! Yer!'"

Palpable fables, these. No slave-trader has ever brought such creatures to the coast. But the story serves as a specimen of the many fables told. Some ground for the account is undeniable. Specimens of the pigmy Akkas, who live south of the Welle, have been brought to Europe by Italian explorers. Battel, who wrote three hundred years ago, speaks of a tribe of dwarfs inhabiting the same region in which Du Chaillu has visited the Obongos. These tribes, and the Bushmen of South Africa, are probably the remnants of an aboriginal Central African family that has gradually died out before the encroachment of a more powerful

people. Remnants of a singular race of dwarfish men are found in Madagascar, but they seem of a different type.

The Obongos and Bushmen cannot be called deformed, but the Akkas may be fairly so considered. They are thin-limbed and pot-bellied. Their bodies are curved almost like the letter S, and they walk with such a waddling lurch that it is next to impossible for any of them to carry a full dish without spilling some of its contents. They are a cunning, elfish race, low in intelligence, huge-eared, broad-shouldered, narrow-chested, and ape-like in their gestures. The Monbutto, among whom some of them have settled, protect them as useful in obtaining food supplies, the Akkas being a nation of hunters, much as the Obongos are protected by the Ashangos. That they will eat snakes, ants, or almost any other living thing, is pretty well established. This is not exceptional, however, for there are few things that the lower branches of the African races will not eat. Certain kinds of clay are relished by Senegambian tribes; and the dwarfs, Bushmen, and Hottentots are not particular as to their meat being fresh; in fact, the Bushman in particular seems to like his game rather "high." A putrid elephant is a grand piece of good luck. The entire village will remove to it, and spend the time in gorging and sleeping till the supply be exhausted.

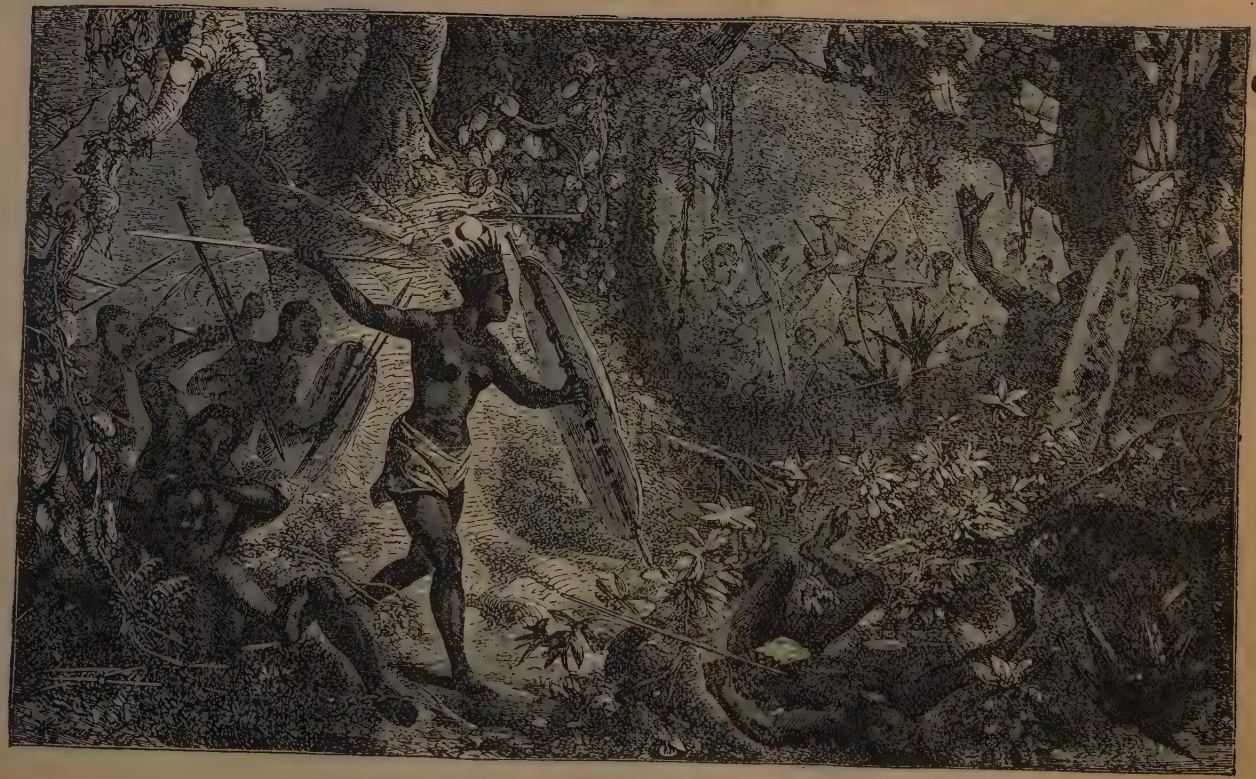
There is not, upon the low-lying west coast, a single tribe or nation whose tribal existence is very ancient. In this respect they are different from the Central African tribes, the legends and myths of which indicate for many of them a fair degree of antiquity. The coast is filled with the overflow of the central plateau. In many parts of the coast, on account of idleness, early vice, and the enervating climate, the

population would rapidly perish if dependent only upon natural increase. Impotency and barrenness are remarkably common. The African youth are precocious. They usually talk at a year old, and when eight or nine nature allows them to put into practice those theories which, strange as it appears, they have already studied out. But, in consequence, the births in some parts do not average one for each wife, and not a few children die of exposure.

Two or three centuries since, the greatest power in West Africa was the Congo Empire. Enough of it exists to-day to show us the peculiarities of its people; its power is gone. It has given modern scholars an opportunity to study the peculiarities of the ancient African religion, as it is generally believed that it has not been influenced by association with Christian or Mohammedan teachers. Yet there are peculiarities that are against this belief. Certain sects believe in a supreme being, whom they call Desu or Nghesu, and whom they invoke in time of great extremity. At other times they are rank fetish worshippers. The name seems too striking to be the result of a mere coincidence. Perhaps these people wandered across from Abyssinia.

One of the most notorious rulers of this empire was a woman named Shinga, who came to the throne in 1640. Quarreling with the Portuguese, she was driven from the country. In a few years she regained her throne. There she lived by plunder and bloodshed. Ere undertaking any new enterprise, she would sacrifice the handsomest man she could find. Dressed in her warrior's costume, she would dance and sing; then, striking off the victim's head with a sword, she drank his blood.

She kept fifty or sixty male concubines, whom she dressed as women; she dressed as a man. They



TEMBANDUMBA.

were killed if they denied they were women, but could keep as many wives as they chose. If a child were born to one of them, the father was compelled to kill it himself.

The most terrible scourge of Africa appeared in the sixteenth century. The Jagas, coming whence it is not certain, fell upon the luxurious Conghese empire like the Huns upon Rome. Their king, Zimbo, was an African Attila. Congo became a desert. Finding provisions scarce, Zimbo divided his troops. Central Africa was desolated. Abyssinia and Mozambique he overran. The Portuguese opposed him; their skulls became the pavement before his house. Then came his Waterloo in the Kingdom of Melinda. The fugitive followed the coast, passing by the Cape of Good Hope to a river, Cuneve, south of the Congo. A town was built; then Zimbo died. Like Alexander's empire, Congo went to pieces.

One of the petty chieftains, Donji, settled the district of Matamba. He and his concubine achieved some notable conquests; and, aided by his daughter, Tembandumba, his concubine prosecuted the conquests after his death. Struck with Tembandumba's courage and ability, the queen gave her command of half the army. The daughter soon became the head of the nation.

A lioness in war, she was a tigress in passion, a vulture in appetite, a fiend incarnate in everything. She admitted a crowd of lovers to her arms, and tortured them to death as soon as her lust was sated. When her mother, herself a wife of Satan, remonstrated, she rebelled.

She would turn the world into a wilderness, slay all living creatures, burn all vegetation. Man should be

food for her and her people; blood their drink. All male children, all females whose upper teeth appeared before their lower, and all twins, the mothers should slay. Ointment should be made from their bodies.

She seized the infant at her breast, pounded him to pulp in a mortar, boiled the mess with roots, leaves and oils, smeared herself with the compound, and proclaimed herself invulnerable and able to subdue the universe. Fired by her example, her subjects did likewise. But the effect was only temporary, and in time the ointment was made from children captured in war. Male prisoners were used for purposes of procreation, then slain.

Fiercer and more capricious she grew. In constant war, her courage and skill retained the admiration of her followers, and thus prevented open revolt. Still more and more lustful and ferocious, she embraced a lover one day, she ate him the next.

She fell in love with a kindred spirit; a young man named Culemba. She married him, caressed him, grew tired of him, yawned at him. Seeing he was destined for the dinner pot, he invited her to a great feast. Choice male infants were served, with imported slaves from a distance on the side; poisoned wine was given her in the skulls of her enemies.

Culemba's violent demonstrations of grief served to divert suspicion. And the people were weary of their queen. The Amazon Empire was at an end.

To-day the only two really powerful empires in West Africa are those of Ashantee and Dahomey, neighbors and rivals. The former has stood some centuries, founded, it is believed, by tribes driven southward by the Moors or Mohammedans of the Senegal.

The king of Ashantee is forbidden by law to

have more than 3333 wives. They are chosen for physical strength, that they may more readily earn the king's living. The African is a good study for the political economist, being a staunch advocate of the division of labor. The wife earns the living: the husband consumes it.

The succession in Ashantee is not direct. Even queens, they argue, may be frail; the child of the king's wife may be the begotten of a slave. Adultery is punishable with death, but may be compromised by a fine. If a man's wife possess the art of pleasing, she is sometimes used as a decoy, both to expose the frailties of her husband's enemies and to replete his exchequer.

Treason, cowardice, and murder are punishable with death. The king is heir-at-law to everything and everybody in his domain. In consideration of his mercifully allowing the people the use of his property, they pay him liberal taxes. There are toll-roads, protective duties, taxes on slaves, and poll taxes. Under such system the negro becomes cunning and grasping. A man's dog kills his neighbor's hen. Three years later the neighbor enters suit for the recovery of the fowl, the eggs it would have laid, and the chickens it would have hatched in the three years. The African understands business. Disciples of Blackstone should take from him a post-graduate course.

Amusements are various. The king graciously provides entertainments, at which, in time of scarcity, the guests may be called upon to do duty as meats; as Nero, when Christians were scarce, would send his lictors to toss the spectators in the lower seats to the tigers.

Coomassie, or the "City of Silver" is the capital of Ashantee, and is a neat and tastefully planned town, as

SPOILS FROM COOMASSIE.

African towns go. The English, when they captured the place in the Ashantee war, found a deal of barbaric splendor in the furnishings and equipage of the king's palace. Gold rings, horns, cups, a golden umbrella, and such other paraphernalia were found, besides many larger objects overlaid with gold. The workmanship betrayed a very fair degree of skill in execution, though not a high grade of taste.

Dahomey, the rival empire, is less than 300 years old. A chief of the Ffons besieged Abomey, and vowed that if victorious he would sacrifice the prince, Da, to the gods. This he did, ripping Da's belly open upon the foundation of a new palace. Hence Dahomey, from *Da-omi*, "Da's belly." The laws and customs are almost identical with those of the neighboring kingdom of Ashantee, which has in vain endeavored to crush it. But in some respects they are more severe. Both countries have fixed capitals laid out in regular and named streets. In some respects we might term these nations semi-civilized.

Dahomey has a standing army of Amazon warriors, who are pledged to chastity. This vow, if broken, is punishable with death. They are kept in a large enclosure under strict guard; a decidedly more ingenious arrangement than exists in some civilized communities.

Murder is not punished as *murder*, but as *destruction of the king's property*. The king may not eat or drink in view of his subjects. If he thirst, a veil is held before him while he drinks. He may not pour out anything left after a draught; he therefore keeps a drunkard whose business it is to swallow the leavings. This man's capacity is enormous.

One thing should be remembered, in reading hereafter of general religious peculiarities. The Ashantee

does not believe in witchcraft, disdaining the idea that God, or any spirit, should operate by the agency of a human being; and the Dahoman does not practice any fetish ordeal for the exposure of theft. In general, the Dahomans are far more savage and brutal.

Two other districts in West Africa we may notice: Liberia and Sierra Leone, where civilized nations are endeavoring to foster republics. The experiments are gradually developing; but neither has proven so successful as the projectors had hoped. Manners and laws are modeled largely after our own land. The following passage from an English author will throw some light upon the peculiar traits of the people:

"The negro imitates the white man as the ape imitates the negro. The result in both cases is a caricature. The rich negro of Sierra Leone is dressed as if he had taken a bath in a rainbow; and his manners are so strained and pompous that a close imitation of them, even in the broadest farce, would be looked upon as a rough overacting of character. But most comical of all is the manner in which negroes identify themselves with the parent country. To hear them talk, you would think that their ancestors had come over with William the Conqueror; and that they even take to themselves all the glories of our history, the following anecdote will prove. The French consular agent having some time ago overstepped the limits of the law, a warrant was taken out against him. Holding the sable powers in great contempt, he armed himself with a pair of pistols, and defied them with the air of a brigand at the Victoria. "Ah!" cried the two constables, rapidly retreating, "we no care for you, one dam Frenchman. I tink you forget *we win Waterloo, eh?*"

It is one of the chief peculiarities of the Sierra

AMAZONS OF DAHOMEY.

Leone negro that he hates, with an intense and bitter hatred, this white man to whom he owes everything. This Christian feeling is propagated even by the native preachers, for one is said to have explained our origin from the pulpit in the following manner:

"My breddren, you see white man bad too much, ugly too much, no good. You want sabby how man like dat come to lib in the world? Well, I tell you. Adam and Eve, dey colored people, very hansum, lib in one beautiful garden. Dere dey hab all things dat be good—plantains, yams, sweet potatoos, foo-foo (palm wine), he-igh, too much! Den dey hab two childrum, Cain and Abel. Cain no like Abel's palaver; one day he kill 'im. Den God angry, and he say, 'Cain!' Cain go hide himself; he tink him bery claber. Heigh-heigh. God say again, 'Cain, you tink I no see you, you bush-nigger, eh?' Den Cain come out, an' he say, 'Yes, massa, I lib here. What de matter, massa?' Den God say in one big voice lik de tunder in de sky, 'Where 'm broder Abel?' Den Cain turn white all ober with fear. Dat de first white man, breddren."

This is very amusing to us, but it is a very serious matter to foster such prejudice in an African pulpit, and to a sober-minded man sounds blasphemous.

After we leave the west coast, we find no great empires until we reach the lake region of central Africa, where we have already noted the extent and power of Uganda, Unyoro, and some lesser principalities. In South Africa, the Kaffirs and Zulus have at times established strong governments, but they have almost invariably been the work of and dependent upon some chieftain of unusual abilities. None have ever approached the power or semi-civilization of the nations heretofore mentioned. Let it be remembered that the

remainder of savage Africa is divided into petty tribes, each with its own chief. We may only give such items by way of description as may in a general way apply to all.

It is generally said that each African tribe has its own peculiar religious beliefs. This is to a certain extent true; but one who looks further than the mere ceremonial differences finds the same dominant element in all. Almost every race has more or less clear ideas of a Supreme Being, who is held in great reverence. Certain tribes have such a prayer as this, which they repeat on rising: "O God, whom I know not, but who knows me, protect me this day." Such things as this tend to confirm the belief that all forms of idolatry are merely the result of a longing for closer and more intimate communion with the Divine. But practically, nearly all African religion degenerates into the grossest fetishism, allied sometimes with voudouism. Natives of Equatorial Africa have also some relics of ancestor worship, and treat their old people with remarkable politeness. All have some peculiar orders and ceremonies; an order for males and one for females, into which youths are initiated. As might be expected in a land where barrenness and impotency are so common, these ceremonies are largely of a phallic nature. Whether the ceremony or the defect first became prominent, we cannot say, but at the present day, vice and the rites are mutually reproductive. A deity or fetish like the Roman Priapus is not uncommon in West Africa. The East African has greater virility and is less cruel.

Fetishism is peculiar to the negro, as is also voudouism, or houdouism, which is but an offshoot of the former. It is in the main mere devil worship. It recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, and of a vast

number of good spirits. It is not considered worth while for anyone to cultivate the favor of the good spirits, as their goodness consists in letting mankind alone. These are all called good fetishes, as are also all the rites of worship sacred to them, or used to counteract the evil influences of the bad fetishes.

The existence of the devil is also an article of negro belief. He and other evil spirits are supposed to be the author of all manner of evil, and to be constantly on the watch for an opportunity to do mischief. "On the Gold Coast he is annually driven away by the Ashantees and Fantees, who collect in groups, armed with sticks and muskets or other weapons, and, on the firing of a gun, shout tremendously, rushing into their houses beating about every corner with sticks, and when the devil is believed to have been driven out of the houses, he is chased out of town with lighted flambeaux, shoutings and the firing of muskets, until he is understood to have been completely put to flight." But in spite of this discouraging demonstration he manages to get in his work pretty well during the remainder of the year.

In Equatorial Africa, the bad spirit, worshiped through fear, they call Mbwiri; the name of the good spirit, like the ineffable name of the Hebrews, or that name which is known to master-masons, and is never spoken but in a whisper and in full lodge, is never spoken aloud. Reade, in the course of several years' travel in Africa, heard it but on two occasions; once during a dreadful tropical tornado, when his men, wild with terror, threw their clinched hands in agony toward the sky, crying, "Njambi, Njambi; let us live!"

The reader must understand that the underlying principle of fetishism is that man's normal condition is one of peace and happiness, and that all sickness and

AFRICAN TORNADO.

pain is caused by the bad fetishes. As these are supposed to be unable to operate extensively, except through the medium of some person or persons, fetishism also becomes allied with witchcraft. A person is tortured, in many places, in order to test his or her guilt. Such proceedings have died out where the slave trade is abolished, and efforts are made to propitiate the bad fetish by means of offerings. A common means of testing a witch in Equatorial Africa was by giving the accused a drink of *quai*, and telling him to step over a number of small sticks laid two feet apart on the ground. If the drink acted as a diuretic the party was innocent; if it produced vertigo, the sticks appeared great logs, and the person in awkwardly trying to step over them, would fall to the ground, and was therefore guilty.

If the African desires to hunt, he makes fetish for his success; if he sleep, some one must keep up a din to drive away evil spirits; let him travel or trade, live or die, marry or fight, he must dance, wear charms and otherwise make fetish.

Fetish, in short, rules almost every act of the superstitious African's life, just as divination from the entrails of animals, the flight of birds, the appearance of the heavens, controlled the important actions of the ancient Greeks and Romans. There is a difference, however, in the principles involved. The fetish of the African is a spell or incantation, to produce the desired end. The augury of the ancients was designed to ascertain the will of the gods. The one involves insubmission and compulsion; the other inquiry and resignation—similar results from opposite extremes.

The objects used in fetish are various. They range through all grades, from common, curious or puerile, to the filthy and cruel. Bits of wood, feathers, old rags—

these are plentiful. Concoctions are made rivaling Shakespeare's witches' caldron: and a powerful fetish is made by hanging up the head of a warrior and leaving it to putrefy. The earth beneath, soaked with decaying matter, is deemed a potent charm. The fetish man, where this is practiced, smears his forehead with the mess. Some tribes, on going to war, boil a child with a banana and other vegetable productions, that they may be successful. Occasionally a fowl or goat is substituted for the child. Certain rites or incantations are classed as bad fetish; others as good fetish.

Voudouism is but the system of pretended incantation of fetishism allied with a knowledge of secret poisoning. Its use is largely to get rid of those persons who may be obnoxious to the voudouist. The famous poisoners of Europe of three or four centuries ago were the merest charlatans in the art as compared with the African voudouist. Says Reade, "I had not been long in the interior before I found poisoning was the stock article of conversation, as the weather is with us. The Bishop of Loanda died suddenly. The priests were to be seen crying like children, and declaring openly that he had been poisoned. A few days afterward, a priest also died suddenly. And on the public quay, in the open streets, by the stalls or the market-place, men said to one another, 'The murderer of the bishop is dead!" On another occasion, Reade's host, seeing him drink coffee while the rest drank tea, told one of his poor relations to hurry up and take some coffee, saying to Reade in a commonplace manner, "So that if you should be poisoned on the road, you shall not think it was here." Thus it will be seen that the poisoning habit is not limited to the voudouists.

Witchcraft is the offspring of fetishism and charlatan-

ism. All lands have their physicians, and all physicians must preserve their reputation. Wounds, bruises and broken limbs are not generally assignable to any mysterious cause, and such the native doctors can usually treat with fair success. Internal or constitutional diseases usually baffle them. As justice (?) is rather summary where it exists, the doctor must be ready with a plausible excuse for the failure of his medicines. He falls back upon witchcraft, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Some witch is using her baneful influence to checkmate the philanthropic doctor. So all illness is speedily attributed to witchcraft, and in not a few regions, all accidents are credited to the same source.

The forms of witchcraft are various. On the island of Fernando Po, is a popular belief that on the seventh day after a child is born, the midwife can transform herself into an owl and will come to suck the child's blood. As the witch cannot endure good company, young girls crowd about the house in the evening. They watch, and sing, and dance, and eat and drink till daylight, effectually disturbing the witch and the slumbers of the neighborhood. This belief in the power of certain people to transform themselves into animals is found chiefly in West Africa. An English traveler tells of a man struck down by a crocodile and rescued by his companions. When he recovered consciousness, he said he knew perfectly well who it was; it was Abdallah, whom he had offended a few days before.

If anyone be ill, the fetish man hunts for the witch. Quite frequently the suspect is some one obnoxious to the chief of the village, to the sick man, or to the fetish doctor. The accused is sometimes tortured to elicit a confession; oftener, to induce him or her to undo the charm,

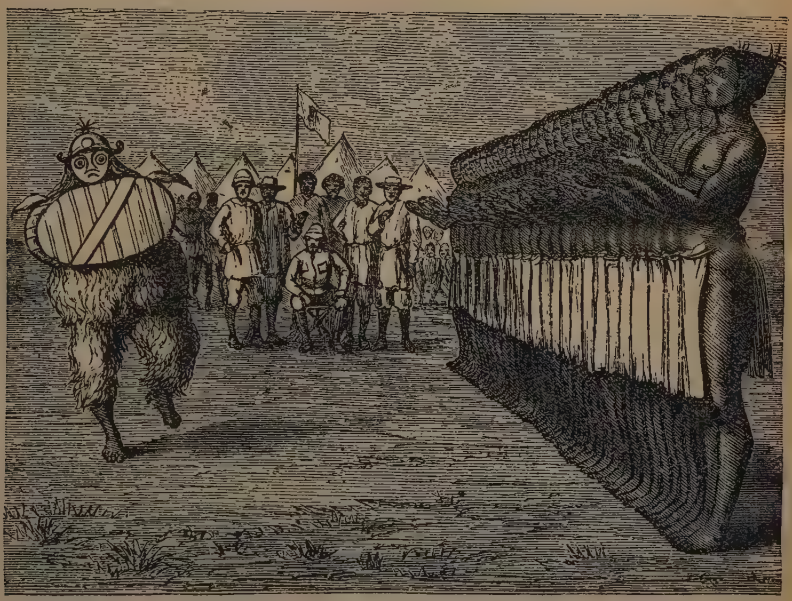
The usual result is, that deaths never come singly. The accused, if pleading guilty, is put to death as a malefactor; if not, as a malefactor and liar. It reminds us of the good old Puritan method of testing a supposed witch. The accused, tied up in a sack, was thrown into the water. If she drowned, she was innocent; if she floated, she was guilty and was burned or hung.

Modes of execution are horrible in the extreme. One traveler tells of an instance which came under his observation. The accused, an old man, was bound to a log. Then one of the savages came up and seizing a hatchet, chopped off the first joint of one finger. After a brief interval, a second did likewise by another finger. The fingers having each lost a joint, the toes were treated likewise. Then a second joint was taken off all around. Fingers and toes gone, the ears and nose followed. Then the hands were severed from the wrists, and the feet from the ankles. Then the elbows and knees were sundered, and the victim speedily bled to death. The entire performance, with the intermittent yelling and incantations, lasted several hours. This, however, is an unusual case. Commonly the victim is burnt, or quickly hacked to pieces.

One of the consequences of the belief in witchcraft is a belief in the power of certain people to produce rain at will. This form of superstition is spread over nearly all Africa. In East and Central Africa, the rain-maker is usually a chief, though sometimes only a common self-assertive peasant. In West Africa, particularly in the Congo region, he is usually a sort of a priest. His position is rather more dangerous in some respects than that of the doctor, as it will not do for him to acknowledge there is one greater in the profession than he. Each one usually knows he is merely an impostor, but the

people seem to place implicit faith in them. Sometimes, however, an impatient people burns a rain-maker or two, in a dry season, as a gentle reminder to the rest of the profession to hurry up the needed showers. Such cases are rare, however. The average rain-maker thoroughly understands his business. If the people grow restless, he demands as a requisite for his incantations something almost impossible to obtain; as, for example, some wild animal absolutely perfect, not a hair wanting. He is too shrewd to promise rain in the dry season. The following account of a rain-making chief in the Obbo country will be read with interest. It is from Sir Samuel Baker's narrative:

"There had been no rain for a fortnight. 'Well,' I replied, 'you are the rain-maker, why don't you give your people rain?' 'Give my people rain?' said Katchiba. 'I give them rain if they don't give me goats? You don't know my people; if I am fool enough to give them rain before they give me goats, they would let me starve. No, no; let them wait; if they don't bring me supplies of corn, goats, fowls, yams, merissa, and all that I require, not one drop of rain shall ever fall again in Obbo. Impudent brutes, are my people. Do you know that they have positively threatened to kill me unless I bring rain? They shan't have a drop: I will wither the crops and bring a plague upon their flocks. I'll teach these rascals to insult me.' With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice the rain-maker should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do



MASKED FETISH MAN.

you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we understood how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a houseful of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied. 'But if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?' I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba: he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a professional rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he replied, 'but I want to know what you think of it?' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think that we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days.' (I said this as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon.) 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted; 'in four, or perhaps five days, I intend to give them one shower, just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to the rascals and tell them that if they will bring me some goats by this evening, and some corn to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.' To give effect to this declaration, he gave three toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers that Katchiba stopped his ears, and relapsed into a smile of admiration. He took a glance at the sky from the doorway to see if any sudden effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said, and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do, we shall have it,' said the cunning old rain-maker, and proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects. In a few days a sudden storm of rain

and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower, horns were blowing and nogaras were beating in honor of their chief. *Entre nous,* my whistle was considered infallible."

CHAPTER XXV.

CUSTOMS AND TRAITS.

THERE is no hereditary priesthood among negro tribes. The successful candidates are usually men of craft and cunning, or noted for physical peculiarities. Dwarfs and albinos are choice priests. In the Congo empire are three priests of great rank. The first, the *Chitome*, is greater than the king himself, and each new king must lie prostrate before him, be trampled upon, and swear obedience, ere he can take his throne. Commonly he pays very roundly for even such recognition as that.

The Chitome is considered the father of his people. The first fruits are brought him by the heads of families. He has a delicate diet of choice fish and game. He holds a court of the priests at various points for settling the disputes. When he leaves his house to make the circuit, "criers proclaim the fact and a fast of continence is enjoined till he returns. Those who break this law (which is a most severe one for such a people), are instantly condemned to death, for it is believed that by such methods they preserve the life of their common father. In such cases, only the man being punished, wives who are tired of their husbands very often accuse them of an imaginary amour, by which stratagem they obtain their liberty and a reputation for virtue."

Should the Chitome die a natural death, the universe would be destroyed. So, if he falls dangerously ill, his elected successor beats his brains out with a club, or strangles him with a bow-string.

The priests next in rank are the nghombo, or fetish doctor, who must always walk on his hands when in public, and the mpindi, or rainmaker. These officers have been sufficiently noticed already. No priest similar to the Chitome is found in any other tribe or combination of tribes.

As in all savage tribes, much deception is practiced by the African priesthood. In the west slave coast and neighboring districts, is a species of serpent worship; and here is a common imposition, like that which Josephus relates as having caused the destruction of the temple of Isis at Rome. The priestesses hold a high rank, entering the service of the temple when girls, and becoming nuns. Arriving at womanhood, they are married to the serpent; that is, they are sold by the older women to some aristocratic bidder. A girl is placed in a pit with two or three serpents, and told one of these will be changed into a man. If she will perform a religious ceremony, which he will enjoin, she will go to the happy land at death, and be rewarded by the celestial serpent for her docility with ineffable ecstasies. The old women are acquainted with powerful herbs; but should these fail, the girl is secretly destroyed.

The views of the origin of man are various, and mostly without interest, save for the comparative mythologist. In some South African tribes there is a belief that man sprang up in a marshy place, and a reed is placed over the door to denote the birth of a child. Of the immortality of the soul, the views are vague and conflicting. Among West and Central Africans is a well es-

KAFFIR FETISHMAN.

tablished belief in the soul, and in transmigration to higher or lower forms, according to the deeds done in the body. But in East and South Africa many tribes are pronounced materialists, having hardly a religious idea of any sort.

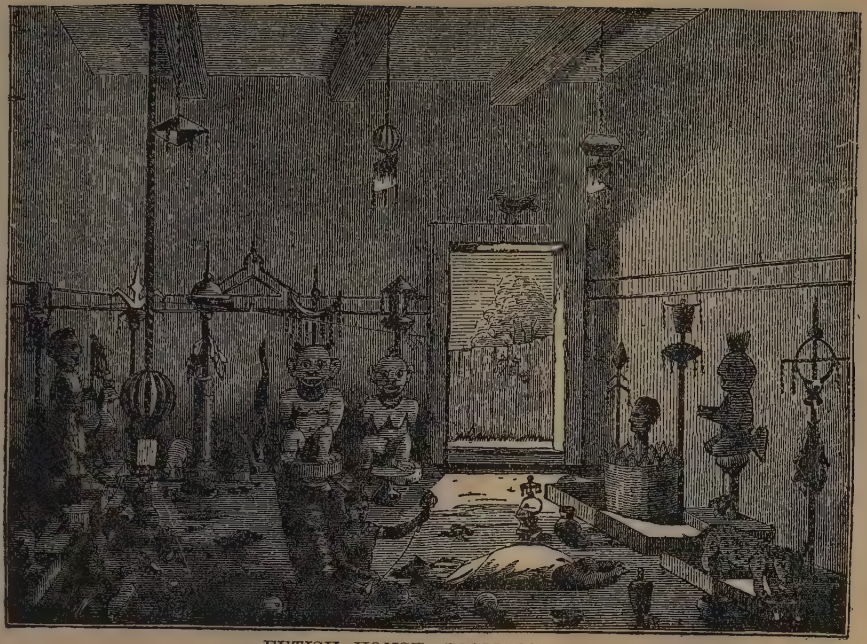
Many of the tribes believing in the existence of a soul are given not a little to ancestor-worship. Among the Ashantees is a custom of watering the graves of their ancestors. A handsome slave, or a prisoner of war, is decked with ornaments, paraded through the town, and exhibited by the king from a platform. The people cry, for their ancestors, "*Feed us, King, for we are hungry!*" The victim is then hewed in pieces, and thrown to the savage hordes, who devour the fragments like hungry wolves. It is a form of human sacrifice, mingled with cannibalism, reminding one of the fearful rites and feasts of the Aztecs, in honor of their war-god, Huitzilopochtli.

Such cases have occurred occasionally in various parts of the world, in time of national distress. But only in West Africa are such atrocious performances of common occurrence. Here are the habitations of cruelty; nowhere in the world are more horrible atrocities perpetrated than in the Kingdom of Dahomey and Old Calabar. All West Africans are degraded enough, but in the countries named there is attained a degree of fiendishness elsewhere unequaled. Human sacrifices are common. The walls which surround the palace of the king of Dahomey were decorated with human skulls, stuck on small sticks. "Six thousand heads of war captives were cut off for the purpose; and as these were found to be insufficient, an order was given to chop off as many as were needed, and one hundred and twenty-seven were added to adorn the royal walls, and protect

the palace." The great fetish tree at Badagry was laden with decaying limbs of victims whose skulls were heaped around the base. The air was filled with the intolerable stench, while thousands of vultures fed upon the putrid flesh. Human sacrifices are offered in the devil-houses. The victims are terribly tortured before they are killed. An Englishman at Coomassie saw the manner in which one victim was treated. "His arms were pinioned behind him; a knife passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure eight; one ear was cut off and carried before him; the other hung by a small bit of skin; there were several gashes in his back, and a knife thrust under each shoulder blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins, and a drum beat before him." This practice of thrusting knives through the cheeks was resorted to in order to prevent their cursing the king, or swearing the death of any person on whom they might wish vengeance to fall.

When a king or one of the royal family died, scores would be put to death. In 1846, the son of the king of Calabar took an active part in a "devil-making," drank plentifully of palm wine, and died that night. It was supposed that he was poisoned. His mother said, as she had no child to whom she could leave her property, that plenty of slaves must be sacrificed. All who heard it in time, ran away and hid in the bush that they might not be seized as victims The term of liability is one year.

The sacrifice was performed thus: Three holes were dug in the house. Into the first was put the corpse and thirty young female slaves. Into the second were put forty male slaves. Into the third, twenty of the



FETISH HOUSE, COOMASSIE.

town people. The holes were then filled in, the victims being buried alive.

Of late years, Mohammedanism has made much progress in Africa, especially in the central regions. In the northwest and the eastern portions, it has flourished for a long period. Negro Mohammedans are not of the bigoted or strict type met in Turkey or Arabia. Negro superstition is deeply rooted, and to compromise with the belief in fetishes, the people wear *gree-grees*, which are texts from the Koran sewed up in red leather. The *gree-grees* worn by other Africans are of various sorts. They are universally believed to protect the wearer from all manner of evil.

Royalty, it will be seen from the foregoing, seems almost absolute. The despotic tyranny of Mtesa has already been noticed. He is hardly a fair specimen of the African chief. Another notable example is Matiamvo, a powerful chief of a nation in the interior. This eminent philanthropist was harassed with continual fears lest his people grow so numerous they would starve; for how much of the world was there worth mentioning outside his own realms? So occasionally a general execution would be ordered, to keep the population within due bounds. When enraged, our enthusiastic Malthusian would catch up a weapon and dash through the streets, striking down every person he could reach; a convenient method of relieving his feelings and exercising his philanthropic propensities at the same time.

The chief usually sends his people to war, but sometimes one of unusual boldness leads his people. Such readily become notorious. One of those best known to the white settlers was the Zulu chief Chaka. He has been called the Nero and the Napoleon of Africa: a monster in cruelty and crime, yet a great warrior and

conqueror. He commenced his career by murdering his relatives to obtain the sovereignty. As soon as he had succeeded, he murdered all those he thought inimical to him, and who had been friends to his relatives.

Some convulsion among the northern tribes, probably a pressure from excessive population, had driven the Zulus to the southward, and they came down like an inundation, sweeping before them all the tribes that fell in their path. Chaka's force consisted of nearly one hundred thousand warriors, of whom fifteen thousand were always in attendance to execute his orders. In every country which he overran he spared neither age nor sex; it was one indiscriminate slaughter.

He ruled by terror, and his orders met with implicit obedience. To make his army invincible, he remodeled it, divided it into two companies distinguished by the color of their shields, and forbade them to use any other weapon but a short stabbing-spear; so that they always fought at close quarters. He weeded his army by picking out one thousand of his veteran warriors, who had gained his victories, and putting them to death. Any regiment sent out to battle, if they were defeated, were instantly destroyed on their return; it was victory or death with them; and the death was that of impalement.

His tyranny over his own people was dreadful. On one occasion, a child annoyed him; he ordered it to be killed, but the child ran among seventy or eighty other children, and could not be distinguished; so he ordered the whole to be put to death. He murdered two or three hundred of his wives in one day. At the slightest suspicion he would order out his chiefs to execution, and no one knew when his turn might come. His will was law; every one trembled and obeyed. To enter in-

to a detail of all his cruelties, would fill volumes; it will be sufficient to mention the last act of his life. His mother died, and he declared that she had perished by witchcraft. Hundreds of victims were impaled, and, at last, tired of these slow proceedings, he ordered out his army to an indiscriminate slaughter over the whole country, which lasted for fourteen days.

In ability and courage, Chaka was an exception. Most African chiefs are patterned after the Yankee colonel who, leading his men into battle, said: "Boys, yonder's the enemy. Hold your ground till your powder's out; then run. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now." And so common is cowardice that the very suggestion of the approach of a bold marauder like Mirambo or the Mazitu, is sufficient to create a panic, such as often seized the Saracens in the days of Coeur de Leon, when the Moslem was wont to rebuke his startled steed by saying: "Dost thou think King Richard is in the bush?"

Every sub-chieftain, no matter how high his rank, fully realizes how frail is his tenure of life and power. When Stanley visited Mtesa, the prime minister was a man who had risen rapidly from the rank of a peasant. One chieftain after another had he supplanted. He visited Stanley to examine the white man's marvels. When shown a bottle of laudanum, and told its properties, he said: "Ah, that is the medicine I wish. Can you not spare some of it for me?" At the zenith of his newly acquired glory, he already feared the beck of the "Lord of the Cord" to dishonor and death.

But it must not be concluded from such facts that the African chief is always an irresponsible despot. There is much buncombe about an African court. There is less caprice than is usually believed. Almost

every chief has his councilors. And not often is it safe to act contrary to their opinion. A man may be condemned in secret council for a grave offense; he is killed in public for omitting to brush away a fly. It is decided to levy a new tax; the king goes out and his hat blows off; the people are fined for allowing the wind to blow. The king proves unfit to rule, or obnoxious to his people. Polite warning is given. Said the people of Akim to one of their kings: "The king's subjects feel sure that he is weary, and that he must require sleep." Seven days he drank, sang and danced; then burnt himself with all his women—a negro Sardanapalus.

Yet in West Africa a peculiar degree of reverence is felt for royalty in general, though the people may not have much respect for its living representative. "There is a divinity that doth hedge a king." For this reason he may not be supposed to possess any of the common attributes of men. Said a trader to a native of Dahomey: "Where does the king sleep?" "Where does God?" was the reply.

Such a people, unlettered, superstitious and forgetful, can have no correct idea or outline of their past history. Being cruel and bloodthirsty, their legends are usually of the grossest type. Some of their best tales, however, show strong relationship to the stories of Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf, which, thanks to "Uncle Remus," have become so famous in our own land. The rabbit is replaced in African tales by the squirrel, or the ipi, or some other small animal.

Where so much grossness prevails in life and thought, it is decidedly interesting and remarkable to find a legend so utterly at variance with the daily life and imagery of the people as the following one, which is current among the Waganda. Considered in connec-

tion with the character of the people, the mythologist and philosopher would find in it food for reflection. It reads like an African version of the fall of man, with the difference that in the Waganda tale man is not driven from the garden, but by his wickedness drives away his maker and benefactor. It is all the same: a dissociation of the two.

As the Waganda have no very definite record of time, and enumerate a long list of kings as having reigned since the advent of the patriach, no assignable date can be given the legend, which in the long-continued expectations of the people, and the character of the patriarch, strongly reminds us of the Aztec legend of Quetzalcoatl, and the Peruvian story of the Inca Manco.

All Central Africa was in the beginning uninhabited. From the north the patriarch Kintu came into Uganda, bringing with him his wife, one cow, one goat, one sheep, one hen, one banana root, and one sweet potato plant.

The land was rapidly peopled. The patriarch's wife brought forth four children at a birth each year. Each male was born with a beard, and the powers of lusty youth. The females bore children at two years old. The forests were swiftly cleared; the banana and sweet potato multiplied with astonishing rapidity. The cow, goat, sheep and hen were no less fruitful.

When the neighborhood became crowded, Kintu gave each family a portion of the original plants, allowed each to choose a home, and hoped to live in peace among his people. The sweet potato growers settled in Unyoro, the banana eaters in Uganda; and so they dwell to this day.

The shedding of blood was hateful to Kintu. And

it was so that when any man was to be executed for murder, if he could make his way to Kintu's presence he was safe. If animals were to be killed for food, they were taken far from his house.

But when the patriarch was old, his children walked not after his ways, but made themselves drunken with wine from the banana, and debauched themselves, committed indecencies, and strove with one another, till the land stank with blood. And at last they sought to kill Kintu, their father; his chidings they mocked, and heeded not.

Then Kintu said: "See, my sons whom I brought into this world have become wicked, and hard of heart, and they threaten to drive their father away, or kill him, saying he is old and useless. I am as a hated stranger amongst my own children. They shed the blood of their brothers daily, and there is nothing but killing and bloodshed now till I am sick of blood. Let us depart." And he rose up in the night, and took his wife and his cow, and his goat and sheep and chicken and banana root and sweet potato, and departed.

And when the children of Kintu knew that their father was gone, they were much grieved, and repented of the evil which they had done, and for three days they sought him sorrowing; but they found him not.

And when they saw him no more, Chwa, the first-born, did sit in his father's seat, and said, "Now you, my brothers, be good, and beware of my spear!" And he was king. And Chwa sought for his father to the day of his death; but he found him not.

And after Chwa, his son Kamiera sat upon the throne; and Kamiera sought also for Kintu all the days of his life. And after Kamiera, was Kimera, the mighty hunter; there was none like him, before or since.

GORILLA DANCE.

And Kimera sought for Kintu through many lands, and sent many messengers throughout the earth to search for Kintu, and offered great rewards, even to the half of the kingdom; but he was not found.

And after Kimera many kings rose up, each in his day and generation, and did seek for Kintu, and performed many valorous deeds: but there was one end to them all.

And after many generations Ma'anda sat upon the throne of his fathers. And Ma'anda searched through many lands, if haply he might hear of Kintu. And he went often to the chase, but his heart was not in his sport.

Now it fell out on a day when Ma'anda was returned from the chase, that a certain poor man went into the forest to cut wood. And being wearied he fell asleep; and he heard a voice saying, "Go to a place in this forest where the trees are very thick, around an open space near a stream running by, and you shall there see that which will give you great wealth, and make you a great chief." And he awoke, and behold, it was a dream. And he slept, and the voice spake unto him a second time; and he awoke, and behold it was a dream. And a third time he slept, and again the voice spake unto him. So he arose out of his sleep and went whither the voice bade him.

And when he was come nigh the place, fear fell upon all his bones, and his knees smote together; but he heard naught, save only the sighing of the wind. And he lifted up his eyes, and behold, a man very old and venerable, whose beard was the length of a cubit; and he sat upon a throne, and was clad in white raiment, and there reclined about him many warriors,

clothed in like manner. And all were fair to look upon, as it were white men.

And when he that sat upon the throne, and they that were with him, had regarded the husbandman sternly for a good while, he spoke to him saying, "What land is this?" And the husbandman knew the voice he had heard in his dream and did quake exceedingly; and he said, "Knowest thou not? It is Uganda." And he that sat upon the throne spake, saying, "Who was the first king?" And the husbandman made answer, "Kintu." Then said the old man, "Thou sayest true. But who reigneth to-day in Uganda?" And the husbandman said, "Ma'anda." And he upon the throne bade him hasten to Ma'anda saying, "As thou hast long searched for Kintu, Kintu is come hither to meet thee; now therefore come hither; but see that no one come with thee, save only thy mother and the messenger; for Kintu hath somewhat to say unto thee." And the husbandman made haste and departed.

And that night King Ma'anda was troubled in his sleep, and saw a man come with tidings to him: and he awoke, and it was a dream. And when the morning was come, he spoke to his mother saying, "After such a manner dreamed I."

And while he was yet speaking, his chief counselor entered and said, "There is a man at the gate who hath somewhat to say unto thee privily." And when he was come in, the king said, "This is he whom I saw in my dream." And he commanded every man to go out from him, and set guards at the outer gate. And when he had heard the husbandman, he said, "Come, let us go; for so the old man said." And he arose, he, and his mother, and the husbandman, and went away privily.

And it was told the chief counselor, "The king

and his mother are gone away stealthily with a strange man." And when he had considered the matter, he feared treason. He arose and followed after the king secretly lest evil befall him; but the king knew it not. And when they had journeyed for a day and a half, the drew nigh to the place.

And when they were come, behold the old man and the warriors; even as the husbandman had left them, so seemed they. And the old man asked, "Who art thou?" And the king answered, "I am Ma'anda." And again said the old man, "Art thou the king?" And he said, "I am." And the old man said, "Who is this with thee?" And Ma'anda answered, "It is my mother."

And the man said, "It is well; but why did ye not as I commanded? Why came ye not alone?" And Ma'anda said, "We have so done. There are but this husbandman and my mother with me; for our departure was not known." And the man said, "Tell me, who was he that came after thee? for I have seen him." And Ma'anda spake yet again, saying, "No man hath come after me; for I have looked behind me both yesterday and to-day, and no man followed."

Then said the man, "Who was the first king of Uganda?" And Ma'anda answered, "Kintu." And the old man said, "Thou sayest truly. And Kintu was good, and injured not any living thing. No man did he strike or inflict pain upon in any way; for as a kind father loved he his children. But his sons were evil, and made themselves vile, and walked not after his commandments; for they loved to shed blood. And when they had learned to slay beasts, they turned their hands against their fellows, even their own brothers and sisters, and sought also to slay their father Kintu. And

Kintu saw that the goodly land, even Uganda, his delight, was become vile and filthy with the blood of the innocent; and the land was hateful to Kintu, and he departed. And from Chwa unto Ma'anda all have sought for Kintu, but they found him not. But thou, Ma'anda, shalt see Kintu and speak with him, face to face; yet first I have somewhat to tell thee from him—but tell me, who was he that followed thee hither?"

Now Ma'anda was pleased when he heard that he had found favor in the sight of Kintu, but he was angry that the old man said to him the third time, "Who followed thee hither?" And he answered, "Why askest thou again, when I have told thee no man followed, because no men knew whither I went?" And the old man answered, "But I saw a man follow thee, step by step. Why didst thou let him come, when I forbade thee?" And the king's mother and husbandman declared that no man had followed. And the old man said, "Behold, he listeneth behind yonder tree."

And when the chief counselor saw that he was known, he came forth; and when Ma'anda saw him, he was filled with fury, and lifted up his spear and smote his faithful servant; and he cried out, and fell dead at the king's feet.

But when they turned, the old man and his fellows were vanished, and there was no trace remaining; and when they called, there was neither voice nor hearing. And Ma'anda and they that were with him fell upon their faces on the earth, and cried exceedingly, and lay there all that night; and the woods gave back their wailing, and answered them "Kintu, Kintu-u-u!" but none heeded their voice. And Kintu nevermore appeared in Uganda, neither has any man seen him to this day.

Such is the story, told briefly, and in simplest way.

What may be the origin of the legend is a matter of conjecture. Certainly, such a tale was never invented by a bloody and rapacious people for mere amusement. The savage is not entertained by such a character as that portrayed. It is of very great antiquity; for the Waganda traditions preserve the names of twenty-seven kings between Kintu and Ma'anda. Doubtless many more have been forgotten. It is not probable that any have been interpolated; savages are not given to inventing themselves a history. Stanley suggests Kintu may have been Noah, or Adam. Kimera readily suggests Nimrod. But till the researches of missionaries give more light, it must remain what it is, a beautiful myth of a savage land; a jewel of gold in a swine's snout.

It may be said, in passing, that there are some points of resemblance between it the Indian myth of the famous pitch lake in the island of Trinidad. The story is that the Great Spirit made the island very beautiful, and placed his children, the Chaymas, upon it. Great peace and plenty was theirs, till they became wanton and cruel; then the Great Spirit left them. When they wantonly killed the humming birds for mere sport, the Great Spirit endured no longer, and sunk the village into the earth, causing pitch to overflow it; a fate like that of Sodom, or Atlantis. The same idea is in all, though carried to its most extreme point in the Indian legend. There is no great variation in man's inner nature.

In dress, or rather in undress, there is much variety among African tribes. In most, the children go naked; in a few South African tribes they wear kilts of cow-skin. Certain tribes in Manyuema go naked at all ages. Much the same is the fashion of some tribes of the Upper Nile: the Shooas and Madis. Among them,

DO THEY TALK MUCH OF ME IN FRANCE?

however, such women as happen to be prudes, will wear a string around the abdomen, from which depends, in front, a small branch, or bunch of leaves. Every bush affords these Eves a clean pinafore.

Most tribes wear more or less of cloth around the loins; but the quality, cleanliness, and arrangement vary. The Waganda, especially the better class, have adopted much of the Arab dress, but wearing no turban.

Because the African is averse to much dress, it must not be concluded he has no idea of ornament. Quite the reverse. No people are so given to frippery and "gewgaws." Tattooing is comparatively rare, as it costs more pain and trouble than the average African will endure for any object. But beads, brass, sea-shells, ostrich feathers, teeth, claws, paint, ivory, bits of wood —all these are essentials to the African dandy, whether his actual clothing be abundant or scanty. In addition many tribes practice filing a great notch in their upper teeth; others thrust great pieces of wood through the lobes of the ears; others thrust a skewer through the nose, or make a great hole in either lip and insert a ring or a block of wood, which causes the lip to protrude two inches. Each to his taste. When in full undress, or dancing a war or fetish dance, the African is in the zenith of his glory; and he is not disposed to hide his candle under a bushel. A French traveler found a chief of a petty tribe of the far interior, tricked out with a little cheap cast-off finery of a white man, seated on a tusk of ivory, and surrounded by a few naked guards. Flattered that the white man had come so far to see him, the great man asked, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

But though given to gaudy ornamention, most Africans have no idea whatever of cleanliness.

Reade, at a dinner party in Senegambia, was astonished at the rapidity with which his waiter provided clean plates. He turned and found the "dirty little nigger" behind him cleaning them with his tongue. Stanley's first cook, if told a teaspoon were dirty, considered that the application of some saliva, and a rub on his greasy loin-cloth, was sufficient to appease the most fastidious. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker had a waiter of the same stamp. The flies were troublesome. Said Baker, "Don't let the flies drown in the coffee." The boy ladled them out with his fingers. He was told to always use a teaspoon. Next morning at breakfast he picked up a teaspoon from the table, carefully removed some flies from an humble vessel never intended to be used in connection with a teaspoon, and replaced the spoon upon the table. He had imagined his orders were merely to rescue perishing flies. That such people are filthy in house and habit, and that their ill-ventilated grass huts reek with odors not of Araby, goes without saying. Why should the native trouble himself? It costs an effort to be cleanly. Laziness is bound up in the heart of an African, and the rod of correction will not drive it very far from him.

Modes of salutation are various, differing according to the tribes. The Babwende speak pleasantly, seat themselves, and then begin grinding their teeth as if in a rage. One form is certainly peculiar. An English traveler, introduced to a strange tribe of the Nile region, was seated, waiting for the chief. The latter sion appeared, seized the white man's hand, and deposited therein a liberal quantity of saliva; and before the white man could recover from his astonishment, did likewise to his face. Our traveler sprang up in a rage, out at once caught the meaning of the act, and did like-

wise. The sable Chesterfield was enraptured by the decided fervor with which his compliment was returned.

We have already seen that cannibalism is very common in Central Africa. Where noticed in Ashantee and Dahomey, it appears merely as a part of religious ceremonies: not as a food habit of the people. It does not exist, so far as present knowledge goes, in the eastern portion of the continent. Only the Central Africans openly avow the practice. In Manyuema the people do not directly acknowledge it. Toward the west coast each tribe will usually accuse the neighboring ones of indulgence in the practice, but profess to be free from it themselves. It is well-established that cannibalism, either sacrificial or gourmandizing, has in one age or another been common in almost every portion of the world. Don't laugh, friend Saxon. Your Druid ancestors were never surpassed in cruel human sacrifices; for they filled vast wicker images with living people and burned them to the ground. And you, sturdy Scot, may learn from St. Jerome how your pagan fathers were wont to scatter the Briton's sheep and eat the shepherd, deeming the haunch of a man and the breast of a woman the choicest dainties of their feasts. And the gentle lady reader who shudders over these pages will read with ardor details in the dailies that would shock the tender susceptibilities of a Manyuema cannibal. Each to his fancy.

Most Africans are decidedly fond of holding court or council. Little can be done without a shauri, or consultation. This is partly the result of mere sociability, and partly from a general lack of independence of action. All savages are slaves of precedent. The enterprising trader who introduced the wheelbarrow to supplant the native habit of carrying articles upon

the head, found that the conservative natives placed the articles in the wheelbarrow, and carried the whole as before. So the negro consults that he may have company; not to discern the best course, as the Indian does.

Like the Indian, he has no little native eloquence. Moffat records the speech of his guide upon one occasion. Having asked the meaning of some ruins at the base of a hill, the man arose, and with tragic air and gesture, spoke like an Ossian.

"I, even I, beheld it," he said. Then, after a pause, as if in deep thought, went on: "There lived the great chief of multitudes. He reigned among them like a king. He was the chief of the blue-colored cattle. They were numerous as the dense mist on the mountain's brow; his flocks covered the plain. He thought the number of his warriors would awe his enemies. His people boasted in their spears, and laughed at the cowardice of such as fled from their towns. 'I shall slay them and hang up their shields on my hill. Our race is a race of warriors. Who ever subdued our fathers? They were mighty in combat. We still possess the spoils of ancient times. Have not our dogs eaten the shields of their nobles? The vultures shall devour the slain of our enemies.' Thus they sang, and thus they danced, until we beheld on yonder heights the approaching foe.

"The noise of their songs was hushed in night and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the cloud ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle. The shout was raised, 'They are friends!' but they shouted again, 'They are foes!' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabeles. The men seized

their arms and rushed out as if to the chase of the antelope. The onset was as the voice of the lightning, and their spears as the shaking of the forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with the cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabeles entered the town with the roar of a lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers and threw the children in the flames. The sun went down. The rioters emerged from the smoking plain and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended and killed till their hands were weary of the spear." Stooping down to the ground the speaker took up a little dust, and holding it out in the palm of his hand, then blowing it off, he said, "That is all that remains of the great chief of the blue-colored cattle."

In Africa marriage is upon an entirely different basis from that in most lands. In Semitic and Aryan races, the wife is usually expected to bring a dowry to her husband; but woman is in Africa a valuable piece of merchandise. A man wanting a wife must buy her outright. The parent with a houseful of daughters is on the highroad to wealth. But as alliance with royal blood is always desirable in all lands, many a parent makes an outright present of his daughter to the chief or king, often to the serious disappointment of many a dusky Oscar.

In the Congo kingdom the king has especial rights. He may take any woman as a concubine or wife. Her

husband is put to death; likewise all her lovers, she being compelled to reveal their names. But this usually merely affords her an opportunity to get rid of persons obnoxious to her, as in case of denial the woman's word is considered as more reliable than the man's.

The marriage ceremony varies with the tribe. The details are not of special interest. In most cases the bridegroom is expected to feast his friends for a time, but this is not more expensive than the average American bridal tour. However, in the end the bride pays expenses, as she is expected to earn a living for her lord.

Polygamy is prevalent among those who can afford it. It is practiced largely as a display of wealth. The first wife rules the house, the others being her assistants in hating their common husband. So far from hindering him from taking more wives, most Central and West African women prefer it, and call him a stingy fellow if he does not. Jealousy is a comparatively useless word with them.

Few West African women long retain their comeliness; most are wrinkled and haggish at thirty years old. Girlhood is a comparatively careless and happy season. Ere middle life is reached you have a hag with pendent breasts, bleared eyes, and hideous yellow teeth, with features of an ape; a wretched, toiling slave, beaten by the man whose savage passions have drained her of her youth and beauty before her time.

The moral standard would be difficult to define. In Ashantee, Dahomey, and the Congo kingdom, adultery is punishable with death. And only in these kingdoms does the social evil exist as a legalized institution. The vice will maintain itself in some form. As in more advanced races, professional prostitution is to a certain extent alternative with marital unfaithfulness.

Where the standard of family morals is low, the social evil is hardly legally known. This is a natural result; for an advanced race notices and endeavors to limit both evils; the lower standard takes no cognizance of either.

In the bush tribes of West Africa women may not marry a second time. In consequence, the harlots are principally widows; their earnings go to their brothers. In Northern Guinea harlots are the property of the government, which takes their earnings and gives them support. In times of public disturbance they are sequestrated, as we close saloons on election days. Rich negro ladies sometimes bequeath slaves to the public as an act of charity, believing the evil a social safety-valve.

In certain western tribes the only check on conjugal unfaithfulness is a belief that if a woman commits an infidelity before the new shift presented her by her husband at marriage is worn out, the devil will run away with her. Most are faithful that long, but it is not uncommon to see a woman pounding her shift between two stones. When it is worn out, she is free to do as she likes. There is in this regulation a contrast to the old Roman law which gave a husband power of life and death over his wife if she remained under his roof an entire year consecutively; and the Roman women were wont in consequence to spend a few days in each year with a friend, that they might always be able to assert their own rights and privileges.

As affording light upon the comparative freedom of Caucasian and Negro women, the following dialogue between an English traveler, Mr. Reade, and an African princess will be of interest. Doubtless it will afford no little consolation to the downtrodden and oppressed women of our own land to know that the enlightened African pities their forlorn condition.

COUNCIL OF WAR.

"One day Ananga came into my house with a pipe in her mouth. I snatched it from her furiously. She called Mafuk, who usually acted as our interpreter, and said gently that she would not smoke if I disliked it; but how was it offensive to me? She had seen her my father smoking in my presence without my appearing to be annoyed.

"I said that it was proper for men to smoke, but that it was not proper for women to smoke.

"She glanced superciliously at my clothes, and asked whether that was another fashion of my country. I replied that it was. She asked me why it was not considered proper for women to smoke in my country.

"I said that there were very good reasons.

"'Ah!' she cried, clapping her hands, 'I know why. Tobacco is very dear in your country, so you will not give any to your wives.'

"I assured her, with some indignation, that she was mistaken. 'In our country,' I said, 'the women have the same rights as the men.'

"'Then why do they not smoke tobacco?'

"'Because they do not like it,' I said, desperately.

"'Then if they like tobacco, they can smoke it,' continued the inexorable Ananga.

"'No,' said I; 'the men in our country know that tobacco is not good for women, and that they would not like it, so they make a law that no woman shall smoke it.'

"Ananga shook her little head.

"'If women try it, they like it,' she said. 'You do not let them try it, because you fear they like it. Dirt is not good to eat; you do not make a law that no women eat dirt. Tobacco is good to smoke, so you make a law that women do not smoke tobacco. I should not

like to go to your country. I think the women work very hard there.'

"'Oh no,' said I, brightening up; 'a fine lady in my country has no work to do at all. You are the daughter of a king, but you have to beat up food and cook your father's dinner. In my country the servants do all that, and the fine lady has plenty of money, and beautiful clothes, and can have her hair dressed all day long if she likes.' 'Eh!' cried Ananga, clasping her hands; 'that country of yours is a fine place. If I was a fine lady there, I would take my canoe and slaves, and go where I pleased, and not ask leave of my father.'

"'No,' said I, 'our fine ladies can not do that. They must not go out alone.'

"'Why not?'

"I was puzzled again. How could she understand these refinements of decorum? I could only reply that it was a fashion of my country.

"'Ah,' said Ananga, curling her lip, 'I see the fashion of your country. You keep your women like slaves, for fear they run away to the Bush and smoke tobacco.'"

So it appears our little eccentricities are as inexplicable to the African as his are to us. And we can obtain no better view of him than by allowing him to take our measure. Consider this song of the Bushmen concerning the white man:

"In the blue palace of the deep sea
Dwells a strange creature:
His skin as white as salt;
His hair long and tangled as the sea-weed.
He is more great than the princes of the earth;
He is clothed with the skins of fishes,
Fishes more beautiful than birds.

His house is built of brass rods
His garden is a forest of tobacco.
On his soil white beads are scattered
Like sand-grains on the sea-shore."

It will be seen these people deem the white man very wealthy. But it is doubtful if Queen Victoria would pass muster with the African chieftain in general. One of these dusky aristocrats asked a traveler if the queen had many cows; the answer convinced him that she could not be nearly so important and influential as himself.

Civilization is stereotyped in clothing—such is our view. The African deems our clothing a sign of barbarism, till by long association his ideas are changed. This conversation between Reade and an African princess who had never before seen a white man will enlighten us as to certain of our defects.

"One day Ananga reproached me for being artificial. What made me wear so many clothes? she asked, with inexpressible scorn. I replied that it was one of the foolish fashions of my country. And was it a fashion of my country, she asked, to wear the hair of a wild beast on my head, and to paint my face white? On my replying that Njambi had thought fit to create me with these deformities, she uttered a cry of derision, and taking hold of my hair pulled it severely. When it did not come out her eyes dilated, and she looked at me in stupefaction. Then, wetting her fingers, she rubbed my cheek with it, and fled in terror to my interpreters. They laughed at her uproariously, and she came back in a shamefaced manner, and sat beside me without speaking."

After this we are not surprised that white men should be regarded with as great curiosity as Crowley, the

chimpanzee, was in our land. Remember Stanley among the Manyuema and compare with Reade among the Fans:

"Here stood two men, with their hands upon each other's shoulders, staring at me in mute wonder, their eyes like saucers, their mouths like open sepulchers. There an old woman, in a stooping attitude, with her hands on her knees, like a cricketer 'fielding out;' a man was dragging up his frightened wife to look at me, and a child cried bitterly with averted eyes.

I then remembered that in my petticoated days a certain negress used to haunt the same localities as my nursemaid. Nothing could have struck me with more horror than the sight of this melanous but innocent-intentioned female. I had art instincts within me even then. I would have dreams of beautiful angels, in evening dresses, who took me on their laps and kissed me; and sometimes of this horrible woman, with her sooty skin, her crisp hair, her thick, ugly lips, when I would wake up too frightened to even cry, with my small body in a cold sweat. But now the tables were completely turned. I found myself looked upon as a striking likeness of their Evil Spirit, who is said to be white, and to be dressed in unknown garments, as ours is said to be black and not to be dressed at all. So when I appeared in a Bush village, the women and children fled from me with tears, and the dogs with dismal howls, not knowing how to bark.

"After the Fans had taken the edge off their curiosity, and had dispersed a little, I rose to enjoy my evening promenade. All stared at me with unceasing wonder. That a man should walk backward and forward with no fixed object is something which the slothful negro can not understand, and which appears to

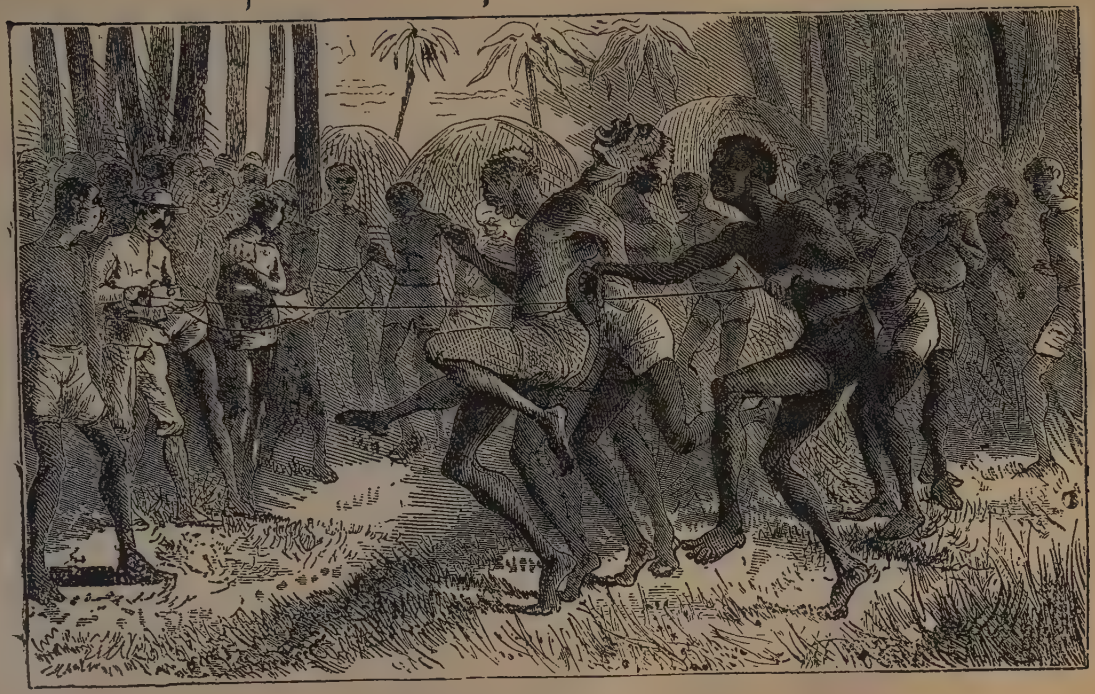
him rather the action of a wild beast than of a human being.

"It was not long before they contrived to conquer their timidity. I observed two or three girls whispering to each other and looking at me. Presently I felt an inquisitive finger laid on my coat, and heard the sound of bare feet running away. I remained in the same position. Then one bolder than the rest approached me, and spoke to me, smiling. I assumed as amiable an expression as nature would permit, and touched my ears to show that I did not understand. At this they had a great laugh, as if I had said something good, and the two others began to draw near like cats. One girl took my hand between hers and stroked it timidly; the others, raising toward me their beautiful black eyes, and with smiles showing teeth which were not filed, and which were as white as snow, demanded permission to touch this hand which seemed so strange. And then they all felt my cheeks and my straight hair, and looked upon me as a strange prodigy sent to them by the gods. And all the while they chattered, the pretty things, as if I could understand them.

"Now ensued a grand discussion; first my skin was touched, and then my coat, and the two were carefully compared. At length one of them happened to pull back my coat, and on seeing my wrist they gave a cry and clasped their hands unanimously. They had been arguing whether my coat was of the same material as my skin and an accident had solved the mystery."

Yet despite our little oddities, the African has a reverential fear of the white man. He will underrate our intelligence and common sense, as we do his, and undertake to outwit or defraud the traveler at every turn; but he attributes to us magical powers, and

thinks we have wonderful fetish. A Du Chaillu with his electric battery among the Ashangos, or with a telescope or repeating rifle, can be held as almost supreme in power. He will be called Spirit, Fetish, Master, and a score of similar names. But as by association the African learns more of the white, he readily detects the fact and the reason of the latter's superiority. The Ashantees have embodied the explanation in one of their tales: God made a white man and a black man; he placed before them a hoe, many choice things of earth, and a book. The black man had first choice and took the hoe and the good things; the white man, left with only the book, mastered all wisdom, and has all the benefits the negro lost. But with true savage conservatism they add, "Since it is so, let the white man stick to his books, and leave us to follow our ways in peace."



SHOCKING THE ASHANGOS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROJECTING THE CONGO STATE.

WE have come; we have seen Africa in all its beauty and fertility, with all its difficulties and perils of access; we have seen the African, with all his craft, indolence, cruelty and impassiveness; with all his mingled vices and virtues, his attainments and his capabilities; the darkness of his past and the doubt of his future; and having come and seen, under the guidance of many a noble traveler, let us go up to possess the land and make a peaceful conquest. Our guide shall be Stanley, while the sinews of war are furnished by the

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE CONGO.

How this association originated, and what are its objects, may be learned from the subjoined letter of Gen. H. S. Sanford, of Florida, to U. S. Senator Morgan. The date is March 24, 1884.

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to your request for specific information as to the origin and objects of the International African Association, I have the honor to state that it owes its origin to the king of the Belgians, who, in 1876, convened a conference of distinguished African travelers of different nationalities at his palace in Brussels in September of that year, to devise the best means of opening up to civilization equatorial Africa. The re-

sult of this conference, which recommended the establishment of stations, and provided for a permanent central organization, and branch organizations in other countries, was the convoking of a commission or congress, which met at the palace in Brussels in June, 1877, and at which delegates from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, Switzerland and the United States were present. An executive committee, consisting of three representatives of the English speaking, German and Latin races, in the persons of Henry S. Sanford, of Florida, Dr. Nachtigal (the African explorer), of Belgium, and M. de Quatrefages (of the Institute), of Paris, for these races respectively, under the presidency of the king, was confirmed, and the practical means of carrying out the objects of the Association were discussed and determined upon.

"These were, the organization of a branch in each of the various states of Europe and in America, which should aid in attracting attention to this work, and in founding hospitable and scientific stations under the flag of the Association, which flag it was determined should be a blue flag with a golden star in the center. It was also decided to commence the founding of these stations on the east coast at Zanzibar, stretching over to the lakes.

"An extract from the proceedings, defining what these stations, destined to form a chain of posts from ocean to ocean, should be, is given, as best explaining the purpose of the Association:

"'*What a station shall be.*—The executive committee receives from the International Association entire liberty of action in the execution of the following general dispositions for the founding of hospitable and scientific stations: The *personnel* of a station is to consist of a

chief and a certain number of employes, chosen or accepted by the executive committee. The first care of a chief of a station should be to procure a suitable dwelling, and to utilize the resources of the country, in order that the station may be self-supporting.

"'The scientific mission of a station consists, in so far as it is practicable, in astronomical and meteorological observations; in the formation of collections in geology, botany and zoology; in the mapping of the environs of the station; in the preparation of a vocabulary and grammar of the language of the country; in ethnological observations; in reporting the accounts of native travelers of the countries they have visited, and in keeping a journal of all events and observations worthy of notice.

"'The hospitable mission of the station shall be to receive all the travelers whom the chief shall deem worthy; to provide them, at their cost at the place, with instruments, goods, and provisions, as well as guides and interpreters; to inform them as to the best routes to follow, and to transmit their correspondence. It will also be the duty of a station to insure as rapid and as regular communication as possible from post to post between the coast and the interior.

"'One of the ulterior objects of the stations will be, by their civilizing influences to suppress the slave-trade.'

"The result of this movement has been the opening up of a highway, so to speak, from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganyika, mostly with capital furnished by the Belgians, the last of the stations being at Karena, on the lake, two of the intermediary stations being founded, respectively, by the French and German branches of the association.

"After Stanley discovered the Upper Congo, in 1877, a branch of the International Association was formed the year following for special work on the Congo, under the name of Comite d'Etudes of the Upper Congo, but under the flag of the Association, and special contributions for it were made by the philanthropic friends of the Association. This work, which the king of Belgium has taken under his especial personal and financial protection, has developed to extraordinary proportions, and has for its practical result the opening up to civilizing influences, and to the world's traffic, this most populous and fertile region, and securing certain destruction to the slave-trade, wherever its flag floats. The only practical difficulty in this wonderful progress proves to be an unrecognized flag, which is liable to be misunderstood and abused, and the people under it subjected to impediments in their philanthropic work on the part of those engaged in the slave-trade, or for other selfish purposes.

"I have the honor to be very respectfully yours,

"H. S. SANFORD,

"Member of the Executive Committee of the International African Association."

The Comite d'Etudes of the Upper Congo subsequently assumed the name of the International Association of the Congo. It is a branch of the Association International Africaine, devoted especially to the development of the Congo basin. The difficulty of an unrecognized flag referred to by Gen. Sanford, was taken away in the winter of 1884–85, when the leading nations of Europe, together with the United States, separately recognized the flag of the Association as that of a friendly state, while the Berlin Conference, composed of

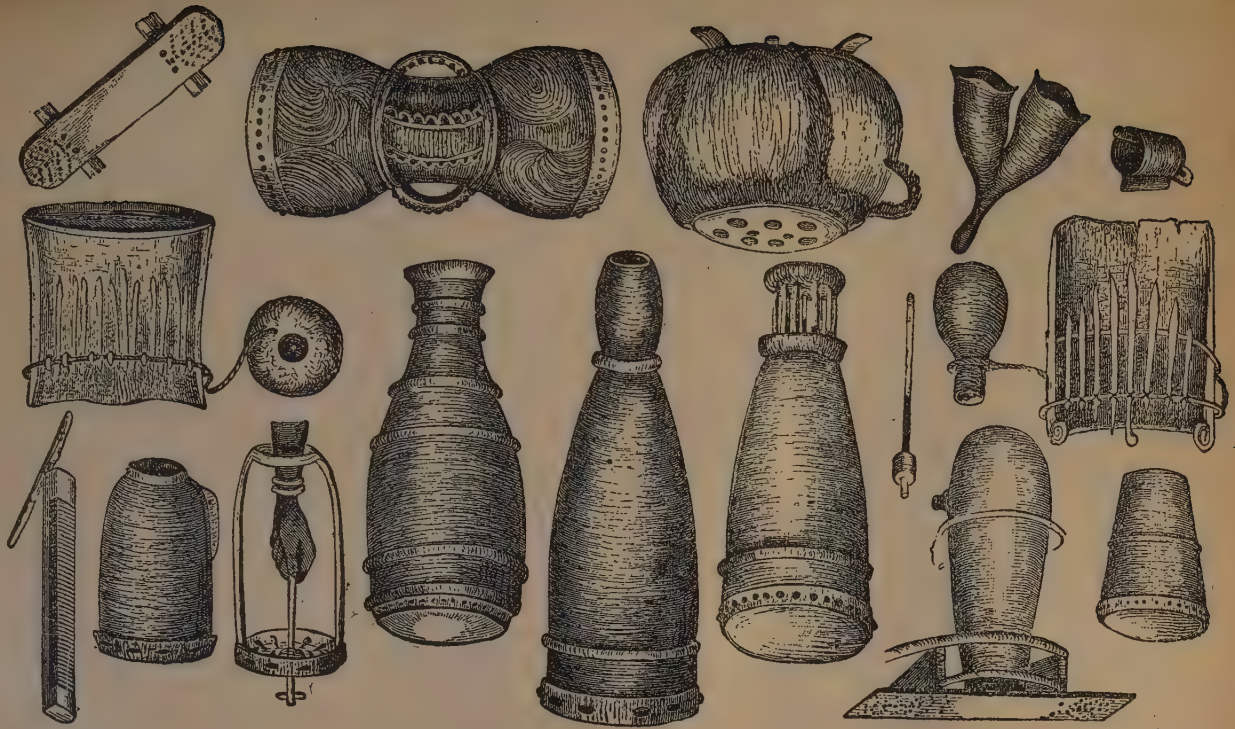
delegates representing the United States and every European power, by its action, subscribed on the 26th of February, 1885, engaged the favor of all the nations in behalf of the Association, and settled the terms of common intercourse with the new state.

It is the month of January, 1878. Stanley has arrived in Europe, wearied in body and depressed in mind. He has traced the Congo to the sea. But he has endured famine and privation, has seen his followers perish by flood and by sword, and has lost a trusty friend. His triumphs, so well-earned, are but secondary matters; he thinks only of rest. Africa has lost her charms, since he knows her secrets. He will visit her no more.

But it was not to be. Arriving at Marseilles, he was met by two commissioners from the king of Belgium. Plans of beneficent enterprise toward Africa were under discussion, which for their execution would require knowledge, judgment, and a dauntless leader. He must make up his mind to return to Africa.

The weary traveler listened to the proposal with impatience. He was willing to give his advice, but not his personal leadership. "Six months hence," he said, "my feelings may be different; but at present I am so sick and weary that I can think only of long rest and sleep."

Good food and shelter, and relief from responsibility soon recuperated a half-ruined constitution. His book, "The Dark Continent," was prepared, and submitted to the publishers. He visited Leopold, the king of the Belgians, and heard his plans. The call for action was not immediate. Till it should come he might enjoy his courted liberty. But he knew not the art. He says: "Like hundreds of others from America and



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

England, I thought the art lay in dressing *a la mode*, sipping coffee with indolent attitudes on the flag-stones of Parisian boulevards, or testing the merits of Pilsen or Strasburg beer; but my declining health, and increasing moody spirits informed me that these were vanities productive of nothing but loss of time, health and usefulness."

At the suggestion of friends, he visited various seaside resorts, and at last, Switzerland. Three weeks of climbing toil restored his health and whetted his mind for action.

This opened his eyes. He was suffering from much the same reaction that had so affected his Wangwana followers so soon as their work was ended. The habit of constant activity, cultivated for three years, could not at once be shaken off. What he needed was work, not rest. A letter from one of the International Commissioners called him to Paris, and he gladly responded. The question of utilizing the Congo was carefully discussed in all its aspects. The proposed expedition might be geographical, philanthropic or commercial. A geographical or exploring expedition would be costly, with little probability of adding anything important to what was already known. A philanthropic expedition would be expensive, perhaps without lasting results. A commercial enterprise must compete with the already established coast traders, call for large capital and a peculiar class of men not easily to be found. A railway was proposed, to join the Upper and Lower Congo, but its construction called for preliminary information and arrangements. The voluminous papers embodying the results of the interview were by the commissioners carried to Brussels, to be laid before his Majesty, the king of the Belgians.

In November, 1878, a meeting composed of various personages of financial consequence from England, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland, on invitation of the King, convened at the palace in Brussels. Mr. Stanley was present to answer questions concerning Africa, its tribes, its tributes, its productions, and the security probable to commercial enterprise. The Comite d' Etudes du Haut Congo was organized, Col. Strauch, of the Belgian army, was elected president; about $100,000 was subscribed for immediate use, and more promised when required. An expedition was to be at once organized and equipped for the Congo, and Mr. Stanley was to lead it. What was to be the character of the expedition has already appeared.

Two steamers were speedily chartered, the *Albion* and the *Barga*. In the *Albion* Mr. Stanley proceeded to Zanzibar, to engage as many as possible of the men who had with him two years before traversed Africa and descended the unknown Congo. Sixty-eight Zanzibaris were enlisted for a term of three years, and of these two-thirds were his old companions. Among them also was Susi, Dr. Livingstone's head man, who, on far Lake Bangweolo, closed his master's eyes in death, embalmed his body, and bore it among suspicious tribes, and through perils of the wilderness, nearly two thousand miles, back to the east coast, to be placed on board a British vessel and borne to its final resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

The *Barga*, ladened with steamers, lighters, whaleboats, portable wooden houses, corrugated iron stoves, wagons, provisions, etc., was, so soon as these things could be purchased and placed on board, to proceed direct to the mouth of the Congo. Meanwhile Mr. Stanley, tarrying at Zanzibar, and completing his arrange-

ments, occupied some time in exploring the rivers Wami, Kingani, Rufiji and Mombasa Creek.

On the 14th of August, 1879, the steamer *Albion*, with Stanley and his Zanzibaris on board, having come by the way of the Red Sea, Suez and the Mediterranean, arrived at Banana Point, the port at the mouth of the Congo. For a full day's steaming previous, the appearance of the ocean had been changed by the mud and debris of the great river.

As the reader has seen so much of the dark and cruel, the somber and the terrible, in his wanderings thus far, let Mr. Stanley describe something of the more attractive in Africa. We approach the mouth of the Congo.

"To our left stretched a land very little in accordance with our ideas of tropical luxuriance. The sea line was backed by low, reddish cliffs, and beyond these extended a gradually rising land, covered with sere grass, dotted here and there with clusters of trees or groves, which, no doubt, marked the site of small native villages. There were but few prominent hills to be seen anywhere; but it was noticeable that towards the interior there was a general uplift of the land, and a greater irregularity in its contour, until it culminated in a ridge of hills of nearly uniform altitude running N. N. E. and S. S. W.

"Over the prow of the steamer, however, there was to be seen a large, triangular mass of forest land, probably about twenty miles wide at the base, both sides of which, as the eye followed them towards the interior, seemed to be almost meeting in a point far inland; and parallel with these, a few miles off in the north, the hilly ridge already mentioned, having suddenly curved, ran due east, while nearly a similar line

of hills appeared from the south, curving in like manner, and running eastward. Within the area thus described lay the valley of the Lower Congo. Through the center of this valley and forested triangle flowed the mighty river, with an average width of about three and a third English miles, widening at the mouth to seven and a third English miles, that is, from Banana Point on the north to Shark's Point on the south."

Near noon, as the vessel gradually approached, "the Congo disclosed itself like a huge valve; a broad stream of daylight has disparted the triangular mass of woods into two sections, and bearing down upon us we see a majestic stretch of river twenty miles long, of immense volume and force, whose power we are made to feel by the very slow progress we make, despite the full head of steam with which the *Albion* had been prepared for the ascent of the river proper.

"With Shark's Point, which now lies on our right, and its hook of land half enfolding Diegos Bay, with Point Pardrao and its monumental stone of the old Portuguese navigator far receding, and the long, high, scarcely penetrable wall of tall woods which darkly fringes the southern shore, we have nothing to do; for on our left, brilliantly white with lime-wash, on a projecting tongue of fine sand, squats low a long line of Congo factories, which occupy nearly the whole length of the sandy peninsula known as Banana Point. This sandy tongue is so low that the dark hulls of the shipping in the harbor seem to be riding on a plane higher than the ground covered by the buildings. High up on most ambitious spars, above buildings and shipping, wave the various national flags of Holland, France and Great Britain."

Banana Point is two and a half miles long, a mile

wide at the base, and tapers to a sharp point. Towards the extreme end are the buildings of the great "Dutch House" founded by Messrs. Pincoffs and Kerdyck, of Rotterdam. Formerly known as the Africanshe Handels-Vereeniging, it is now, since its failure and reconstruction in 1879, known as the Africanshe Venootschap. Begun in 1869, it represents to-day eighty or more coast or interior stations, employs in its trade three large steamers and a forty-ton tug, and with its warehouses, sheds, courts, yards and buildings, occupies about 700 acres of land. Next above them on the Point is the French House of Daumas, Beraud & Co., much humbler, and further still, the Congo and Central African Trading Company

The Dutch company employs a considerable number of Europeans, mostly very young men, and of Africans enough to constitute a good-sized village. With their wives and children "they represent every tribal district along the coast to Cape Lopez and distant parts of interior Ngoyo, and the land of the Bateke and Basundi. Kruboys—strong-limbed, broad-chested, fine-muscled men of the laboring class—are also here by the score. Along the beach, or on the piers, they may be seen in loin-clouts, and hats with brims of ample prominence and girth, and a grotesque variety of caps, heave-yo-ing upon heavy weights, rolling limewashed casks of palm oil, cooking the rich yellow butter of the *Elais Guineensis*, running it into other casks; at the coal yard, loading trucks, bearing sacks of palm kernels or shelled ground nuts. Under the lengthy sheds are the boat-builders, building new lighters or dingeys. The Kabinda cask-makers are hammering down the iron hoops with a din that shocks the ears. Along the beach the boats come and go, or the galliots enter, laden with

fresh water from the south bank, or with African produce from Ponta da Lenha and Boma, and perhaps from Mussuko, higher up the Congo.

"To examine the interior parts of the lengthy plank buildings is a good day's work. In them may be seen enough to make a Manchester cotton manufacturer weep with pleasure, for there may be, piled up high in bales upon bales, a million yards of cotton, from the finest to the flimsiest quality ; huge dry-goods cases, where the British government seems to have disposed of the old red coats of their army years ago. In another store, Birmingham and Sheffield might rejoice at the sight of the iron kettles and pots and pans, the tons of cutlery, the thousands of flintlock muskets and percussion guns, and the stores of brass bells. In another place the mill owners of Rochdale, looking at the piles of red and blue samlist, might have cause to wish that there were more enterprising Dutch Houses to buy from them the cunning labour of their looms and to disperse it over broad Africa.

"At the extreme end of the peninsula of Banana is the powder magazine, containing enough powder apparently to salute the dead for a century to come; but no, we shall be informed, just enough to last until the next ship comes—expected shortly. This might be alarming at first, if we did not remember that almost every child that dies receives a salute of honour of five shots, while a woman has ten, and a man twenty; for a chief ten or twelve barrels might not suffice. When employed for such harmless purposes, we are tempted to regard the dangerous compound in the light of a beneficent element of trade.

"Close by, and between the powder magazine and

the white factory buildings of Banana, is the cemetery, where many a one sleeps fast and long whom not even the explosion of all those tons of powder would awaken again to tedious life. Here on the shore the waves of the Atlantic beat loud and solemn, dirge-like, mourning the loss of those who appeared in the tropic land only to pass to their final rest. It is a place to be avoided by those apt to be afflicted with presentiments. The sound of those names; the view of the dead sand, and the blank waste of sea waters, which you feel are so wide, and stretch so far; the thought that you can not, if you would, sail away on them—all are likely to engender a profound melancholy; for those silent mounds seem to menace yourself—you, so ignorant of how to live in this land which has already slain so many as strong, if not stronger than yourself. Away from the scene to the habitations of the living!"

The *Barba* had preceded the *Albion*, left her passengers, discharged her cargo, and returned to Europe. The freight had consisted in part of the flotilla designed for use on the Congo. It was composed of eight vessels, great and small and as these must henceforth be a conspicuous feature, it is proper to name and describe them. They were:—

"Steel twin screw-steamer *La Belgique*, sixty-five feet long, eleven feet beam, five and a half feet draught, sixteen nominal horse-power; measurement thirty tons.

Esperance, forty-two feet long, seven feet beam; six horse-power nominal; screw.

En Avant, paddle-boat, forty-three feet long, seven feet eleven inches beam; six horse-power nominal; draught eleven inches.

Royal, screw, mahogany life-boat built by White of Cowes; thirty feet long, six feet beam, fitted with ma-

hogany cabin, plate glass, blue silk hangings, equipment rich, being the special gift to the expedition of His Majesty, the King of the Belgians.

Steel lighter, sixty feet long, seven feet beam, four feet deep; capacity twelve tons.

Steel lighter, forty feet long by six feet beam, three feet deep; capacity six tons.

Jeune Africaine, screw launch, twenty-four feet long, five feet ten inches beam.

Wooden whaleboat, thirty-three feet long six feet beam; capacity three and a third tons.

There was trouble both with the men and with the vessels. Every man but two was dissatisfied with his rank or pay, and nearly all clamored to be allowed "expenses," which meant board, lodging, clothes, wines, cigars and what not!

Flattery and diplomacy quelled the rising mutiny. Some of the vessels required slight changes, or additions, before they were ready to essay the upper Congo. The *En Avant* especially behaved in an astounding manner. The steam pressure one moment was such that everybody was scared and ready to jump overboard; at another it was so slight that the paddles scarcely moved at all. Three engineers in turn tried to reduce it to good behavior and were baffled, when Francisco Flamini shifted the fire bars up higher, regulated the supply of water and reduced the crazy craft to an obedient and useful servant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UP THE CONGO.

ONE week after the *Albion* had arrived at Banana Point matters were arranged, strifes adjusted, and on the morning of the 21st of August the little fleet turned its prows up the Congo. The event, in the history of Africa, may yet become what the Mayflower has been in the history of America. The general aspect of the landscape was somber and uninviting. Dark lines of mangroves, intermixed with palms, made on either bank a forbidding and seemingly impenetrable wood. Over forest and stream brooded the silence and loneliness of death. There was no voice or flight of bird, or any token of animate nature. Twenty-one miles from the starting brought the flotilla opposite to Kisanga. With its three factories, it lies close to the water's edge, in a little clearing, shut in on three sides by the deep, dank forest. Four hours from Banana brought the voyagers to Ponta da Lenha, situated on an island near the northern bank, and containing three factories of as many nationalities. The Dutch, as usual, are far ahead in the style and solidity of their structures. They were engaged in driving massive piles of teak and redwood to protect the bank from abrasion by the impetuous current. Here was spent a comfortable night, in the enjoyment of such hospitality as a

Dutch master can bestow who gives his time and his choicest things to the entertainment of his guests. In the morning the expedition was again under way. The bush along the banks now loomed less tall and dark, the mangroves disappeared, the palms became more conspicuous, and here and there a plain, covered with tall, dark, waving grass, was seen receding in the distance.

Four hours from Ponta da Lenha saw the fleet moored to the wharf at Boma. It is situated on the north bank, and from the landing may be seen from end to end, extending in a curve with the river. Like Banana, it is a congeries of whitewashed buildings, shops, warehouses, sheds, and dwellings, with flags of various nations floating above.

Through two centuries Boma's history was fraught with horrors. Thither were brought thousands of men and women, youths and maidens, torn from villages everywhere from the coast to Stanley Pool, loaded with cumbrous yokes, and chained together by dozens, to be crowded into the hot and suffocating hold of some slaver, and transferred to Brazil, the West Indies, or North America. Whole fleets engaged in the horrid traffic have anchored here. The land was desolated, and its inhabitants are few in number. In this infernal trade a strong white savage bought and sold a weak black one.

And here, in 1877, a deed was done which smacks of the bygone days. Maltreated slaves, retaliating upon their master, stole his rum, and burned his stores. He discovered and seized the guilty ones. On the neck of each he placed a ring, through which he passed a chain, and so fastened all together; then placing them in a boat, he rowed to the middle of the river, and

pushed them one by one over the boat's edge into the seething flood. Their dead bodies, drifted by the stream, were lodged on an island below.

To-day the intercourse between whites and negroes is peaceful. Competition among traders secures for the negro kind treatment and fair dealing. The churlish, disagreeable, tyrannical trader will get little business in Boma, for the blacks will dispose of their wares to another.

From Boma the fleet proceeded to Mussuko—a run of three hours and forty-five minutes. Thence the *Albion*, having served the expedition as far as required, returned to England.

Just above Boma is Prince's Island, where several of the officers of Captain Tuckey's expedition sleep their last, long sleep. The island is covered with a dense tangle of tropical vegetation, to which a grace is imparted by the presence of many feathery palms. The summit is jagged and uneven, affording glimpses of gray rocks through crowns of dark green leaves.

The bluffs, which below retired like a vanquished army, now become bolder in their angle and elevation, and press upon the river. "Those steep slopes of red clay, thickly strewn with gray blocks of stone and quartz; those ever repeating conformations of almost precipitous spurs, alternating with gullies scantily green with poor bush; those narrow bits of terraces adorned with a palm or two, with bluffy river frontage and long line of dark, naked grit rock, and the deep, broad, brown-faced river confined within its rocky bed and sides by two almost uniform lines of high hills, cannot offer anything that is very agreeable to the eye. We are never freed from a faint feeling that all we look upon verges upon the desolate; there is an unmistak-

ONE OF THE GREAT CHIEFS.

able poverty in the aspect, and in August, when the grass is bleached white, there is a visible thirstiness."

In 1879 there were but two factories above Boma—Scott's, at Mussuko, and Faro's, at Nokki. Several have been planted since, as likewise missionary stations; while at Nkongolo, opposite to Nokki, the International Association has built a two-storied chalet and some storehouses.

On the 26th of September Mr. Stanley provisioned the *Esperance* for a few days, and, with about a dozen men, started to make a careful examination of the river above Mussuko, with a view to the selection of a point to be made the base of future operations. He found one about two miles below Yellalla, the lowest of the Livingstone Falls. The spot selected was some fifteen miles, by the course of the river, above Mussuko, and one hundred and ten miles from the sea. The river is here hemmed in between hills, some of which are a thousand feet or more above sea level. The current of the river is such that a vessel incapable of nine knots an hour could not ascend, and the depth was found in one place, evidently not the deepest, to be 540 feet. In making his reconnoissance for position, Mr. Stanley was under the guidance of De-de-de, chief of Nsanda. The guide conducted him to a sand plat, one hundred yards long and fifty yards deep, situated between the river and a frowning bluff. The investigation that followed led to the rejection of this, and to the choice of an elevated terrace a little farther up the river.

Then followed negotiations with the five chiefs of Vivi, within whose domain was the coveted position. Massala, the interpreter, introduced them in the order of their eminence.

"No. 1, the senior lord of Vivi, by name Vivi

Mavungu, of Banza Vivi, son of his father of the same name, stood out, short of stature and club-footed, with an affected scowl of defiant truculency, which he had intended for one of bland amiability, dressed in a blue lackey's coat, a knit Phrygian cap of vari-colored cotton, and a lower cloth of gaudy pattern.

"No. 2, Ngufu Mpanda, of Banza Sombo, a hale old man with gray hair—a veritable Uncle Tom—in an English red military tunic, a brown felt hat, and ample cloth of check pattern round the lower portion of his body, anklets of brass wire, and a necklace of elephant hair wove through a few fetish relics for good luck. Like Vivi Mavungu, he brought his hand to his hat, bent his body in a not ungraceful situation, and 'scraped a leg' like a sailor.

"No. 3, Kapita, a humorous-looking elder, of short height, befrocked in a dark-blue soldier's coat, a good cloth round his lower half, ankles and neck being adorned in a similar fashion to the above-mentioned. After a salute, which likewise was an imitation of a sailor's, he retired to make room for

"No. 4, Vivi Nku, who was not very sober, but rather hilarious in manner, and degraded in feature, in a black cloth frock coat and black silk hat, and his nether parts enriched by an ample robe of crimson samelist.

"No. 5 was Benzoni Congo, a handsome, well-formed young man, in a dark-brown coat, which belonged once to a London club; a nether robe of spotted blue cotton; neck, ankles, and wrists ringed around with brass wire."

Seated on mats beneath the shade of a wide-spreading tree, the chiefs were ready to begin the nego-

tiation. "Massala, the spokesman, was requested by Vivi Mavungu to address me thus:

"'We, the big chiefs of Vivi, are glad to see the Mundele (trader, formerly, but now applied to every white). If the Mundele has any wish to settle in our country, as Massala informs us, we shall welcome him, and will be great friends with him. Let the Mundele speak his mind freely.'"

To which Mr. Stanley replied: "I am glad to hear them speak so kindly to the white man. To-day I do not want much. I want ground to build my houses, for I am about to build many, either here or elsewhere. I want ground enough, if I can get it, to make gardens and fields. Vivi is not good enough for that, unless I go far up; but what I do get, I want for myself and people, and the right to say what white man shall come near me. At Boma the chiefs have cut the ground up small; there is no room for me. I want plenty of room, and that is why I have come up here. I want to go inland, and I must have the right to make roads wherever it is necessary, and all men that pass by those roads must be allowed to pass without interruption. No chief must lay his hand on them and say: 'This country is mine; pay me something; give me gin, or cloth, or so many guns.' You have heard of me, I know, for De-de-de, who is here, must have told you. What I saw on the road to Boma must not be repeated here. You have no roads in your country. It is a wilderness of grass, rocks, bush; and there at Banza Vivi is the end of all life. If you and I can agree, I shall change all that. I am going to stop here to-night; think of what I have told you, and I will listen. To-morrow you can return at the third hour of the day, and speak."

The chiefs returned home, taking with them De-de-de and Massala, Stanley's friends since 1877. The next morning, prompt to the time, and in their best array of cast-off military and lackey coats and gay cotton cloths, they were present to continue the negotiation. They were clean and sober, though each of the chiefs at parting the evening before had asked and received a bottle of gin. The mats were unrolled, the parties were seated, and the conference began. Massala related "how the chiefs had gone home, and consulted together for a long time: they had agreed that if the Mundele would stay with them, that of all the land unoccupied by villages, or fields, or gardens, I should make my choice, and build as many houses, and make as many roads, and do any kind of work I liked; that I should be considered as the Mundele of Vivi, and no other white man should put foot on Vivi soil, which stretched from the Lufu up to the Banza Kulu district, and inland down to the Loa River, without permission from me; no native chief of inland or river-side should molest any man in my employ within the district of Vivi; help should be given for work, and the people of Vivi, such as liked, should engage themselves as workmen; anybody, white or black, native or foreign, passing to and fro through the land, should do so freely, night and day, without let or hindrance; if any disagreement should arise between any of my people, white or black, and the people of Vivi, they, the chiefs, would promise not to try to revenge themselves, but bring their complaint before the Mundele of Vivi, that he might decide upon the right and the wrong of it; and if any of their people were caught in the act of doing wrong, then the white man shall promise that his chief shall be called to hear the

case against him, and if the crime is proved, the chief shall pay the fine, according to custom

"'All this,' continued Massala, 'shall be set down in writing, and you shall read it, and the English lingster shall tell it straight to us. But first we must settle what the chiefs shall receive in return for these concessions.'"

They drove with Stanley a hard bargain for some barren land. The negotiation lasted about four hours before terms were finally arranged. Stanley was to pay in cloth £32 for the desired concession, and a rental thereafter of £2 per month. So was secured the first franchise of the International Association of the Congo.

Says Mr. Stanley:

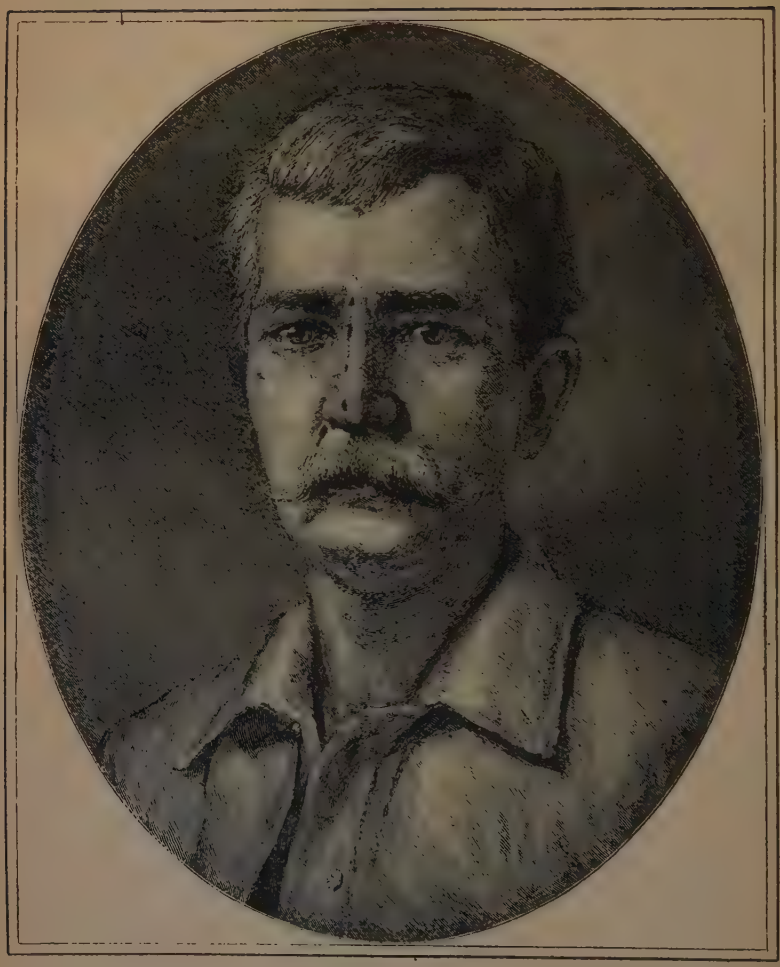
"In the management of a bargain I should back the Congoese native against Jew or Christian, Parsee or Banyan, in all the round world. Unthinking men may perhaps say that cleverness at barter, and shrewdness in trade, consort not with their unsophisticated condition and degraded customs. Unsophisticated is the very last term I should ever apply to an African child or man in connection with the knowledge of how to trade. Apply the term, if you please, to yourself, or to a Red Indian, but it is utterly inapplicable to an African, and this is my seventeenth year of acquaintance with him. I have seen a child of eight do more tricks of trade in an hour than the cleverest European trader on the Congo could do in a month. There is a little boy in Bolobo, aged six, named Lingenji, who would make more profit out of a pound's worth of cloth than an English boy of fifteen would make out of £10 worth. Therefore when I write of a Congo native, whether he is of the Bakongo, Byyanzi, or Bateke tribes, remember to associate him with an al-

most inconceivable amount of shrewdness, and power of indomitable and untiring chaffer."

Stanley felt that his bargain gave him no room for boasting. Nature and the natives had been against him. The site of his intended city was as barren as possible. As it was amid the hills, and more than three hundred feet above the river, he trusted it would be healthy. The event proved that in this he was destined to disappointment. It was the last point on the river where a landing could be effected, and therefore nearest to his remaining work. These conditions had compelled his choice, while the friendliness of the neighboring tribe invited it

The first work was to grade a road from the landing along the steep hill side, 1,965 feet to the new city. He divided his men into five squads and set them to work with hoes, picks, crowbars and sledge-hammers. The Vivi chiefs and their people were present, and looked on with interest and wonder. An offer was made to the natives of good wages, and at evening a demijohn of good rum, if they would clear the rocks and grade the terrace for the new town. At first they were dumb with astonishment; then they went bravely to work.

Stanley must have a garden, but the new site was destitute of soil. He decided to excavate an oval basin one hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet wide and eighteen inches deep in the face of the sterile platform, and fill this with soil brought from the valley below. Some of the heavy boulders loosed in this procedure had to be broken with a sledge-hammer, and Mr. Stanley taught his men how to use it. The natives were delighted with his success, and named him Bula Matari—Breaker of Rocks, and by that name he is now known far into the heart of the continent.



BULA MATARI.

This shows us how a very large proportion of names, both in civilized and in the savage races, have originated. We speak of the noble "red man;" he terms us "pale faces." And so peculiarities and oddities give names everywhere. It is worth remembering in this connection, that the Africans call Bishop Taylor, "Old-white-man-well-digger-and-long-walker."

Every evening was concluded around the rum bucket. Each of the native helpers received a glass of grog well mixed with water. The manner of their acceptance proclaimed their appreciation. At this interesting season the chiefs lingered near, if haply they might be invited to take a sip.

The garden was finished and planted against the future with mangoes, oranges, limes, auveado pears and papaws: for the impending present, with onions, lettuce, carrots, parsnips, turnips, beets, and tomatoes. Erelong it was a delight to the eye and a comfort to the stomach.

A two-story house was built for the Lord Mayor of Vivi, and in view of the fact that such a dignitary must probably "entertain," a cellar was constructed beneath, and filled with bottled goods—wines, beer, and liquors—and with tinned provisions.

Of course there had to be dwellings for the residents of the new town, stores, stables, and sheds. The work was begun the last of September, and finished the last of January. Six hundred tons of stuff, the effects of the expedition, were brought up from the points on the river below, carried up the steep hill, and duly arranged and sheltered. The conclusion of the founding of Vivi was signalized by the giving of gifts—four yards of cloth and three pounds of good beef to each of the black men, and for the Europeans a banquet topped off with Madeira wine. Says Stanley:

"Vivi station being thus completed, and in excellent order, was a veritable ornament to the hitherto lonely region. Beautiful in situation, and with its snow-white cottages and chalet visible from afar, the joy of all Vivi district, I turned it over formally to the guardianship of Mr. Sparhawk, its future chief, who acted as my principal agent in the Lower River, with an expressed hope that he would do the utmost in his power for the perfection of the roads leading to the landing-place and towards the interior.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROAD-MAKING IN AFRICA

ON the 21st day of February, Stanley, with a sufficient escort set out to explore the country between Vivi and Isangila, to treat with the natives, and to secure the right of way. The distance between the two places is fifty-two miles. The country is a succession of hills and ravines alternately clothed with bush, or with dense, tall grass. The earlier portion of the route lay along the banks of the Congo, though at a distance of some miles from the river; the last thirty miles lay immediately along its right bank. There were many charming prospects; many plateaus and valleys of excellent land. A travel of about twenty miles through a country of many banzas, or villages, and sustaining a population of perhaps twelve to the square mile, brought the party to the village of De-de-de in the Nsanda district. The singing, jovial De-de-de had been the guide, and was now the host of the party. Next to Bula Matari he was the great one of the occasion, and like more civilized men, was pleased to have it so. Thirty chiefs notified and invited by him were present from the surrounding villages for the purpose of an interview with the white "Mundele." They came with their men-at-arms, and all attired in their best apparel. De-de-de himself wore a gray coat given him by Stanley when he descended the Congo in 1877, and the

visiting chiefs were commonly attired in cast off clothes of London and Paris clubs, and of English and French armies. What a grand market for old clothes the civilized world may yet find in Africa.

The chiefs came with presents of goats, fowls and bananas. The accumulation presently became so difficult and important as to justify its being sent under convoy to Vivi.

The council was convened with due decorum, and the Mundele, in an impressive speech, made known his wishes. It was substantially a repetition of his speech to the lords of Vivi, which has been already given. The chiefs retired to a little distance from the village and consulted. If oratorical warmth be indicative of difference of opinion, then the council at first might not have been well agreed, though they were in the conclusion.

"They expressed themselves very well pleased with our coming into the country. It would be a good thing to the country that a road should be made. No chief had any objection whatsoever to the idea. In their eyes the coming of the white man would be productive of good—good to the chiefs and people. It meant trade, and they were all traders. The road to Boma was long, and there were many people afraid of the long road, and troubles on it. If trade came to them, to their very doors, they would all be pleased. Therefore the proposed road might be made without fear, and there would nothing further be charged for it; after the white man had signed a paper for each chief, giving a little present every month for the right, the road would become the property of the white man. If it led through gardens, or fields, or villages, and there was no better way to be found, then the owner of that garden, or field,

or village should say fairly what amount of goods he wanted in return for the destruction of his property; and after payment, the road should be untouched in the future, and no man passing by it shall be liable to pay anything. Those of the young men of the different districts who wished to make any money by work, had full permission to engage themselves for as long as they themselves should prefer. There would be no trouble arising from that; and when the wagons came into a district, then every district should send help to haul them through until they shall have passed by; and if the district has not people enough, then the neighboring districts shall assist; and for the matter of agreement about keeping the peace, that might remain for the present until the road was made, and all the people would have time to know Bula Matari as their friend."

It was now Mr. Stanley's turn to distribute gifts to the thirty chiefs—coats, gay woolen shawls, cotton velvets, crimson samlist, cotton handkerchiefs, pieces of unbleached domestic, a few cutlasses, knives, swords, beads for the women, sundry bottles of gin for the thirsty—total cost £150 in English gold. A costly showing, but perhaps the fruit would justify it in the time to come.

On the 24th, Mr. Stanley resumed his way, guided by a dozen picked men from the Nsanda villages. As he approached Ngandu's, the women and children "lu-lu-lued lustily," and at the verge of the wilderness beyond they parted with many a good wish for his welfare.

Before the day was done Mr. Stanley, leaving the most of his men at Pig camp, beyond Ngandu's, with a select party turned aside to get a better knowledge of the Inga plateau. It was a district of some sixty square miles without a single human inhabitant. In-

VIVI STATION.

ternecine wars of the former inhabitants had reduced it to a desert. Antelopes, buffaloes and elephants were numerous. Descending a long slope clothed with an interminable wood, the sun went down. Out of the wood they escaped at length, only to plunge into grass, tall and obstructive as a cane-brake. A herd track was sought and found, and followed until it all went out. Man after man tried to break a way through the dense grass, and returned exhausted. Water they must have; then they would make their beds in the grass and wait for the morning. They followed a wise lad for half an hour, till another wise lad, little Mabruki, who had two years before followed Stanley through the "Dark Continent," disputed his sagacity. There was something of a scrimmage, and Mabruki passed to the front, to show just how to do it. He hurls himself against the grass, and upbraids the other for his woeful ignorance of Continental traveling. Suddenly Mabruki throws himself, under the impulse of anger, more vigorously than ever, in a fresh assault upon the grass, when, to our horror, he disappeared with a gurgling cry in a lengthy, grave-like fracture of the earth.

"Where, oh, where, Mabruki are you gone? Are you hurt or dead?"

"Here," cries the lad's voice from the depths. "I have found water, but I have broken my gourd."

The chasm was so narrow that Mabruki came to the bottom on his feet and in a pool of water. Mabruki's misfortune determined the camping place for the night.

Isangila, the destination of Bula Matari and his party, was not reached until the first week in March. Since Stanley came down the Congo thirty-two months before, the chiefs of Isangila had maltreated his mule, broken up his boat to get the copper tacks and sold his

flotilla of canoes. But now they came to meet him, laden with food and palm wine, excusing their former rudeness as being the result of their dense ignorance. They had heard how he had built a town "bigger than Boma; how the chiefs of the country had given it up to the white man, to carve it out into little bits if he liked." How "every man was to be happy, reveling in luxuries; how he thought of the building of other towns at Isangila, if the chiefs of Isangila were wise enough not to refuse him ground." Exhorted by the Nsanda natives not to be foolish, and mightily persuaded by Stanley's distribution of gifts, such as are known to be dear to the heart of the African, they were not long in assuring to him the choice of any inhabited land by the river—as much as he might wish—for a town and for field and pasture.

The site chosen was in a grassy plain at the foot of the Isangila hills. Here were 800 hundred acres of red loam, which gave promise of at least a vegetable supply to the coming colony when it should put in the plough. From Vivi to this spot a road must now be made sufficient for the passage of wagons sustaining enormous loads. To begin the work, Bula Matari, on the 10th of March, turned his face toward Vivi.

Leaving at Vivi seventy-two men and boys, Mr. Stanley had 106 at his disposal for road making. On the 18th of March the labor began. At Loa river, a little way back of Vivi, his first camp was established and provisioned. Poles with streamers at the top were used to stake out the way, and a line was stretched to mark the course through the tall, dense grass, ten to fifteen feet high. Hoes, axes, crowbars and sledge-hammers were the principal weapons, and by night a clean roadway had been made, fifteen feet wide and 2,500 feet long.

The average progress for the first section of twenty-two miles from Vivi to the bank of the Congo, was about two-thirds of a mile per day. On the 25th of March, the camp was at Banza Uvana, nine and one-half miles from Vivi.

In this village, Stanley saw a double-headed wooden image, well dressed about the top with pieces of old iron and looking-glass, and two wooden idols under a shed doubtless meant for a chapel. These were the great gods of this African city. Lusalla, the chief, kept a medicine man, and the medicine man kept a gourd, and the gourd kept a few pebbles. This medicine man was an oracle to surrounding villages, for with his gourd and pebbles he had wrought cures and wonders. He was obviously not a willing impostor, but a devout believer in the virtue of his own charms.

The route pursued was at no time more than eight or nine miles from the Congo. At this distance, when the wind came from the south, could plainly be heard the roar of the Yellalla Falls. The great river, in a course of five or six miles, falls forty-five feet. The great waters broken by giant obstructions, rage and rush and thunder down the narrow defile

The hippopotamus proved a valuable assistant to the road-makers. Out from fen or river he wanders at night to a considerable distance in quest of sugar cane. As a civil engineer, he comprehends perfectly the value of a light grade in the face of a heavy load. By following his beats, when they led in the right direction, the road-makers found an easier task and a better way.

Three weeks after the work began, Mr. Stanley had thirty-four natives working for weekly wages. They learned readily to muster and answer their names at roll call, but they were fonder of talk than of work,

and as in more civilized countries it was found that "the master's eye makes the horse fat." A look, however, from Bula Matari was enough to arrest a reverie, or stop an animated controversy in the middle. The most stubborn yielded when a threat was made to remember their indolence on pay day.

As the road was pushed on toward the Congo, wild animals became comparatively numerous. Hartbeestes, kudus and buffaloes furnished the party with some good eating. One day Mr. Stanley shot what he took to be a ground-hog. Parrots were occasionally heard whistling in the trees, wing-clappers were numerous on the prairie, the garrulous jay flitted from branch to branch, the wild-pigeon's mournful calls were incessant, and the drum-bird's alarming notes echoed from distant woody hollows.

Snakes were rather numerous. Spitting snakes had made themselves a nuisance at Vivi. They killed the laying hens, swallowed the chicks, got under the shelves of the magazine and ejected their poison to the distance of six feet at men about their business. When it struck an eye, it occasioned great pain, and its effects did not disappear for eight or ten days. Green snakes coiled in the trees in rocky places, whip snakes infested the grass, and huge pythons the water courses.

On the 22d of April, Camp No. 11, Makeya Manguba, was made at the Congo, twenty-two and one-half miles from Vivi. Transportation proved more difficult and protracted than road-making. Fifty-four tons of freight had to be moved, and this required all available wagons and forces to journey no less than six times and return. On a single wagon was sometimes a load of 10,000 pounds.. Heavy as these were, they must be drawn by men, regardless of grades and obstructions.

The natives assisted this work with a right good will, at one time as many as 170 being employed. The heat was not much complained of, though the thermometer occasionally measured 91 degrees in the shade, but when it sank to sixty-three degrees, men and animals not exercising shrank and shivered.

Four and a half months had brought the expedition twenty-two miles nearer to Stanley Pool—months they were not only of arduous toil, but of desertion and death. The captain of the *Belgique*, the engine driver-driver of the *Esperance*, and the carpenter, tired of the expedition and forsook it. Mr. Moore, weak and prostrate, was compelled to go. Hulbert Petit died soon after reaching Vivi; Martin Martinson, one of the best, found a grave at Makeya Manguba; on the day of his death Stanley himself became ill and was delirious for a week, thus threatening final disaster to the expedition by the loss of its leader.

The reader may be interested with a specimen of African misdemeanor and African justice. Stanley, having returned with the last loads from Vivi to Makeya Manguba, was, by Mr. Swinburne, informed that Lutete, a chief of the Banza Lungu Plateau, had come into the camp, had forbidden the sale of anything to a white man, and after vilely abusing the three Europeans in the camp, had spit in their faces. The story was fully corroborated, yet appeared so unreasonable that Mr. Stanley was loth to believe it. Presently, however, Mr. Swinburne came to the door of the tent, to say to Stanley that the same chief was but just now arrived from across the river, and was beating the natives whom he found selling fowls and bananas to the hungry men from Vivi. As he was laying about him with a staff, Stanley seized him by the arm, and demanded: "Who are you

that you strike people in my camp?" The chief raised his hand in threatening manner, and the "Breaker-of-Rocks" gave him a severe slap in the face. The chief rushed to seize his gun in the hands of his slave gun-bearer, but before he could do it Stanley cried, "Seize him, boys!" The boys were only too willing to obey, and the misdemeanant found himself quickly a prisoner, and strongly secured.

His men were told to depart and tell the senior chief of Banza Lungu that Lutete was a prisoner, and would remain so till a fine was paid for his maltreatment of white men, and his attempt to shoot their leader.

There are five chiefs of every tribe, and of these, one is the head chief. Native custom ordains that the one who commences a quarrel, if a loser, must pay. "This is Fiote law—Fiote being the name of the language of the Bakongo—and Fiote law is as unchangeable as that of the Medes and Persians.

"The senior chief arrived the next day, and the witnesses were numerous. The decree of the umpire was against the prisoner, and the fine was four pigs, four goats, the services of two laborers, whose time had been paid for months ago, as far as Isangila, and the employment of the chief himself to carry three letters one after another, to Vivi. The fine was religiously paid, the men worked well, and three round journeys were made to Vivi by the now subdued chief, to his subsequent great personal benefit, which included a total remission of the fine so far as the live stock was concerned."

From Makeya Manguba to Isangila is thirty miles; the time consumed in making a road and transporting the effects was from August 3, 1880, to February 21, 1881. At one time the road led through a forest of beautiful trees,

teak, guaiacum, mahogany and bombax; at another time it was over the Nyongena Hill, with a grade of one foot

ORNAMENTAL HEAD-DRESSES.

in four; a few hundred yards farther it lay round Ngoma Point, a precipitous hill with its foot in the Congo.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SLOW PROGRESS.

IT was Sunday, the 7th day of November. Nyongena Hill had been triumphantly surmounted, and the seemingly impassable Ngoma loomed in front. Some of the men were gone in quest of game, some to see friends in the neighboring villages. Stanley had bathed, dressed, and sat down to read. Lutete Kuna, of Nsanda, came in haste with a piece of paper, on which was traced in pencil the name of another great explorer, "Le Comte Savorgnan de Brazza, *Enseigne de Vaisseau.*" "I saw him at the village of Ndambi Mbongo," said Lutete. "Francess, he tells me he is; he kept firing at the trees with a gun that shoots many times. Now, Bula Matari, tell me, why do white men shoot at trees? Is it to kill the bad spirit in them?"

"An hour later the French gentleman appears, dressed in helmet, naval blue coat, and feet encased in brown leather bandage, and a following of fifteen men, principally Gabonese sailors, all armed with Winchester repeating rifles.

"The gentleman is tall in appearance, of very dark complexion, and looks thoroughly fatigued. He is welcome, and I invite him into the tent, and a *dejeuner* is prepared for him."

De Brazza had spent three years on the river

Ogowai, and penetrated only three hundred miles from the coast. He had returned in 1878 to Europe, sick and exhausted, but returning to the Ogowai in 1879, he profited by past experience. The tribes who had hindered now aided him, and he emerged at last at Stanley Pool. Thence turning north, and traveling parallel with the Congo, and at a distance of about thirty miles from it, in eighteen days he came to Ndambi Mbongo, and learned of Stanley's presence in the neighborhood. After two days in Stanley's camp, he departed for Vivi, and thence, *via* Banana, to Gaboon.

It required about a month to pass Ngoma Point, a distance of 400 yards. De Brazza had decided that the time required would be six months. As the natives from Isangila saw huge rocks pulled by block and tackle out of the side of the hill and laid along the river's edge, and others broken with sledges, or blasted with powder, they enthusiastically confirmed to Stanley his title of "Bula Matari," or Breaker of Rocks. Not many princes have won their spurs so honorably.

Eleven months after leaving Vivi, the expedition was encamped at Isangila. To gain fifty-two miles there had been a travel, going and returning, of 2,352 miles.

From Little Rapid camp Soudi and four others were sent back to Vivi with orders to the chief there to bring up the European mail. At Luazaza River they sighted a small herd of buffaloes, and Soudi, "who had been half slaughtered in Ituru in 1875, swept over Kalulu Falls in 1878, and had been captured and enslaved for a short time by the natives, rashly thought that with his Snider he was a match for any animal, and forthwith, with extreme caution, commenced to stalk one of the herd. When within what he supposed

to be a safe distance for a shot, he fired, and wounded the buffalo. Encouraged by seeing him fall, Soudi rushed up to sever the jugular, since without this ceremony the meat would have been unfit for a Moslem to eat; but the buffalo, not yet dead, on seeing its enemy, charged, and tossed him into the air, making a mere plaything of him, until he was so mangled that he died soon after his companions came up to him."

From Isangila to Manyanga the expedition proceeded by river. There were several rapids, but none of them impassable. At a suitable point a camp was established on the bank, and thither all the effects were brought from the last camp below, and thence to another camp above. The distance between Isangila and Manyanga is eighty-eight miles, and was accomplished in seventy days. On the morning of May 1st, 1881, the camp was pitched at Manyanga, 140 miles above Vivi, and 250 miles from the ocean.

The trough of the Congo between Isangila and Manyanga is neither grand nor beautiful; rather, it is unlovely, naked, dreary. The hills at one time are inclined to recede; anon they press the stream; now their heads subside, and again they rise to the height of 600 or 1,000 feet above the river. There is a monotony of rusty hills, scattered, scrubby trees, boulders and gullies. The loneliness is increased by the absence of human habitations. But from the summit of the bluffs backward there are stretches of prairie, groves, and villages, fertile soil, and population enough.

When a camp was placed, the natives in the vicinity came to market their bananas, melons, cassava bread, palm wine, goats, fowls, pigs and eggs, and were never wanting in kind demeanor to the white strangers from the sea.

A CONGO VILLAGE.

A few words from Mr. Stanley will show the condition and feeling of his men at this time:

"On the 27th of April we were all gathered together at Ndunga Rapids, in the gusty, windy trough where the Congo is pent in between steep and sterile slopes, which show not the slightest trace of humanity. Were it not for the all-absorbing duties which require attention from the gray dawn to darkness, we should long ago have surrendered to the depression which such bleak and dreary scenes are well calculated to produce. Those less interested, or those whose minds were not so fully occupied as my own, have long been victims to shivering and chill attacks and fever. Neve, the engineer, has been seriously ill; the two military officers have suffered lapses, one after another; young Albert has been seen with his eyes less bright; Flamini more melancholy than ever. Only Captain Anderson and myself have as yet been proof against the malignant influences prevailing in the gloomy trough of the Congo. It is past eight o'clock in the morning when the sun lights up the river's somber face; at four o'clock in the afternoon the sunshine has gone. Then the winds blow chilly, the shadows become deeper, a gray spectral-like solemnity steals over the gorge, and from a light bronze, reflecting numberless gleams and sparkles, the river has assumed a dull, black hue. All of these aspects combined might well serve to intensify suicidal thoughts in diseased imaginations."

The Ndunga people came down from the hill-tops with treasures of good things for hungry men; and when the market was ended, the young men and maidens gave a specimen of a Ndunga dance. There was leaping and prancing, vigorous and earnest. At the conclusion they joined hands and formed a circle.

"Two detached themselves from the crowd without, and entered the circle; the youngest climbed up on the shoulders of his companion, unsheathed a sharp knife, and then led out a loud chorus. When the chorus sang out loudest, each time he drew the knife's edge down the length of his tongue until the blood began to drip, and his jaws were covered with blood. Higher and higher sang the chorus, quicker and quicker revolved the circle, and more frantic and daring became the bloody-tongued youngster, until fearing that they might lose all control over themselves, the signal to stop was given, and the dancers were made happy with gifts. When the self-mutilated youngster had washed himself, he seemed none the worse for his extraordinary excitement."

Manyanga marks the end of the second stage of progress toward Stanley Pool. Just above it is the cataract of Ntombo Mataka, impassable to boats. The scene around Manyanga is cheerless and unlovely. The hills on each side are steep—almost precipitous, destitute of soil and verdure, save in the depths of narrow ravines, where there are dark lines of trees. But along the right bank of the river below the cataract there was a fertile piece of land a mile long, and from eighty to three hundred yards wide. There was a favorable landing, and close by, a perennial brook which promised water to drink. The chiefs Nakussa and Luamba came with liberal offers of palm wine, receiving in turn coats, cloths, knives, etc. They were scarcely cordial, but said, if the white men wished to occupy there for a time, there was no objection. Here then, at the end of four hundred and thirty-six days from Vivi, Bula Matari and his expedition were found encamped, having averaged a little more than a third of a mile for each day since the journey began.

Four days after arrival at Manyanga Stanley was feverish. Two days later he was ill in bed, and the Manyanga chiefs, who had come at his request to treat with him, had to return without an interview. On the 9th of May he was attacked with nausea, while the fever burned without intermission. Thinking the terrace on which they were encamped too close, he had his tent transferred to the summit of a hill two hundred and eighty feet above the river. Eight days after the beginning of the attack he took twenty grains of quinine, and soon lost consciousness; returning to thought after hours, he felt that he was extremely weak, and fearing another attack, took thirty grains of the same medicine. For six days longer the fever held, with brief remissions each day, during which he realized how sick and weak he was, and that he was almost alone on the hill-top, with little Mabruki and Dualla to attend him. On the fourteenth day he was not able to turn himself in bed. He was now taking fifty grains of quinine at a dose. Mr. Stanley may speak for himself.

"On the 20th of May, about 7 A. M., my sickness and weakness seemed to have approached a climax. As soon as I woke to clearness of mind, and realized the dreadful prostration of my body, a presentiment possessed me that I should die. Weaker than this, and possessing powers of speech and thought, I doubted whether any man could possibly be, with which idea came the thought that the crisis had arrived, and that death was not far off. Then came an urgent desire to pay the last offices of friendship and regard, if little Mabruki would hasten to call up the people—Europeans and Zanzibaris—to me. Dualla, meantime, has weighed out sixty grains of quinine, over which he has dropped a few minims of hydrobromic acid, and poured an ounce of

Madeira wine, which he must deliver between my lips; for, if all the world were given to me, I could not lift the glass unaided.

"Like lightning the potent medicine courses through my veins. I feel its overpowering influence stealing rapidly over my fast bewildering senses, and I beg Dualla to hasten up the people before it will be too late.

"In a short time there is a rush of many feet around the tent. The walls of the tent are lifted up. I can see a bright, yet cold sunshine on the semi-circular rows of seated forms around. My European comrades advanced to the foot of the bed, and I struggled hard to recall my fleeing senses, to address and advise them what to do when all should be over. My thoughts seemed to be distracted between my strong desire to say something intelligible, and a strange, penitent brooding over a hallowed grave somewhere which drew nearer and nearer to me, while in the far distance there burned a great white light, whose bright, glowing globe attracted me despite my utmost efforts to concentrate my attention on the silent and expectant throng. Again and yet again I strove strenuously to utter the words that my lips would not frame.

"'Look well at me, Albert!' I cried. 'Do not move. Fasten your eyes on me that I may tell you.'

"And the young sailor whose hand clasped mine fixed his eyes steadily on mine, to enable me to conquer the oppressive drowsiness, and the sentence was at last, after many efforts, delivered clearly and intelligently, at which I felt so relieved from my distress that I cried out, 'I am saved!' Then suddenly a dark cloud came over me, the perception of the scene faded away, and oblivion which lasted many hours shut out the sense of things.

"When I woke next day I found that I had lain twenty-four hours in one position, for my weakness was so great that unaided I could not have moved. My back seemed to be palsied, and bed-sores tormented me, but on awakening I little recked of these things. I felt a desire to eat, and a repugnance to medicine. I abandoned all idea of contesting the influences of the fever further. I was ready without further care to submit to the inevitable; but I would eat; Mabruki's astonishment was very great when I asked him for soup. M. Braconnier, being called by my little servant, recommended potage, and was good enough to assist Mabruki in its preparation. In an hour or so the boys were called upon for some more, and an incipient voracity was noticeable.

"Hours glided by, and the fever did not return, therefore more soup was demanded. M. Braconnier warned me to be careful, but Dualla and Mabruki did not heed his warning. Unprincipled youths! They smuggled into my tent various little luxuries picked up somewhere, and the stomach was untiring in its powers of digestion."

On the 5th of June came Mr. Lindner, sent out by the Association. He brought with him twenty-four men from Zanzibar, some of Stanley's old comrades, and reported forty-four more behind at Vivi. This was to the feeble convalescent joy and assurance of final success. By the 12th of June he was so far recovered as to begin his preparations for progress towards Stanley Pool. From the Manyanga chiefs was obtained a cession of land with the requisite privileges; the ground was leveled and prepared for occupation; timber for the requisite buildings was brought from a wooded gorge not far away; a strong magazine was erected, with corrugated iron walls and port-holes for musketry in case of attack; new tents were made from canvas to take the place of

the old, now rotten; the wagons were repaired, and a road fifteen feet wide and six miles long was constructed past the cataract to reach the navigable river above. Six weeks were consumed in these preparations.

Herr Lindner speedily demonstrated his fitness for any service. But almost simultaneous with the coming of one helper another was taken away. Paul Neve, engineer of the *En Avant*, died of a bilious fever at Isangila on the 26th of June. On the 14th of July came Mr. Louis Valcke and two Germans, an engineer and a clerk, bringing good news of the conditions at Vivi and Isangila. On the 15th a forward movement was commenced at daylight, two hundred and ten natives assisting, and by the evening of the 19th the expedition and its effects had been advanced six miles, and the boats launched on the Congo above the cataract.

Leaving Herr Lindner to transport everything by water to Mpakambendi, sixteen miles above, Stanley determined with Messrs. Valcke, Braconnier and one other to go forward by land, acquaint himself with the natives and the country, and make arrangements for the final establishment at Stanley Pool.

Having traveled nine miles over a high country interrupted by hills and gullies and deep stony streams, they camped at Mungala in a lovely basin nestling cosily in the midst of tall trees. The next day they traversed a still rougher country, across a series of lofty ridges, separated by as many streams, which flowed through cool, forested gorges, and arrived at Mpakambendi. The third day's march was through a country where the land rose and fell in gentle, broadly-spreading waves separated by wide valleys, at the bottom of which small streams of clear water smoothly flowed. The altitude was twenty-one thousand feet. The people were almost

enthusiastic in their kindness. The fourth day led them past "palmy Mowa, over a healthy country," past the village of Nzabi, where crowds entreated them to stay and barter cloth for fowls and palm wine, to the bank of the Inkisi River. The fifth day was across a country "very rough," but "marvelously rich," with little evidences of cultivation, but abundant food, and natives eager to trade. The next day was across a smoother country. They crossed the Lubamba River, forty yards wide, and swift, by a ferry. Here was a large number of carriers and traders awaiting their turn to cross. In the confusion and crowd a boy fell into the river and was drowned, and when no one seemed to know how to recover the body, one of Stanley's men dived and brought it up. It was received in solemn silence, but without thanks. The day's travel ended at the Mukoso River. The seventh day they marched eleven miles over a picturesque and "wonderfully fertile country." "Grand sweeps of land, bountifully watered by clear streams, well wooded, and giving valuable promise to future comers, met the eager gaze from every ridge and uplift of surface." The following day a march of fourteen miles over a flat, boggy country brought them to the village of Bwabwa Njali, who derives importance and revenue through his ferry over the Gordon Bennett, which flows close by, east of his village.

Of this chief, the reader will be pleased with Stanley's description: "He is an actor—that is, he is a man who affects to be what he is not. Polite to his guests—let them come as often as they may—from the moment he makes anybody's acquaintance he commences a systematic approach to their affections, with the view to their spoliation. He presents himself to you as one who is as vain as a woman and as frivolous as a child: but

contrives before you have finally parted from him to impress you with the fact that he is an unprincipled rogue. It is, 'My brother, what is this? My brother, what is that? Ah, truly, my brother! Put it away, good brother. Really now, has my brother come to see the country? Dear, good brother! Verily, a brother of brothers! My own true brother!' And thus he purrs continually around one, his eyes wandering to every part of your person and belongings.

"And such state as he surrounds himself with on a stranger's arrival! A lion skin—a real lion skin—is spread out, a fat crimson bolster is in place of a chair of state, and a circle of respectable principals are seated around. While you are seated expectant of his appearance, Bwabwa Njali is touching himself up before a score of looking-glasses hanging around the walls of his house, straightening a hair here, giving another dab of ochre on his cheeks and forehead, a streak of yellow under one eye, a line of white under the other, the ridge of his nose colored still darker with powdered charcoal, a loving tap on his chignon, a smoothe of a crease in his red blanket, and lo! Bwabwa Njali emerges into view."

Leaving Bwabwa Njali, they marched six miles to Mfwa, a village of grass huts and one hundred and fifty people—Bateke ivory traders. With these the traders spent a social evening. In the morning, however, a hint was given that food was scarce, and that the travelers would better go to the village of Malima, two hours' march higher up the river. Here they found about fifty huts, and about four hundred By-yanzi ivory traders from the Upper Congo—strapping, broad-chested, rather yellowish fellows, to whom the Bateke appeared black as ink. They made an unusual display of short swords of curious design and workmanship. Gamankowo, the chief of

A LION IN CAMP.

Malima, received Stanley and his followers kindly, but on the following morning kindness had given place to mistrust. This was the work of Malameen, the black Gabonese agent of De Brazza, who had gotten from Makoko, chief of Mbe, the cession of this district to France. Stanley was sent away to Ngalyema, chief of Ntamo, on the other side of the Congo. To the hither bank of the river, therefore, Stanley marched and made his camp by Ngalyema's direction.

Throughout this region was a fair supply of game, the natives not being very mighty hunters. Most African animals abound in the Lower Congo valley. But the rhinoceros is seldom met, and the lion is not so common as in many other parts of Africa. This latter animal is not greatly to be feared in any locality, save when sorely pressed by hunger. Then he may invade a village or a camp by night, to carry off what he may find. But in the daytime, he seldom or never lingers near the haunts of men, and is no such ravager as the Bengal tiger.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CRISIS REACHED

NO help came from Ntamo, and Stanley's supplies would go no further. August 1st, the next day after encamping at the river's side, he sent thirty men to Bwabwa Njali with beads and cloth, to purchase food. They obtained only enough to last one day. Returning the next day to ask for more, Bwabwa Njali refused to ferry them across, menaced them with muskets, and threatened massacre if they did not leave the country in a day or two.

On the 2nd of August Ngalyema came from Ntamo, accompanied by the chiefs Makabi, Mubi, old Ngako, and four others. Stanley recognized him as a man whom he had met under the name of Itsi, in 1877, and with whom he had made blood brotherhood. The present, therefore, proved to be a fraternal occasion. Says Stanley: "Ngalyema was my brother, of course, but Makabi must have a brother. Mubi is eager to possess one; old Ngako presses hard on me to secure him one; Enjeli, son of Ngalyema, chooses my servant Dualla, and Gauchu pounces upon little Mabruki. Indeed, we soon find that the desire for fraternity has become universal. We are in such straits for food, and for some definite landed settlement on the south bank, that we are as yielding and pliable as they could wish." There were gifts of goats, pigs, and a few

loaves of bread, and gourds of palm wine, and then, as often in more civilized countries, Stanley began to find his kinfolks something of a nuisance.

"My brother, being the supreme lord of Ntamo, as well as the deepest-voiced and most arrogant rogue of the tribe, first demanded the two asses, then a large mirror, which was succeeded by a splendid gold embroidered coat, jewelry, glass clasps, long brass chains, a figured table-cloth, fifteen other pieces of fine cloth, and a japanned tin box with a Chubb lock. Finally, gratified by such liberality, Ngalyema surrendered to me his scepter, which consisted of a long staff, banded profusely with brass, and decorated with coils of brass wire, which was to be carried by me, and shown to all men as a sign that I was the brother of Ngalyema of Ntamo."

Ngalyema departed, but on the 6th of August the beggar came again. This time he wanted a large japanned tin box, and, not pieces, but whole bolts of the finest cloths. His request was honored to the value of ten pounds, when he departed, to consult his brother chiefs with reference to Stanley's founding a settlement at his place.

On the 11th he returned. The natives, he said, had consulted, but were undecided. The Bazombo and Bakongo traders were jealous, and opposed to white men, who would undersell them. However, the chiefs said, "Give us ten of your black people who will behave themselves, and do you return to your people, and cross the river to the south bank, and come up to us in that way. By the time you arrive near Kintamo our people will have had time to consider whether it would not be better, after all to have you with us."

As there was nothing else to be done, Stanley de-

tailed Susi (Livingstone's head man), with nine other Zanzibaris, and sent them with tools, and fifteen loads of goods to Ntamo, to stay till the expedition should reach that place by the south bank.

Ngalyema had, in the last few days, been a beneficiary to the amount of £210 in goods, two asses and a Newfoundland dog. It may be suspected that talents such as his had, in previous days, not gone unrewarded. Susi found him worth £1800 in ivory alone, and that his total marketable goods, exclusive of slaves, could not be less than £3000.

To propitiate chiefs of this sort would require more and better goods than Stanley possessed. Accordingly Lieut. Valcke was sent to St. Paul de Loanda with £500, to purchase silks, velvets, fine flannel, and crimson cloth, while Stanley returned to meet Mr. Lindner and the expedition at Mpakambendi. He found the goods stored on the plateau, and the steamers at the landing place. Mr. Lindner was now sent back to establish a station on the south bank at Manyanga. A portion of the men were detailed to make a road, and the rest to bring up the wagons, and the expedition began to move toward Stanley Pool at the rate of more than a mile a day.

The road now lay along the south bank of the Congo. The country was covered with grass, save where groves, planted and protected by the natives, marked the site of their villages. Some of these groves might be 200 years old, showing that during all these years a village had been there, as otherwise the annual burning of the grass would have encroached upon and destroyed it. On the 18th of September the expedition was again launched on the river to avoid a terribly broken country to the east of the Inkisi River. On the 11th of October

they turned again to the south bank and landed in the Kinsende district.

Four days later came Susi with his men from Kintamo. Ngalyema had protected them at first, but some traders came from Zombo and inquired the meaning of their presence in Kintamo, and learning that Ngalyema had invited a white man with his people to settle there they said, "It will be no place for trade for us if the white man comes." The rest may be told in the words of Susi:

"They left Kintamo, and went to the Wambundu, the real owners of the country—for Ngalyema himself has no country. What he has been saying to you about his being a big king, and all that, is boasting. The Wambundu, not having seen any white man, were frightened, and came storming to Ngalyema, asking, 'Is this the way you behave, after we gave you ground to live on and trade, that you take upon yourself to say who shall come into the country? Very well; we shall kill your trade, your markets shall be closed, and you shall die of hunger.' For several days there was no market, and the people began to suffer for want of food. Then Ngalyema's chiefs and great men came to him, and insisted that we should be sent away; otherwise they would go and live at Kinshassa.

"Ngalyema stood alone against them for a few days more, but it was clear to us that he would have to yield before long. We had not long to wait. He said to us one day, 'You must go back to your father. Take the goods and the asses with you. I send the asses because they have a great name, and much of this trouble has arisen because of them.' Then I said, 'Our father gave us fifteen loads here, and we are but eleven men; how can we carry them all?' He replied, 'That is

nothing to me. Do you not see that the country will die if you stay here longer? Go and tell your father not to come on this side, but to return and build with Bwabwa Njali.' He put us in a canoe, and we traveled from Kintamo here, having paid seven pieces of cloth to that wicked Bwabwa Njali.—I have ended."

It was a comfort to learn that Ngalyema, who sent them away, did not own the country; that he was only a rich Mteke ivory-trader with numerous slaves, one of many like him in the territory of the Wambundu. The Wambundu would perhaps favor the white man when he should speak for himself; in their recent action they had been influenced by jealous Bakongo and Bazombo traders from the coast. The expedition was therefore ordered to move forward.

The route was over plateaus and gorges and beautiful streams. Provisions were abundant, and the natives were kind. The slow progress gave opportunity for acquaintance, and the natives were quick to comprehend the motives of the Bazombo traders who had spoken so unfavorably of the white men.

Since leaving Kinsende, Stanley had heard much of old Makoko, a chief who by reason of his age and rank was deferred to by all the chiefs from Kinsende to Kintamo, while next to him in rank were Ngamberengi and Kimpalampala. Their country extended from the Inkisi river to Kintamo, a distance of forty-five miles, and was occupied by the Wambundu, called also Banfumu, or Freemen. Makoko had at first forbidden his people to sell food to the white men, but later had thought more favorably of them, and countermanded the order.

On the 6th of November Stanley was encamped at

Usansi, on an eastern spur of Iyumbi Mountain, and not a thousand yards from the village of Makoko.

On the 7th Makoko came accompanied by Bakongo and Bazombo ivory traders. These were business men newly arriven from the coast, and who accompanied Makoko on the present occasion through curiosity. Stanley and Makoko had heard of each other daily for weeks; meanwhile the conviction had grown upon Stanley's mind that Makoko was to decide the future of the Congo State. Mr. Stanley says:—

"One look at Makoko satisfied me that he was not going to be a stern opponent. Such a little man, five feet nothing high, with such a guileless, innocent look on his thin, meager face, could surely allow his good will to be purchased, if there was any merit in cloth and amiability! He came forward bravely, announced himself as Makoko, lord of that region between Kintompe and Stanley Pool, and held out his hand with a kindly smile. An old man, probably sixty, with a tall narrow forehead, temples deeply sunk, a pair of small eyes gleaming brightly out of deep cavities, cheek-bones very prominent, face thin, a curled beard on his chin, which proved, when at a later period he unrolled it, to be six feet long."

The important conference which now began should be detailed in the exact words of the participants. Mr. Stanley commenced:—

"People call me Bula Matari (Rock-Breaker). In old times I was known to Kintamo as Stanley. I am the first Mundele seen by the natives of this country. I am the man who went down the great river with many canoes and many men, years ago. I lost many men in that river, but I promised my friends at Kintamo that I would come back some day. I reached the white man's

land, but remembering my promise, I have come back. I have been to Mfwa already. The people of Mfwa have forgotten me, but the people of Kintamo have remained true. I saw them again, and Ngalyema asked me to return to my people, and lead them along the south bank to his village. Here is his staff as a sign that I speak the truth. I am going to him, to live with him, and to build a town alongside his village; and when that is done, I will put the boats you see on the wagons here into the water, and I will go up the great river, and see if I can build more. That is my story. Let Makoko speak to his friend and say if it is good.'

After a pause, and a deal of whispering, Makoko rose to reply. His manner was quiet, his voice was low, becoming stronger as he proceeded. He said:—

"We have heard day after day for many moons, of Bula Matari. When we heard that he was breaking rocks, and cutting wide roads through the forests, we became a little anxious. What manner of man is this? we asked, who treats the country in this way. Does he mean to destroy it? Then we suddenly heard of Bula Matari at Kintamo, and the word was whispered around that you had made a league with Ngalyema, to take the country from us. Then we all got angry, for who is Ngalyema that he should do this thing? Is he not a runaway from the Bateke country who asked us for a place to build a house, that he might trade? Has he not grown rich and great through our kindness to him? Little enough, O people, have any of us received from him. Yet he pretends to own all the land for himself now."

"Well, your people had to leave Kintamo. We did that. For how could you do what you proposed without hearing from us? Then we said, if the white man

despises us, the real owners of the land, then he is a bad man, and there will be war.

"But now you are passing through our country to Kintamo. We have heard of you daily. We are pleased with what we have heard. We now know that you break rocks and cut trees to pass your boats over the country. This is right. It is all good. But, my friend, remember that we own the country. Neither Ngalyema, nor any of the Bateke who buy ivory at Kintamo, Kinshassa and Kindolo, have any country on this side the river."

To this speech, the assembly murmured approval. When the applause had subsided, Stanley replied:—

"You have spoken well, Makoko. Though I passed through the country years ago, I knew nothing of native laws, customs, or rights. You all seemed very much alike. Until lately, I could not tell the difference at sight between one of the Bateke and an Mbundu. I thought you all black men, and it takes a long time for a white man to tell the difference between one black face and another, just as it will take you a long time to tell the difference between Bula Matari and one of his sons. Therefore, for speaking to Ngalyema about the country before I knew Makoko, you will forgive me. I now speak to Makoko, and ask him what he has to say to my request for land near Kintamo, or somewhere near the river where my boats can come and go safely?'

"Only this," replied Makoko kindly, "that I am glad to see Bula Matari and his sons. Rest in peace. Land shall be given to you where it will suit you to build. I want to see plenty of white men here. I have many things given me long ago from the white man's land, and I have often wished to see those who could make such wonderful things. I am told you people make all

the cloth, the beads, the guns, the powder, plates and glasses. Ah! you must be a great and good people. Be easy in your mind. You shall build at Kintamo, and I should like to see the man who says No, to Makoko's Yes."

Then came gifts from Makoko of goats, fowls, bananas, and palm wine, while Stanley reciprocated most liberally with beads to Makoko's four wives, and cloth to his principal men. Towards the close of a very pleasant evening Makoko said: "Ngalyema gave you his staff to show the people he was your friend; take this sword from Makoko as a sign that Bula Matari is Makoko's brother."

Throughout this region was abundance of game, such as would delight the eyes of many a Nimrod. But Stanley was not a sportsman, nor was he sent out as a menagerie agent. The reader need not expect adventure of that class in this narrative. Game was killed as food, but seldom as sport. Hippopotami and crocodiles were almost the only exceptions. Both being justly disliked, were occasionally laid low by the younger members of the force, who greatly enjoyed the sport, and the vaunting of their prowess to friends at home.

A HIPPOPOTAMUS SLAIN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ESTABLISHING LEOPOLDVILLE.

JUST as Stanley was retiring to rest, a messenger came from Makoko to say that Ngalyema had just arrived, with all the chiefs of Kintamo and about 200 guns; that he was trying to engage Ngamberengi, Kimpalampala, and others to help him; that he would not have Stanley or any white man near him, as, in that case, the Bakongo would not trade with him. "But," he added, "Makoko has sent me to tell you to sleep in peace, and that if Ngalyema fights, he will cut the road between here and Kintamo, and his guns will help you to-morrow."

Tuesday morning, November 8th, came with a drizzling rain, but at ten o'clock the clouds broke away.

Stanley sent word to his men to muster behind the ridge on which they were encamped, and when they were ready he thus addressed them:

"Go each of you to his own tent; put your cartridge belts on. See that your cartridges are in your pouches. Place your guns under your sleeping mats, or grass beds. All of you then, excepting Susi's men (twenty), scatter yourselves about in the bush on this side of the hill. Some lie down in the *En Avant* in the wagon; some of you behind my tent; a dozen in the store tent; some of you pretend to be sick in your huts. No matter how many people are in the camp, or

what you may hear, do not stir from your places until you hear the gong; but when you hear the gong struck, then all run and seize your guns, and rush up, all of you, yelling like madmen; flourish your guns about wildly, and so on, like the Ruga-Ruga of Unyamwezi." As for Susi's men, they were to seat themselves about the camp in a listless and indifferent manner.

A quarter of an hour later 197 persons issued from Makoko's village, and, with drum and trumpet and native music, filed across the intervening valley and up the hill to Stanley's camp. They found him seated before his tent, reading a book. He rose and greeted Ngalyema in the most effusive manner, then turned and scolded Susi for not hasting to spread mats and sails upon the ground for the dear brothers from Kintamo.

But the brothers from Kintamo were stiff, ugly, cold, repelling. Their eyes wandered about the various things of the camp, and they scarcely deigned to notice Bula Matari.

After being seated, Ngalyema said: "I have come from Kintamo to see my brother. Let him tell me what he has come here for."

Stanley replied by showing the brass-banded staff. "This is what brought me; I have done exactly what you asked me."

Just then another body of natives, sent by Makoko, came by a different path, and seated themselves a little apart from Ngalyema's men.

At this, Ngalyema entered upon a speech, intended mainly for their benefit, and ended it thus:

"Now, my brother has been misinformed, and has misunderstood me. We Bateke are strangers, living on this side of the river for trade only. The Bazombo and the Bakongo are our customers. We have no ob-

jection to white men, if they come for trade, but we do not think you have come to trade; therefore you cannot come to Kintamo. My brother must go back the way he came, unless he likes to stay here with Makoko. I have said it."

To which Stanley replied:

"I am not a little boy, Ngalyema, and I will not use many words. You have brought me thus far yourself. Makoko is going to give me land near Kintamo, and on that land I will build my town. I know something about the country now. The land is not yours to give away, therefore be easy. I have but one tongue, and if Makoko will take me to Kintamo, I will go with him, and build a fine place there, where, if you like, you may come and see me; if not, why then keep away. I have spoken."

There was further strife of words, then a consultation among the Bateke in an undertone; meanwhile Stanley was making a note of their appearance. "They were mostly fine-looking men, but made hideous by daubs and splash-like spots and lines and bars of white and yellow and black over their bodies. They were all armed with muskets, except those who carried the ammunition, the gourds being full of powder and slugs of iron and copper."

Suddenly Ngalyema asked: "What has my brother brought me from the white man's land since I saw him?" "Come into the tent," said Stanley, "and see for yourself."

Ngalyema saw for himself, and selected goods worth £138. "These I will take," said he, "but only on condition that you will stay where you are." Stanley replied: "I will go to, or near, Kintamo."

Ngalyema strode from the tent with ill-suppressed

passion. As he stood irresolute near the door, his eye caught the huge Chinese gong suspended from a cross pole.

"What is this?" he demanded, pointing at the gong.

"It is fetish," said Stanley, sententiously.

Enjeli, shrewder than his father, thought it might be some kind of a bell. Ngalyema said:

"'Strike this, Bula Matari; let me hear it.'

"'Oh, Ngalyema, I dare not; it is the war fetish.'

"'No, no,' said he, impatiently. 'Beat it, Bula Matari, that I may hear the sound.'

"'I dare not, Ngalyema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad.'

"'No, no, no! I tell you to strike it. Strike it, Bula Matari'—and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience.

"'Well, then'—taking the beater in my hand—'remember, I told you it was bad fetish—a fetish for war;' and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted hand, I asked again: 'Shall I strike now?'

"'Strike—strike it, I tell you!'

"With all my force I struck the gong. The loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the hushed, concentrated attention of all upon the scene was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously, the continued sound seemed to them like thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of the *En Avant*, right over their heads, and war-whooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated and finally col-

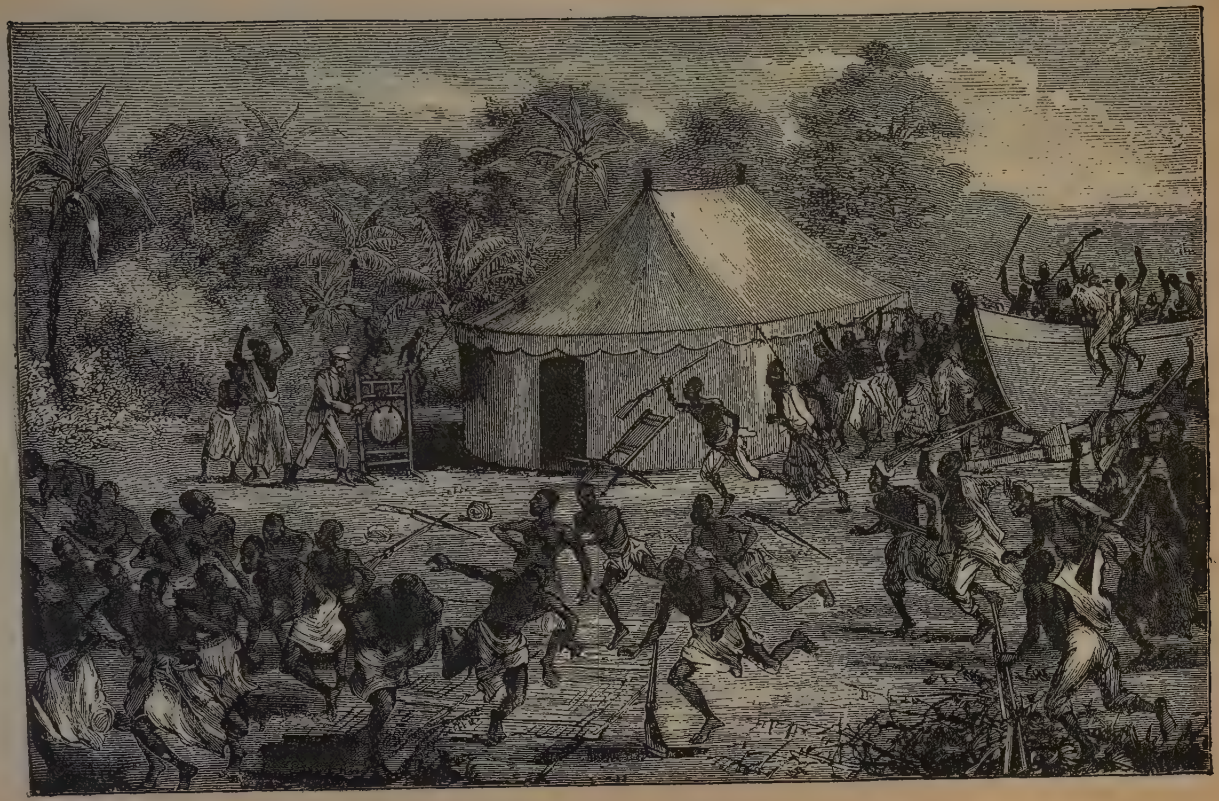
lapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out, one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbor. The listless, sleepy-eyed stragglers burst out into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely; the seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyema was standing paralyzed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him—

"'Be not afraid, Ngalyema. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you!'

"The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out tauntingly and menacingly—

"'Ha, ha, Ngalyema! You came to fight Bula Matari, Ngalyema! Where are your warriors, Ngalyema?'

"There could be no better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these amateur black actors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to reality. Had I not been in the secret, I also should have been duped; while the valor with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me around the waist, and danced from side to side to avoid furious strokes from the wild eyed men, while young



THE GREAT WAR FETISH.

Enjeli clung behind his father and followed his movements, reminded me of the long forgotten play of hen and chickens.'

"'Save me, Bula Matari; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything,' cried Ngalyema.

"'Hold hard, Ngalyema!' I cried. 'Keep fast hold of me; I will defend you, never fear. Come one, come all! Ah, ha!'

"But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"'Enough, boys; fall into line!' and 'Silence!' was cried by Susi and his brother captains, and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at 'Shoulder arms!' with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalyema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands and said with an assuring smile:

"'Well, Ngalyema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?'

"'Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay me, such braves! Only Enjeli and Ganchu left with me! But tell me, Bula Matari, where did all these people come from?'

"'Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will strike the gong again, and the next scene may be perhaps more wonderful still.'

"'What!' he shrieked, while he laid his hand upon my arm. 'No, no; don't touch it. Ay, verily, that must be a bad fetish,'—shaking his head at the round, innocent face of the gong.

"'Look yet again at these people, Ngalyema,' I

said, pointing to the long line of smiling soldier-laborers.

"'Attention! right face! all of you march forward quietly; no noise; put your guns away, and each go about his business. Forward, march!' The line vanished, and it was only then Ngalyema began to recover himself, while Enjeli and Ganchu hallooed loudly to the fugitives to return. Half an hour later they were all back again in the camp, retailing to one another, amid boisterous merriment, their individual experiences, while Ngalyema's loud laugh was heard above all others. Messengers were then sent to Makoko's and Ngoma's for great gourds full of palm-wine; others were sent to procure goats and pigs and bananas, and these were given to me. Over the palm-wine we mutually swore faithful brotherhood and an everlasting peace; and the doughty warriors of Ngalyema embraced in a fraternal manner the jolly good fellows of Bula Matari; and the Europeans—the sons of old Bula Matari, who, for a man that was never married, and one of the most unlikely men ever to be married, were really a credit to him—were fondly besieged by their ardent brothers of Kintamo. Makoko, who was generally believed to be the oldest inhabitant in the country, on being asked his opinion of the scene, said that he had 'never witnessed such a day as this.'

"Before evening, Ngalyema returned on his way to Kintamo with his people, much wiser than when he came, and I was left with the memories of my first practical joking on this expedition, which had so highly entertained everybody concerned in it."

There were still sixteen miles between Stanley and Kintamo. The road would traverse valleys, ridges, forests; would cross streams and be graded along steep slopes. But Stanley's trick played upon Ngalyema had

rendered him extremely popular with the Wambundu, so that on the following day he easily enlisted 78 native carriers. On the way he made the acquaintance of several chiefs of the Wambundu, and these accompanied him to Kintamo, and did all that they could to favor his settlement in such location as he might prefer. One of these, Ngamberengi, next in rank to Makoko, was a man of unusual intelligence and appearance, and seemingly far better qualified for the position of chief than any one hitherto seen. From him Stanley learned the history of Ngalyema, who, with his two brothers, was a slave to Bamanku, an important man at Kinshassa, five miles above Kintamo. When Bamanku died he left his property equally to the three slave brothers. One of these was murdered in a drinking bout, and this led to hostilities in which the other brother was slain, and Ngalyema driven across the river to Mfwa. Trade not being good there, he secured a footing at Kintamo, traded, purchased the favor of chiefs, strengthened himself by marriage of two or three women, attracted to him Bateke chiefs like Makabi and Mubi,—in a word, grew rich and became great by arts not wholly unlike those which intelligence employs in more civilized lands. Ngamberenji went on:—

"'Ngalyema has about 150 guns; all the rest put together have perhaps 300 more. Makoko of Lema has almost as many as Kintamo; Kimbangu and Mikunga have about 200 each, while Kinshassa and Kindolo cannot muster 300 guns. You see that Ngalyema, when going to war, can bring over a thousand guns easily. It is this that has made Ngalyema's head big. All the Wambundu chiefs put together cannot show half so many guns as Ngalyema. We know we cannot fight him that way, but we have our own way of fighting him,

which is just as good. We stop the markets until the question is settled; and as there are more people at Kintamo than can be fed by their fields, the people put a pressure on Ngalyema to listen to us, and then we obtain what we want.

"'Now follow our advice. Go on the way you are going to the river; our people shall carry your goods and haul your wagons. If there is any question against what we say, we shall stop the markets, and Ngalyema will fall from his high place deep to the ground, if he makes any trouble in our country. Do you see those little boys?—they are not very big yet, but they are big enough to chase Ngalyema and his thieving Bateke back to their own poor country of Mbe, where they came from.'"

By the 1st of December, a camp had been made 600 yards below Kintamo on a grassy ridge sloping to the Congo. This was the chosen site for the new settlement. It offered 500 yards of river frontage, from the Cataract of Kintamo below, up to a stream which would be a boundary between the new comers and Ngalyema's village. By noon of December 3rd the total effects of the expedition were on the ground, and the *En Avant* had been launched upon the river.

The story of the following weeks is the story of Bula Matari's patience and liberality; of Ngalyema's greed and petulance. Though the incident of the gong had issued in professed friendship, this haughty, wayward and unprincipled chief was not more the friend of the white men than before. "What is the condition at Kintamo?" said Makoko to his subjects returned from the transport service. They answered, "Every man's finger is upon the trigger."

On the 3rd of December Ngalyema came with a

dozen armed men, and brought a present of a goat and some palm-juice, and got in return ten times their value. Stanley protested against armed men coming to the camp. To this Ngalyema agreed, and broke the agreement two days later. He and his chiefs came in splendid attire of yellow, blue, and crimson silks, their faces marked with red, white, and yellow clays, and circlets of zinc-framed looking-glasses about their heads for crowns.

Ngalyema's arms were almost completely covered with polished brass rings, over which were heavy brass wristlets and armlets. On his ankles were red copper rings weighing, perhaps, ten pounds each. Ngalyema laughed, Makabi strutted, Mubi talked, Ngako figured as somebody, and young Enjeli exemplified the Congo princeling and dude. Again they were told to make their visits if they pleased, but leave their arms at home. Despite the warning, Ngalyema came again on the following day with a numerous retinue of armed men. This time he was told that, should he repeat the act, it would be the signal for war.

On the 7th, Ngalyema was seen approaching with forty armed men, while more than a hundred others were in the grass a little way behind. Stanley at once armed forty of his men with empty guns, and marched out to meet him. Thus confronted, Ngalyema was frightened out of his wits. He fell on the ground, rubbed his face in the dust, and cried—

"Ah, kill me, Bula Matari! Ah, kill me, my brother! Yes, you are strong—strong! Kill me; see, here is my breast."

Stanley approached, lifted him up, re-assured him, patted his hand, reasoned with him; Ngalyema vowed eternal brotherhood, undying devotion, and the next day

sent messengers to five neighboring chiefs, requesting their aid to drive Stanley out of the country. Three of these, Kinswangi, Kimpe, and Kimfila, Wambundu chiefs, refused, and sent to warn Stanley that Ngalyema was intent on mischief. Ngamberengi had visited the camp early in the month, and given Stanley what we should be disposed to regard as very good advice. When Stanley complained of Ngalyema's begging and blustering and bragging, Ngamberengi said--

"Ah, he is a great liar! Never mind him. If he fights, we shall all be at your back. Do not give him so much cloth. He has got too much already. That is what has given him such a large head. If he wants any nice cloth, tell him to buy it with something."

Had Stanley handled this cowardly African with a little more vigor, we incline to think it would have been money in his pocket. As it was, Ngalyema's temporal fortunes were bettered to the extent of at least $5,000 in merchantable goods.

Old Makoko had to call a council of a dozen chiefs —a kind of African "Congress of all the Powers,"—to patch up a peace—to agree upon some *modus vivendi.* Ngalyema and Bula Matari were duly heard. The end of it was a ratification and jollification.

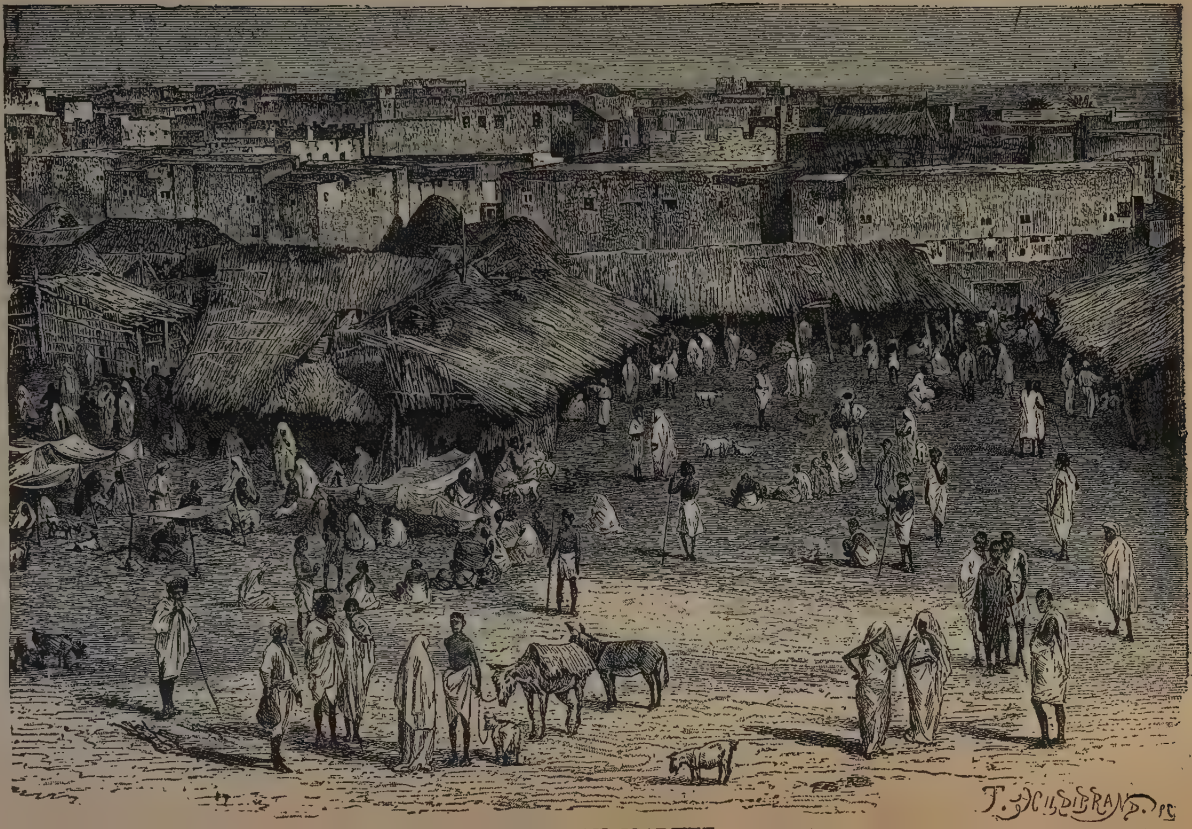
"Build, build everywhere, as much as you like," they said; "the country is free and open, and all of us are now your friends." The chiefs retired to Kintamo; Ngalyema burned seven ten-pound kegs of powder; Makoko of Lema, five; Ngamberengi on behalf of the Wambundu, three. What American, familiar with the Glorious Fourth, or with quadrennial party triumphs, will hereafter doubt that the African is a man and a brother?

Leopoldville was built and fortified in four months.

The fortification was a block-house built of logs. The walls were two feet thick, and filled with clay; the height of the main building was 22 feet, with wings 15 feet high. It probably had more to do with Ngalyema's subsequent good behavior than had $5,000 worth of stuff. It contained five chambers for as many Europeans, a dining-room, and a strong magazine. In this the goods were placed on exhibition and the natives crowded to see and to buy. On the day of the opening $2,500 worth were sold before night; $1,500 worth were sold the next day. Had Stanley been ready to buy ivory and native produce, trade would doubtless have been brisker. Says Mr. Stanley:—

"During our long residence here we have become intimate with the people's wants. We note the eager hungry look of the strangers who come from hundreds of miles to visit us in the hope that we would purchase something from them. When we tell them that we do not want ivory, or rubber, or camwood powder, or cola nuts, or gums, they appear to despair, and ask sorrowfully, 'Well, what is it you do want? Tell us, and we will get it for you. We came here to get some cloth, and now we come here with things to sell you will not buy them. What kind of a white man are you?'"

A negro market is an interesting and animated sight. A banker is not needed; and really, one who should do a banking business in their usual currency would run great risks. Nearly everything is conducted upon the principle of barter. Beads, cowries and brass rods are cash. But tastes vary as rapidly as Parisian fashions; and he who rolls in wealth one day may find himself on another left with a great quantity of useless beads and shells. Hence traders' fortunes consist



chiefly of staple goods: cloth, ivory, powder, hardware, rum, tobacco, &c.

The market of a district usually itinerates. To-day it is here; to-morrow yonder; so it goes the rounds. Take Lew Wallace's Joppa Gate market and deprive the busy people of money, and you have a semblance of the life and the variety. An Egyptian market is tame in comparison. Stanley, whose mission was to open the way for trade, but not to trade, was a curiosity to the people. The African is slow to comprehend more than direct personal interests; and one who wants to see rivers, mountains and lakes is an unfathomable mystery.

Stanley and Ngalyema became brothers in 1877. Our brief narrative has served to show how this tender relation was subjected to a terrible strain. There was reason why the backsliders should become the subjects of revival and recovery. Accordingly, on the 9th of April they renewed their vows. Let Stanley tell it:—

"We crossed arms; an incision was made in each arm; some salt was placed on the wound, and then a mutual rubbing took place, while the great fetish man of Kintamo pronounced an inconceivable number of curses on my head if I ever proved false. Susi, not to be outdone by him, solicited the gods to visit unheard of atrocious vengeances on Ngalyema if he dared make the slightest breach in the sacred brotherhood which made him and Bula Matari one and indivisible forever."

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXPLORING A NEW REGION.

BY the 19th of April Leopoldville was in good condition, and at peace with all its neighbors. Ngalyema had been conquered, partly by gifts, partly by suggestion of something different should he press matters too far. Through him other obstreperous chiefs had been won to friendly alliance. The Wambundu were hearty friends. Caravans came and went regularly every five days from between Leopoldville and the stations below. The time had come for another advance.

A beautiful land is this which they will leave behind them—50,000 acres of soil as rich as can be found on earth. What tons of sugar, wheat, millet, yams, sweet potatoes, and Indian corn these acres might produce. The population is some 3,000 muscular negroes, whose chief industry is sitting down, while their women rub them with palm oil and ochre, or dress their beautiful chignons. Yet the white man living near would regard some of them with a feeling of appreciation and friendship. He would listen to garrulous old Ngako's tales of adventure and war. In Ngalyema's fifer, living like a hermit in his lone hut half-way between Leopoldville and Kintamo, he would find a chatty and agreeable old man. Makabi, an acute

fellow, neat in person, lord of a large number of pretty wives and bright-eyed children, might be deemed worthy of a closer study. Ngalyema would appear better at home than abroad. He would show his treasures, and talk with satisfaction about his own funeral, when he would be shrouded in cottons and woolens and silks and satins, and after days of fusillading, would be laid to rest in an honored sepulcher. "Ah," he says, "that will be grand, and worthy of a king!"

At 6 A. M. of April 19 the *En Avant*, towing the whale-boat and two canoes, was moving up the Congo. The crew were four white men and forty-nine black ones; 129 man-loads made up the freight. They crept along the southern bank, rounded Kallina Point, and in an hour were on the bosom of Stanley Pool. They turned to the left to Bamu Island, coasted along its shore till 5 P. M., then turned into a cove to gather fuel, and rest till morning.

Stanley Pool, noticed before in this volume, is an expansion of the Congo, seventeen and one-half miles long by sixteen miles broad. Near the center is Bamu Island, fourteen miles long, and having an area of about forty-two square miles. It is low, and covered with jungle, where feed buffaloes, hippos, and elephants.

The tourist would find something to admire in the scenery of Stanley Pool. The vast river, sixteen miles from bank to bank, yet flowing with a current of three miles an hour; the hills rising on either hand to the height of 500 or 600 feet, clothed with woods which display the dark green foliage of the guaiacum in contrast with the tender leafage of the bombax and the flasswood; the crimson glories of the traveler's tree, the feathery fronds of the *elais*, the yellow blossoms of the acacia; the lights and shadows on steep and glen; the

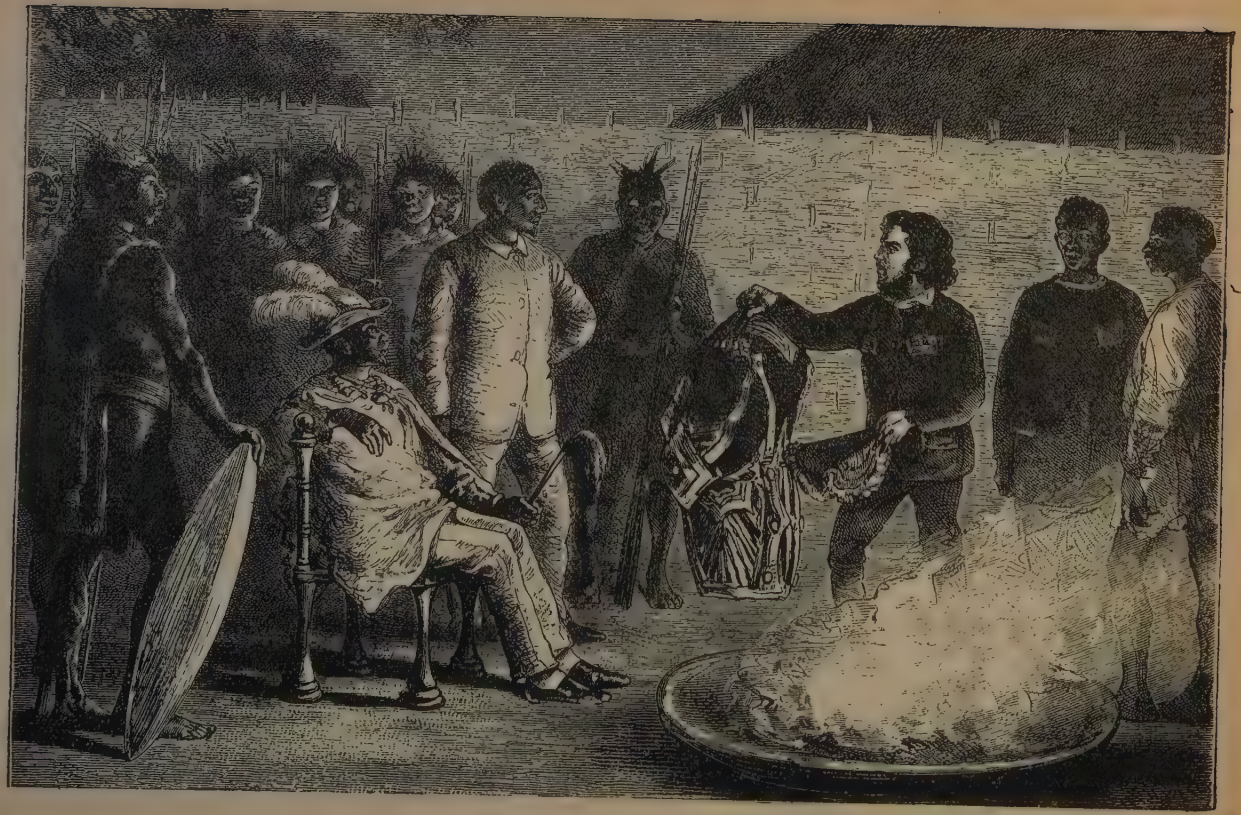
monkeys sporting in the trees; the startled hippos, with pointed ears erect, listening a moment to the strange noise of the boat, then sinking out of sight; the crocodiles, darting at the boat, as if to pierce it, then sinking when a few yards away; the fish-eagle and the kingfisher, darting and screaming over head—these are some of the elements of interest which Nature has thrown around Stanley Pool.

At 4:30 P. M., April 20th, Stanley and his company halted at First Point for the night, and on the next day they came to Mswata, where it was desirable to establish their Sixth Station. The chief, Gobila, an exceedingly stout man of forty-five, was a trader who had received a concession from the Baufunu, whose chief was Gandelay. Gobila was ready to admit the white men, but the right belonged to others. Eleven days passed before negotiations were finally concluded. Gandelay came in state, borne in a hammock, with leopard skins to sit on, women to brush away the flies, drummers, great and small, and musicians to blow on ivory horns. He was good-looking and amiable. He came with presents—three goats, half-a-dozen fowls, a pot of honey, a jar of palm oil, a basket of groundnuts, and several bunches of bananas.

With him was Ganchu, chief of the Bateke on the other side of the river. He came with three canoes, announced by drums, bells, and mellow-sounding horns. The parties were assembled, and the council was begun.

Ganchu spoke:

"'I belong to the Bateke. I like white men to come into the country. If Gandelay refuses Bula Matari, I will take him, and take 'Commanda', and take all who come; the more the better. We will make plenty of trade then.'"



A VERY GREAT CHIEF.

Gandelay spoke:

"'I am chief of all this country, from the Wampoko to the Kwa, and from the mouth of the Kwa to the land of the Wabuma. To Gobila I have given the river bank from the Malivu to the Kwa. If Gobila accepts Bula Matari as his white man, the Baufunu will also accept him, and Bula Matari shall be my brother.'"

Lieutenant Janssen was introduced to the chiefs, and they led him to the summit of a little hill. He was told to look about him, and select a site for a town. A long, low hill was selected, 800 yards below Gobila's village.

Stanley returned to Leopoldville, consuming in the passage eleven hours. Janssen was left with Gobila to prosecute the work of building the new town. His vigor and success were such that Gobila decided to name him "Susu Mpembe," or "The White Chicken."

Stanley had sent word to the chief at Vivi to forward any Europeans sent out by the Association for service on the Upper Congo, but a month would elapse before they could reach Mswata. He resolved in the meantime to explore the Kwa.

The native stories were not assuring. The Kwa, they said, was formed by the junction of two rivers, the Mbihe and the Rufini. The Mbihe was dangerous for canoes from sudden explosive movements of the water, which as suddenly subsided. The Rufini was navigable a long distance till squeezed between opposing banks. But the people were more muscular, their spears were longer, their dispositions fiercer than elsewhere.

On the 19th of May, Stanley left Mswata. Twelve miles brought him to the mouth of the Kwa. It was 450 yards wide and much browner than the Congo. Its bluff banks were of reddish stone and clay. Up a very

crooked stream they continued until after dark. Their guide was Ankoli, one of Gobila's men, and he brought them to a decaying village that had once belonged to Gobila, and was now presided over by Gobila's brother.

Next morning, while the crew were cutting fuel, Stanley followed Ankoli round the fields. The cassava, the sugar cane and the ground nuts were all that could be desired.

They steamed up the river. They met a canoe descending with ivory. They overtook two other canoes and offered to tow them.

" 'Ah, well, we don't know,' said the natives. 'We are rather afraid of those turning things' (the paddle wheels).' "

They were encouraged and hitched on. The steersman became nervous, turned the prow too much athwart the waves, the canoe shipped water, and was nearly capsized

" 'Ah, no; those turning things are bad,' they said. 'They throw too much water at us!' " They were left to proceed alone.

Many villages were passed this day, some embowered in banana leaves, some surrounded by a tall grove. The river was in one place two miles wide. Grassy islets were numerous, and from these flocks of egrets, ducks and pelicans were startled by the noise of the escaping steam. Hippos, startled from their quiet haunts, listened intently, then disappeared.

The valley was broad, sometimes well wooded, sometimes covered with luxuriant grass.

At Mabula, some natives in canoes demand: —

" 'Where are you going? What is this all for? What kind of a thing is this that goes up by itself on our waters?'

"'Oh,' Ankoli responds in a matter-of-fact manner—(he has forgotten that he also was frightened by it a few days ago)—'we are going to visit Gankabi. This is Bula Matari, you know—brother of great Gobila; and this is the white man's boat. Ah, it takes the likes of white men to do things like this, you know!'

"At which there was a great cry of admiration, and very cautious approaches, lest those things begin to revolve again, and send them all to the bottom."

Clouds gathered, the lightning flashed, and at 5:45 P. M. the *En Avant* tied up for the night, a mile away from a scrubby grove where fuel might be found in the morning. Rain fell copiously during the night. Collecting fuel and making steam consumed the following morning, and it was noon before they were under way.

The right half of the river had been black and the left half gray for many miles. The right half was the water of the Mfini, the left half, of the Mbihe, and the junction of the two streams was now a little way above.

Just in the junction stood the village of Musye, ruled over by Gankabi, queen of the Wabuma. Its site is a rich terrace twenty to forty feet above high water. It straggles for a considerable distance up the Mfini, and may contain 5,000 inhabitants. The commercial situation is admirable.

The puffing of the *En Avant* startled the inhabitants from their noon siesta. They mustered in crowds on the bank, and some leaped into canoes and shot out into the river to examine the strange craft that without rowers had come up the stream.

But Gankabi was absent up the Mfini, and in her absence none dared to entertain the strangers. The travelers proceeded up the Mfini, and at 5:45 camped on an island.

At Vivi and Manyanga mosquitoes were unknown. At Leopoldville there were a few, which, after the grass was cleared away, were blown away by the wind. At Mswata the mosquito was a curiosity. In this grassy island in the Mfini they passed all numbering, and they exhibited all their characteristic activity and enterprise. Stanley and his companions spent a dreadful night.

There was little fuel, but a sea of grass fifteen miles wide to the foot hills. Here and there was a scrubby tree, or a clump of cottonwood. From the ashes of this, dense, tall grass the natives manufactured a dirty gray salt.

It was eight o clock on the morning of the 21st before they were ready to leave the isle of mosquitoes. An hour later two well-manned canoes were seen approaching. In the foremost was a female paddling vigorously. Ankoli recognized her and cried, "There is Gankabi!"

She showed not the slightest sign of timidity, but brought her forty-five foot canoe alongside. She was tall, square shouldered, finely formed, with no trace of the negro save in the frizzled hair and rich bronze color. She had an ample grass-cloth about her loins, her breast and head and feet were bare, and she had no ornaments except a heavy copper wristlet. Stanley had not seen half-a-dozen such women in Africa.

She contemplated him in silence for some time, then spoke abruptly:—

"'So you are Bula Matari!'

"'Yes.'

"'Come along with me. You can stop at Ngete to-day, and to-morrow we can go to Musye.'

"'Pardon, Gankabi; Musye I saw yesterday.

Musye drove me away. I came up river, and I am now going to the end of it.'

"'What! you cannot go higher than Ngete with me. Do you know I am Gankabi, and what I say is done? Ay?'

"'Oh, well, Ankoli has told me of Gankabi. Gobila has spoken of Gankabi. I know Gankabi is great, the mother of Buguku, and queen of the Wabuma; but my name is Bula Matari, the man who breaks rocks.' There is nothing like asserting one's self in such an obstinate presence. If I had not done so, this virago would have taught me, I believe, what a stout-armed mother can do. The paddle was in her hand!

"'Be quiet. Follow me this instant to Ngete. What do you want to see the river for? There is nothing beyond Ngete. The two banks meet so.' (She interlaced both fingers of her hand.) 'Take my word for it and come along.'

"'No,' I replied, 'to-day I do not wish to see Ngete. I am going to see the end of the river, and when I return, if you are at Musye I will see you, that is, if you wish; if not, I go down as I came, past you.'

"'Well, what next, I wonder! How will you go past Ngete? The people will fight you. No one is allowed to go past Ngete. The people are bad; they will kill you all.'

"'Ah, well, I shall be very sorry to get killed, of course; but I must go all the same.'

"'What for?'

"'To see the river.'

"'And what will you do with it, when you do see it?'

"'Nothing; when I have seen the end I will return.'

"'Enough, then. Listen! stay here, go close to the bank there, and I will go and get you something to eat, and we will go together down to Musye.'

"'No; I am glad to have seen you. You go and do your work at Ngete. Wait there two or three days, and I will return to you, and together we will go to Musye.'

"'No, no, no; do not be foolish, Bula Matari. Come on with me to this next village, and I will give you some food, and you shall stay there. Meantime, I will go to Ngete and get my things, and we will go down to Musye to-day.'

Stanley followed her to the village. She gave him a goat and some bananas, and then went to Ngete to get her things. Stanley waited an hour for her return; then fearing her further entreaties, moved on. With a full head of steam the *En Avant* dashed past Ngete, regardless of the frantic shouts of the people, and the energetic gestures of this interesting queen.

At 3 P. M. they stopped in the district of Muleke to treat for fuel and bananas. The women wore brass collars of ten to sixty pound's weight, also heavy leglets and armlets. They dressed their hair in towering top-knots. They carried long spears on slender shafts beautifully ground. The people are the Basazza, whose district along the left bank extends far inland.

The course for the next four or five days was up a deep and gently flowing river, without obstacles of any sort, and from two hundred and fifty to four hundred yards wide. The soil, as far as could be judged from the river, was highly fertile, and was covered with rank grass and little clumps of cottonwood trees, with once or twice a grove of hard wood. On the 26th the broad sedgy valley disappeared, and the "river washed on the right the base of well-wooded and green hills of moderate height, and green-topped bluffs crowned with populous villages were seen." They came to the confluence of

two channels. The left-hand, a hundred yards wide, they were told, led to Ngana, but whether Ngana were a lake, a village, or a district, they could not determine. They chose the right-hand channel, some three hundred yards wide. "The right bank was a tree-clothed steep, exquisitely green, and the large umbrageous red-wood trees towered from near the water's edge far up the bluffy face of the hills; then came sedge for a short distance, and then the expanse of a lake.

No white man had ever seen this lake before. In honor of his royal patron, Stanley named it Lake Leopold II. He entered it on the 26th of May, and by the 31st had followed its shores round to the point from whence he started. Its superficial surface he estimated at 800 square miles. The depth he found to be from ten to twenty feet. It might be considerably less at low water. The southern shores are rock-bound and very uneven; the northern shores are bordered by hills rising gently from 150 to 300 feet, and covered with woods with now and then a towering palm or cottonwood to break the monotony.

The shores of the lake showed little token of human presence. The inhabitants of the upper river had been shy, and such as were seen about the lake were equally so. The expedition had been provisioned for only nine days, and eight of those were passed when they entered the lake. Although their food-supply was nearly exhausted, it would not do to neglect the first and probably the last opportunity they would ever have of exploring it. Accordingly when, on the 28th, they saw half a dozen small canoes well out in the lake, and the fishermen engrossed with hauling their seine on board, an attempt was made to reach them and open communication. At sight of the little steamer, still a mile away,

they seized their paddles and shot away over the tranquil surface. One alone remained. Absorbed with the hauling in of his net, he had not noticed the *En Avant* till startled by its snorting steam and dashing wheels. He seizes his oars and bends with all his energy. In vain; the strange monster is pressing him, and the distance is lessening every moment. In despair he leaps overboard as the steamer sweeps past his empty canoe. He appears swimming at a little distance. As the boat comes close he dives, when Uledi and Dualla leap after and seize him. They bring him up, place him in the boat, and speak kindly to him. When at last he can speak, he says, "What did you pick me out for? There are many better than I in our village." The slave-catchers had been there. Having obtained what information he could give, his hands were filled with beads, a dozen handkerchiefs were laid beside him, his canoe was brought alongside, a parcel of cowries was given him, and with his treasures he was invited to step in. He did not seem to realize that he was a free and rich man till the distance was such it would be impossible to catch him again. Then it was that his figure, rising to its full height, showed that his sense of escape and of satisfaction was now complete.

No large stream was found entering the lake, although there were many small ones. The largest seen entered from the northeast, and was explored five miles.

When the circumnavigation was concluded on the 31st, Mr. Stanley found himself oppressed with a deathly languor and with aches in all his bones. At 6:20 P. M. the next day they arrived at Musye Munnono, and trade was lively till the hungry travelers supplied their wants. At 4:45 P. M. the day following, they reached Musye, and Gankabi received their excuses. Three days

SLEW THE BEST AND NOBLEST OF THEM

they halted here, while Stanley felt that his illness was growing worse. On the 7th they departed, and reached Mswata at 3:45 P. M.

By this time Stanley was helpless. On the 11th he was placed in the boat, and on the 12th reached Leopoldville, and was carried to the station, dimly conscious.

Five days later he was told that some Europeans, long waited for, had arrived, and was aware of their presence at his bed-side, but knew no more.

There were brief intervals of consciousness each day, and in one of these he ordered a caravan to be prepared to conduct the Zanzibaris to the coast, as they had fulfilled their three years' service.

On the 27th of June, Stanley was at Mpakambendi, and believed himself to be out of danger. On the 28th, at Manyanga, he had symptoms of gastritis, and there was a dropsical enlargement of the lower limbs. Sixteen hours later he was at Isangila, resting in a little room which, decorated with calico and curtains by the hand of Mr. Swinburne, looked more like home than anything he had seen for years.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DISORDER AND REORGANIZATION.

ON the 8th of July, Stanley arrived at Vivi. He was met by Herr Lindner and Dr. Peschnel Loeche. The latter presently produced a paper authorizing him, in case Stanley should be disabled, to assume command on the Congo. This, to Stanley, was a profound relief, and as the state of his health demanded it, he decided to return at once to Europe.

On the 15th he embarked on the steamer Heron, and four days later was at St. Paul de Loanda. From this port the steamer for Europe had just sailed, and in consequence he was compelled to wait a month for another.

In October he was in Europe, and had reported to the Association. He had been sent out to establish three stations, and had established five, not including the landing-place at Mpakambendi. He had advanced four hundred and forty miles, from the ocean to the mouth of the Kwa, and had opened a continuous and steady communication by land and water. He had found a magnificent country, and an amiable people eager for trade; but something further must be done to reap the advantages in sight. A railroad must be built to connect the Lower with the Upper Congo, and the Association must treat with the natives and treat with Europe for right of control in this vast region.

With these sentiments the Association agreed, and if Stanley would lead they would follow him with all necessary men and means. With some reluctance he consented, and after two months spent on the soil of Europe, he was again afloat, and bound for Africa. On the 14th day of December he entered Banana Creek, and on the 20th was at Vivi with physical energies recuperated by five months' absence from the expedition.

He found disorder here and everywhere. "The German gentleman who had presented such high credentials for potent force of character and earnestness of purpose, well-known experience and scientific acquirements, had gone; he had departed from the Congo nearly a month before! The expedition had been nearly four weeks without its leader. The Chief of Vivi, the second in rank, had also disappeared; the Chief of Leopoldville, the third in importance, was rusticating on the coast; the Chief of Isangila had hurried homeward; the second Chief of Leopoldville had fled; the captain of *La Belgique* had been dismissed by somebody; *En Avant* had been robbed by a spiteful miscreant of her steam valve, and had ever since lain idle at the landing-place of Leopoldville, as useless as a log; an engineer, by some odd freak, was doing duty at Vivi as a clerk or storekeeper, and some person was reported to be acting with unlimited powers in the interior, and in a manner not very conducive to peace and order." A certain party had control of the steamers, and instead of landing goods at Vivi, was landing them a mile below, leaving the officials and employees at Vivi to overcome the remaining distance as best they might. The general condition of affairs could hardly have been worse. Mr. Stanley, in accordance with his usual course, carefully conceals the

names of any whose conduct must be mentioned to their discredit.

Order was speedily evolved from confusion, and activity succeeded to supineness. Lieut. J. G. Elliott was sent to establish a line of stations from Isangila north to the Kuilu, and down the river to the ocean; while Lieut. Van de Velde was sent with the steamer Heron to the mouth of the same river to negotiate with the natives for a station there. Both these gentlemen performed their work promptly and with entire success. The object of these expeditions was to secure an alternative route to the interior, should that by the Congo ever be closed. Captain Hansens was sent to establish a line of stations from Manyanga to the upper Kuilu. Lieut. Valcke was dispatched to make treaties with the chiefs along the south bank of the Congo and to establish at Sabuka a station for provisions. Lieut. Parfoury, with forty men, was detailed to construct a good road on the south side of the river from Manyanga to Leopoldville.

On the 15th of January Massala, the native lingster at Vivi, was shot by a French trader connected with the Lower Congo transport service. He was a fine, well-behaved man, a little fond of grog, but never drunk. He was, in fact, harmless and invaluable. Though the wound was not mortal, the natives were greatly excited, as the fault was clearly with the other party. A large force poured down for vengeance, but the culprit was safe in the hands of the white men. He was tried and convicted and the chiefs were asked to state the amount of fine that would be satisfactory. They went aside for private conference and returned with a demand for goods to the amount of £430. The trader professed his utter inability to pay such a sum. Through Stanley's exertions

the sum was finally reduced to £24 4s, the revolver which had been used was broken, and the trader sent out of the country, lest he might kill somebody else. The story illustrates the native severity against the crime of murder or assault with intent to kill.

As Stanley, with Lieutenants Grang and Anderson and one hundred and sixty-four colored men, were advancing at the rate of two and one-half miles a day with the steamer *Royal* along the old road constructed four years before, news came that the garrison at Leopoldville were starving. When he reached there about the end of March, he was surprised and grieved at the condition of things. Instead of improvement there was everywhere neglect and decay. The rank grass in the garden and elsewhere had grown uninterrupted. The whaleboat and the *En Avant* were rotting uncared for in the river. The new steamer *A. I. A.* (Association Internationale Africaine) had been on the stocks for months, and was making little progress.

Whites and natives had quarreled, and the latter had declared a rigid non-intercourse. Ngalyema had not visited the white men for six months, the natives brought no food, and hence the garrison were on the verge of starvation.

In the absence of the commander there had been some fantastic capers. Lieutenant Kallina, a young Austrian, resolved to distinguish himself on the Upper Congo. With this purpose he purchases a canoe from Ngalyema, mans it half with natives, half with employees at Leopoldville, dons a helmet and heavy cavalry boots, straps a double-barreled rifle over one shoulder, a cartridge-holder over the other, and a belt of pistols round the waist, waves an important adieu, seats himself on the end of his black portmanteau in his dug-out,

and is off for the regions beyond. Before the craft is out of sight of the station it is capsized, and Kallina and four of the crew are drowned.

Not many days after, an officer starts up the river in a canoe. Crossing to Kallina Point, the canoe is swept down by the strong current to the very verge of the cataract, and he only saves himself and companions by snatching wildly at the overhanging branches along the northern bank.

Another officer buys a canoe, fits it with a keel and sail, and proceeds grandly up the river before a brisk breeze. The wind falls and the current sweeps him downward. His danger is seen and a pirogue is manned for his relief. In the gathering darkness he is found in an inland channel shouting wildly for help, and is brought back "a sadder and a wiser man."

On the 8th of April the neighboring chiefs, by the invitation of Stanley, met at Leopoldville. Ngalyema was their spokesman. He stated the causes of offense which had driven him and the rest into non-intercourse. The chief of the station was heard in reply. Then Stanley found fault with both parties, and exhorted to peace. "The next day a treaty of peace was made uniting all the chiefs of the Wambundu, Kintamo, and the Association in a confederation for the preservation of peace in the regions south and west of Stanley Pool. The sovereign power was vested in the Association, which reserved to itself the power to declare war, and to arbitrate on all questions likely to endanger the peace. It was also further stipulated that the flag of the Association should be hoisted over the villages of the signatory chiefs every Sunday morning, and upon all great and festive occasions, notice of which would be given by hoisting a flag from the summit of Leopold Hill.

A MADI VILLAGE.

"It was further stipulated that no foreigner could enter any district belonging to any of the confederated chiefs without a recommendation from the officers of the Association, who would guarantee that such stranger was a bona fide trader, or that he was not a political agent."

The work of negotiating similar treaties was, at this time, being vigorously pushed in several directions by leading officers of the expedition, and in no long time hundreds of names had been secured.

By the 8th of May Leopoldville had been relieved of its squalor, and had been transformed by material changes. The perfect confidence of the natives had been won. As a consequence Leopoldville came to have a market of its own—a distinction essential to its dignity. The women came from the surrounding neighborhood to dispose of their products to the new settlers. Grouped on the plaza with their children, Stanley regarded their presence with the highest satisfaction.

The *A. I. A.* steam-launch had been finished, tried and approved. The *Royal* had been fully repaired, and the hull newly coppered, and the *En Avant* had been put in perfect condition.

On the 9th the expedition, with eighty men, and materials for the construction of two small stations, started up the river, the *En Avant* towing the whaleboat, the *Royal* towing a sixty-foot canoe, and the *A. I. A.* bringing up the rear.

Two hours later, as they passed Kinshassa, the natives crowded to the bank and gave them a rousing cheer. On the evening of the third day they were at Mswata. Lieutenant Janssen had completed his station in good style, and the "White Chicken" and Papa Gobila were on the best of terms.

They tarried here a few days to purchase provisions for the further journey. Fumu Ntaba, chief of Mbe, an extensive district on the north side of the river, came with women and slaves and sixty musketeers. He had made blood-brotherhood with Valcke, and desired Stanley to send white men to live at Mbe. Stanley promised to think about it.

"Gobila, genial, aldermanic Gobila—Papa Gobila—had been listening quietly to all this, never uttering a word, but an hour after he came to me and said:—

"'Bula Matari, don't you go to Mbe; you will be a fool if you will. There are no people there, nothing but a little ivory, to be had. Your bread will cost you three times more than it costs you here. There is nothing in Mbe but elephants and lions. Ask yourself why we should have left Mbe, if it were not that it was a poor country. I prefer to live with Gandelay on the south side of the river, than with Fumu Ntaba on the north side. Ngalyema of Kintamo, Nchulu of Kinshassa, myself and people, have all run away from there, because they were all killing one another at Mbe, continually fighting, fighting. We have now all got rich, and have slaves, ivory, and plenty of wives on this side, but if we went over to Mbe, we should lose everything. Oh, they will take your cloth, and speak you fair so long as you will give it to them; but what will you get for it all? If you think I speak falsely, go over to Ganchu, and try to buy even a roll of bread, and see for yourself. They come to me for food, and I send my canoes full of bread every week to Mfwa and Malima. Did you see any lions or buffaloes on this side as you came up? No! Well that proves it. The Banfunu of the south side are too numerous, and

Nfumu Nguma has too many people to allow lions and buffaloes to live long here."

On the 15th they left Mswata, and on the 16th were at Bolobo.

"From Boma to Vivi we steamed between two lines of mountain heights; between Vivi and Isangila we traveled in a narrow valley parallel with the chasmic trough of the Congo; between Isangila and Manyanga our boats ran up the crooked ravine-like valley of the river; between Manyanga and Leopoldville we marched along the edge of the fracture in the highlands through which the Congo continuously roars; then after a slight relief obtained by the lake-like expansion called Stanley Pool, we have been confined again between two mountain lines of more or less picturesqueness, up as far as the rocky point above Chumbiri, to finally emerge into this lacustrine breadth which the voluminous waters of the Congo have scooped out in the plains and lowlands which we now behold extended on either hand, with scarcely any extraordinary rise or hill, until we shall approach the Byerre affluent.

"The real heart of equatorial Africa is this central fertile region, whose bountiful and unparalleled richness of soil will repay the toil and labor required to bring it within the reach of Europe. It was not the uplands of the maritime region, with their millions of ravines, and narrow, oven-hot valleys, and bald grass tops, and limited bits of grassy plateaus, with here and there a grove of jungly forest scattered like islets amid the grassy wastes, that I strove for; it was this million square miles of almost level area which we may call the kernel that was worth the travel of piercing the 235 miles of thick, rude mountain husk which separates it from the energies of

Europeans, who, could they but reach it, would soon teach the world what good might come out of Africa."

Bolobo is a district with a river front of about twelve miles. Within this distance are about fifteen villages with perhaps 10,000 inhabitants. About midway is the station of Bolobo, founded by Captain Hanssens. The senior chief is Ibaka.

On Stanley's arrival, there was a state of war between the garrison and the nearest village, ruled by a chief called Gatula. Gatula's female slave, with other women, frequently visited the garrison, to sell bread, corn, chickens and sugar cane, and on one or more occasions stayed longer than Gatula thought proper. His jealousy was excited; he beat the woman, and limited the privileges of the garrison. Four days after, eight men proceeded to cut timber, four of them by Gatula's house. Two of them were immediately killed. The next day a native climbed into a tree and challenged Sergeant Khamis to come out of the station and fight. The Sergeant came out, and at the distance of 100 yards shot the native dead.

Stanley was wholly averse to fighting; nevertheless something must be done. He sent, therefore, this message: "Blood must be shed for blood, or money must pay for it. Gatula must pay or fight. I will wait two suns for the money. If it is not paid, I will go to Gatula's village and bring him out."

A council of chiefs was called, and Ibaka presided, not however, till he had received a fee of £3 in advance. Gatula was more willing to pay than to fight; the council was adjourned to the next day, and Ibaka's delicate task was to sound Bula Matari, and to ascertain about what would be satisfactory. On the day following Bula Matari demanded a fee before the council could proceed,

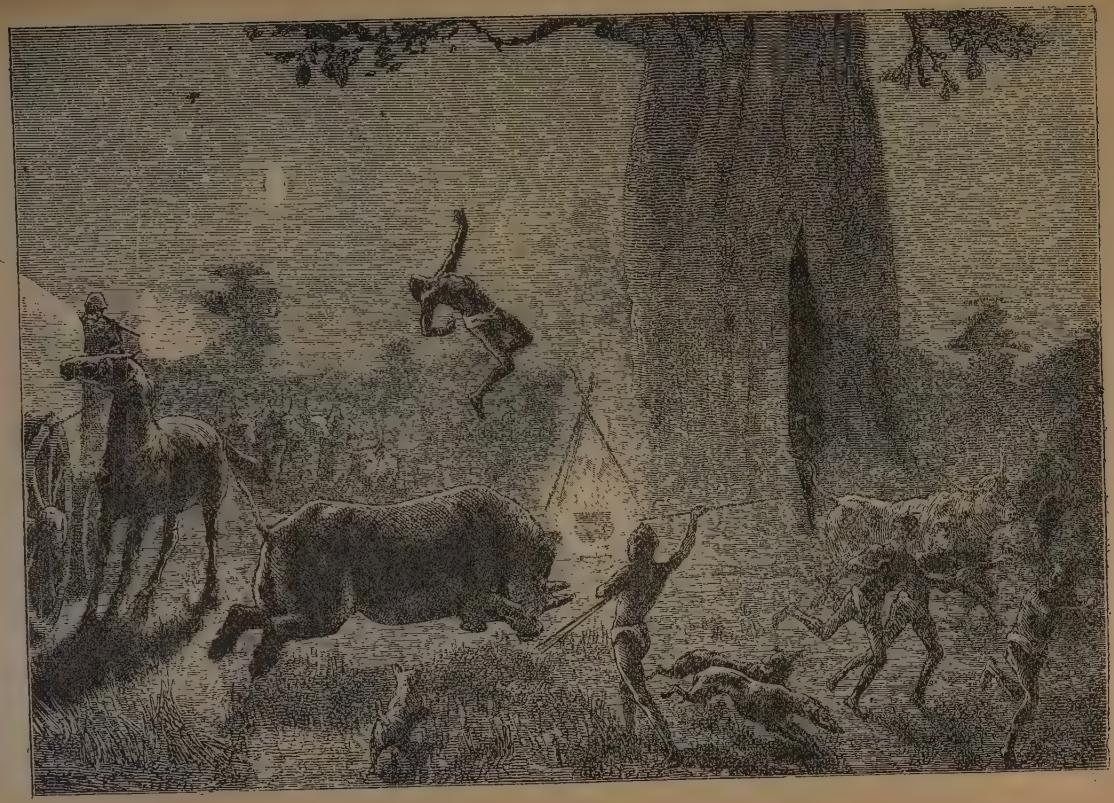
and Gatula had to pay again. Gatula was fined £50; costs added brought the total to £86 6s. 8d. Gatula blustered and refused. Two days later he brought a tusk of ivory weighing 58 pounds as the utmost he would give. This was promptly rejected. The next day he paid £42 4s. and was accepted. After this highly civilized fashion was murder compounded and peace restored.

"One must not be hasty in judging from the poverty of their garb that the chiefs of this trading district are poor. They are frugally inclined, having a certain standard of wealth which they must endeavor to achieve before they bear on their persons in everyday life the habit befitting their station and prosperity. Thus Mangi, residing at Kintamo, is the junior chief of Itimba, Bolobo. He visits Leopoldville daily, dressed in a cotton robe of dark blue baft, but he is lord of three villages, and may probably be worth £3,000. Lugumbila, Vizier to Ibaka, and his oldest slave, is probably worth an equal amount. But Manguru, of Bolobo, is a nabob; if his worldly belongings were sold at auction in Bolobo, it is very possible his effects would realize double that sum. His canoes and slaves exploit every creek and affluent as far as Irebu and Ubangi. At Kimbangu, on the south bank of Stanley Pool, and at Malima on the north bank, he has a faithful factor; while at Bolobo he keeps a hundred armed slaves. Yet Manguru, now well advanced in years, paddles his own canoe along the river front of the district, trading from one place to another daily. It is this Rothschild of Bolobo who induced Gatula to choose between two evils—war, or forfeit of money, and by his arguments convinced him that to lose money was a less evil than the loss of his life and property."

On the 28th of May the flotilla left Bolobo, and proceeded up the river. The rate of progress was twenty to thirty miles a day. The scenery was magnificent. The low, wooded hills along either bank, the river two to six miles wide, sometimes a single stream, oftener broken by many islands clothed with palms and other vegetation of the tropics, the various forms of animal life that peopled the bank, the stream, and the air above, composed a scene of ever varying interest. They passed many villages along the river. Here a band of elephants dashed away through the brake at sight of the steamers; parrots and other gaily colored birds chattered in the forest; buffalos grazed along the shore, hippopotami, uncouth and ungainly, plunged with a heavy swash into deeper pools; crocodiles scudded about; antelope were scattered over the plains; occasionally there were traces of nobler game. The rhinoceros was not seen. This ungainly creature is found chiefly in East and South Africa. Of a sullen and peppery temper, he is easily enraged; and when angry charges any suspicious object, be it beast, bush, man, or even a hunters' camp. In the latter case he may make a serious disturbance.

On the 2d of June a stop was made at Lukolela for the purchase of provisions. The natives at first were shy, and the good offices of Msenne, the guide supplied by Papa Gobila, were called into requisition. From the cabin deck of the *En Avant* he called to the bronze-colored people along the shore:

"Ho! Wy-yanzi, tribesmen of Lukolela, sons of Iuka and Mungawa, whose names are beloved by my lord Gobila! Ho, you men! Know you not Gobila—Gobila of Mswata, the friend of Wy-yanzi? Said Gobila to me, 'Here, take Bula Matari, the only Bula Matari, the good Bula Matari.' Wy-yanzi of Lukolela,



NOCTURNAL DISTURBANCE.

here sits Bula Matari! He has come here to make friends with you. He wants food. He is prepared to pay well. Now is the time for Iuka and Mungawa to show themselves kind friends of Bula Matari.'"

But the answer from the shore was that the chiefs were all dead, that many of the people had been destroyed by small-pox and the rest were starving. The flotilla turned into the shore at the upper end of the settlement and encamped. The natives recovered from their shyness and soon came with abundant provisions for sale. When asked to account for the change in their manners, they replied:

"'Oh, why do you remember what we said in our fear of you? Neither our oldest people nor their fathers before them ever saw or heard of such things as these,' pointing to the steamers."

On the 4th of June they passed the populous districts of Ngombe, Nkuku, Butunu and Usindi. The natives of Nkuku followed in canoes eager to trade, and sold two Muscovy ducks. Those of Butunu were frantic in their delight, crying, "Good! good!"

"One hour beyond Butunu we came to the populous district of Usindi, the inhabitants of which were outrageous in their clamors of applause. These were so irrepressible in their joy that a hearty response from our side was not deemed enough. About a hundred manned their canoes, followed us, bawled at us, and finally stormed at us in a friendly manner, until we halted. Eleven fellows immediately came aboard of the *En Avant*, sprawled over everybody, shook hands with white and black, old and young, and when they saw the black boiler they seemed to look so earnestly at it that it might have been thought they would embrace it. More of those thoughtless, irrepressible rogues would have come

aboard had we permitted it, but as we were already captured we yielded and steamed back again to the landing-place of Usindi, the hardy eleven looking as proud as though they had done a gallant deed worthy of the Victoria or the Iron Cross."

The reception of the party was all that could have been desired. The explanation of this sudden friendship was found in the fact that many of these people had been to Kintamo and Leopoldville, and had seen the houses, the boats, and the ways of the white man.

A little farther up they passed the district of Irebu. The bronze-bodied people lined the shore, and gazed in silence. A few miles farther up they were overtaken by canoes, with an invitation to visit Mangombo, chief of Irebu.

With the intelligence and worldly-wisdom of this people Stanley was much impressed. With articles and values they were perfectly familiar, and knew every landing-place along the river for six hundred miles.

However, a civil war was then in progress, and as Stanley and Mangombo talked, the sound of fire arms was borne to their ears.

The next morning Stanley and Mangombo made blood-brotherhood. "The fetish-man pricked each of our right arms and pressed the blood out of them; then with a pinch of scrapings from my gun-stock, a little salt, a few hasty scrapings from a long pod dropped over the wounded arms, the black and white arms were mutually rubbed together. The fetish-man took the long pod in his hand and slightly touched our necks, our heads, our arms, and our legs, muttering rapidly his litany of incantations. What was left of the medicine Mangombo and I carefully folded in a banana leaf,

and we bore it reverently between us to a banana grove close by, and buried it out of sight."

Then Mangombo told of the unhappy war which he was waging with Magwala and Mpika, chiefs of Lower and Central Irebu, and implored Stanley's aid. Stanley persuaded them to stop fighting till he should go to Ikengo and return, when he would arbitrate and settle their strife.

On the 8th of June the flotilla was passing the villages of Ikengo. The people in scores of tiny canoes shot out to the boats, and like hotel runners, proclaimed the praises of their separate villages.

"'Come to Ikengo!' they cried. 'Ikengo is rich; Ikengo has abundance of food.' 'No, come to Itumbu!' 'Come and see Inganda! Inganda has ivory, slaves, women, goats, sheep and pigs. Inganda is blessed with abundance. Stanley, have you forgotten us; we who traded with you years ago?' 'Ah! Stanley, come on to Ikengo! There's plenty of beer and wine in Ikengo.' Thus these extraordinary people extolled the virtues of their various villages, making the river alive with their increasing throng and restless movement."

Inganda was the temporary stopping place, but Wangata, a little farther up the river, was selected as a place for a permanent station. Lieutenant Vangele was placed in charge with twenty-six men, and Lieutenant Coquilhat with twenty more was left to assist him till further re-enforcements could be sent from Leopoldville.

On the 21st the expedition was again at Mangombo's in Irebu. The strife of Upper against Lower and Central Irebu had broken out afresh an hour before. The parties had tired of waiting for Stanley's return.

After consultation with Mangombo, Stanley, with the consent of the contending factions, sent men to per-

emptorily summon the warriors to a council. They obeyed, in some cases unwillingly; Stanley's envoys at times striking up their guns when they were about to fire on the enemy.

The council sat the next day with Stanley as judge. The Melafu fee had first to be paid, and Stanley hinted that his share of it must be large. Fifty brass rods were distributed to the chiefs; one hundred and twenty were handed to him.

Mangombo recited the story of the war. The elders thought it such a pity that the combatants should go on killing each other. Then Stanley decided that the war lay in the obstinacy of Mangombo, who had, in endeavoring to obtain redress for a wrong done him, grossly wronged his neighbors. The Nzambi (God) was angry with him, and in consequence many more of his men had been lost. Let him give the pledge of peace and bury the war.

The elders applauded, Mangombo yielded; the pledges of peace were, from Central Irebu "two pieces of unbleached domestic, one gourd of palm-wine, one keg of damp gun-powder, and one broken musket from each faction. Then four elders from Upper Irebu who were neutrals, and four elders from Central Irebu took charge of the peace-pledges, and in the center of the plain behind Irebu, which was the usual battle-field, a hole was dug in the ground, and the articles interred. Salvos of musketry from each rank of the combatants were fired over the grave of the war, and Irebu was saved, it may be hoped, from the horrors of internal strife for many long years to come."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DISASTER AND ENTERPRISE.

A day or two after Stanley steamed up the Lukanga, 300 yards wide at the mouth, and found a sluggish inky stream, growing wider till in a few miles it expanded into Lake Mantumba. This lake he circumnavigated. The deepest water is thirty-two feet. The low surrounding hills are clothed with fine forests of redwood.

On the 29th of June they were at Lukolela buying a fine piece of land for a station. Two men were left as a pledge that it would shortly be occupied. A few miles below Lukolela a native canoe with forty-four men had been capsized, two of the crew drowned, and the rest cast upon an island. The chief, Myango of Usindi, was recognized as an acquaintance seen before at Bolobo. His people were by Stanley transported to the mainland, armed and provisioned. Myango and his wife were taken to Bolobo, and on the next day presented with forty days' rations, and liberated. Their gratitude knew no bounds, for according to native custom they had become the property of their rescuers.

Below Mswata a lion was seen crouched on the right bank. A shot was sent at him, but failed. Curiosity caused a landing to be made, and fifty paces from the water's edge was found a dead buffalo. Good beef was scarce, and the prize was tempting. There was a

banquet that day from steaks and roasts furnished by the forest king.

Lieutenant Valcke had done more for Leopoldville in two months than his predecessor had done in a year. A house with nine commodious rooms had been erected for Europeans. There was a garden with 500 waving banana plants. Ngalyema and his brother chiefs were lovely. The store-rooms were filled with delightful things, and there were nearly four tons of brass rods—the native currency.

Lieutenant Janssen and Abbe Guyot had gone to the mouth of the Kwa, the former to found a station, the latter, a Catholic mission. Returning, they were with eleven of their men drowned in a gale of wind. Lieutenant Pagels, with a small garrison, succeeded them.

On the 21st of August a courier came announcing that Bolobo, with the goods belonging to it, and 150 loads destined for Stanley Falls, had been consumed by fire.

The flotilla, in fine condition, with ten tons of goods and fifty men, departed the next morning.

The *En Avant* had drawn up at the site of the burnt station and was awaiting the arrival of the *Royal* and *A. I. A.*, when a messenger came from Ibaka, the senior chief, to say that the villages of Itimba and Biangala were firing on the two steamers. There had not been a whisper of ill-feeling, and the news seemed incredible. The *En Avant* dropped down stream 500 yards, and was greeted with the fire of a long line of sharpshooters concealed in the bushes along the bank. The fire was briskly returned. The other steamers came up, and all proceeded together to the landing place.

The *Royal* was sent back to Leopoldville to bring up an artillery man with a Krupp cannon.

Four days later the *En Avant* and whale-boat dropped down the river to reconnoiter, and to secure a parley. Manga's and Yambula's villages again poured in a murderous fusillade.

On the 3rd of September some of Stanley's men occupied an island running parallel with the hostile villages, and answered briskly the fire delivered on them from the bush.

The next day a deputation came from Itimba with a few brass rods, a goat, and some fowls, to sue for peace. It was accepted, and Upiti and his brother ambassadors promised to be good.

The war against Manga's village went on, and some were wounded. They brought the same price of peace that Itimba had brought, and were scornfully rejected. As they liked war, they should have enough of it. When the big gun arrived Stanley would blow them up to the sky. This awful threat made them engage Ibaka to plead for them. But it took nine days to persuade them to pay a fine of fifteen pounds.

The big gun got there the next day after peace had been made. The natives hardly thought it was a gun, for where was the trigger, the stock, the ramrod? One said, "It looks like a fine piece of wood with a deep hole in its belly."

"It was therefore decided necessary to fire the Krupp. They were turbulent through their unsophisticated wildness. They knew no better. A brass rod causes war. If they have a bad dream, some unfortunate is accused, and burnt for witchcraft, or hung for being an accessory to it. A chief dies from illness, and from two to fifty people are butchered over his grave. When the chief of Moye—the next village above our station—died, forty-five people were slaughtered; and only a short

time before, Ibaka strangled a lovely young girl because her lover had sickened and died. Two slaves of Ibaka's quarreled over their beer, and one shot the other; the brother of the murdered man demanded twelve slaves, two bales of cloth, and 1,500 brass rods; one of the male slaves was beheaded, and a female slave was strangled, that their spirits might accompany the spirit of the dead slave on its dreary journey to the unknown universe."

At Ibaka's solicitation, Stanley had settled at Bolobo. He showed them what the Krupp could do, exhorted them to be good, and offered to pay for the beer in celebration of a long peace. Accordingly he delivered to each of the fifteen chiefs and elders one piece of cloth and ten brass rods—worth more than the fine just exacted from Lower Bolobo.

The chiefs went aside to consult, and returned to say that they ought to have two pieces of cloth and twenty rods each. Stanley, disgusted and indignant, was about to quit them and their land forever, and Dualla was in the act of taking the presents back, when Ibaka sprang up and said:

"No, no, Bula Matari! Dualla, stay! Nay, be not angry with us; this is but a custom of the Wy-yanzi. If you had given us 4,000 brass rods, we should have asked for 10,000; if you had given us 50,000, we should have asked for ten times that amount. What! Bula Matari leave us? No, never! Give us the moneys and we will go to celebrate the peace. Does not Bula Matari know the Wy-yanzi yet? Why, the greed of the Wy-yanzi is as insatiable as the appetite of the hippopotamus. The trouble is ended, Bula Matari. Wy-yanzi love money too well to risk fighting any more. Two troubles have cost them money; they will not care to provoke a third. So live in peace, and let your heart rest."

Stanley, good man, gave his hand, and they went to drink their beer.

On the 22d of September, the flotilla arrived at Lukolela, and Mr. Glane, a young Englishman, was installed as chief of a new station, and was given twenty-five men. The ground was thickly covered with trees, straight, clean, sixty to one hundred and fifty feet high — plane trees, teak, red-wood, guaiacum and mahogany. This forest, it was estimated, might furnish 18,000,000 of cubic feet of timber. Many of the trees were of enormous size.

It threatened rain as they were leaving Lukolela. Myongo's medicine-man exercised his powerful charms to compel the clouds to disperse. Myongo remarked that white men seem to possess everything but one—a rain charm to keep the rain from wetting travelers.

The next day Myongo and his family were landed at Usindi.

On the 29th of September they reached Equator Station. Lieutenants Vangele and Coquilhat had done wonders. They had cleared a good space, built a commodious house and decorated it with the taste of a lady, and from the ground they had achieved a magnificent growth of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, cucumbers, onions, radishes, carrots, beans, peas, parsley, lettuce, cress, beets and cabbages. They had a large kitchen, a servant's hall, a goat park, fowl houses, and plenty of milk and eggs. A sample this, of what energetic men may do in Equatorial Africa in 100 days. Stanley was delighted, and saw at last his ideal station.

Equator Station is 757 miles from the ocean; the Association had sent orders to advance 600 miles farther and establish a station at Stanley Falls.

On the 16th of October the flotilla moved up the

river, and on the 21st reached the settlements of the Bangala, whose numbers and ferocity had tried Stanley in 1877. Their villages line the shore continuously for many miles. The expedition camped on an island, but notwithstanding this precaution, and a careful watch, thieves were busy through the night and their depredations were considerable.

Mata Bwyki, the senior chief of the Bangala, was a grey-haired man of herculean stature, six feet two inches, broad shoulders, large, square face, massive head and a voice like the sound of many waters. Only the incurably deaf could fail to hear. He was seventy-five or eighty years old, his skin hung about his bones in wrinkles, his staff was "like a weaver's beam," and nine feet long. He was the finest proportioned man in Africa. By his side were seven stalwart sons from different mothers. He had but one eye, but out of this he could look a great deal.

Stanley entered this august presence, while 2,000 people of doubtful temper surged around.

Yumbila, the guide, recited to the aged chief the wonderful exploits of Bula Matari—the towns he had built, the blood-brotherhoods made, the benefits that would accrue to Mata Bwyki and his people if he should become Stanley's brother.

When Mata Bwyki heard that this was "Tandelay," matters for awhile looked dubious enough, but Yumbila was triumphant in the end. He told them how Bula Matari had saved Irebu from mutual destruction; how he had saved Myongo from the island, liberated him, enriched him, restored him to his home; how he had made war and peace at Bolobo, and fired the big gun, sending its big ball across the wide river. He spoke of the wealth of goods on the big steamer, and of the dreadful

guns that fired so rapidly, dealing death to man or beast. Such were the deeds and the might of the genial, world-loving, peace-making Bula Matari!

Mata Bwyki was won, and brotherhood was made. Then spake the aged chief in a mighty voice:

"Bula Matari and Mata Bwyki are one to-day. We have joined hands. Hurt not Bula Matari's people; steal not from them; offend them not. Bring your produce and barter with him; bring food and sell to him at a fair price, gently, kindly, and in peace, for he is my brother. Hear you, O ye people of Iboko!—you by the river side, and you, of the interior."

Onward for days the flotilla pursued its way amid islands clothed with tropical splendor of shadowing palm, and crimson, white, and gold, and purple bloom of luxuriant plants and trees, while stretching away from the bank and over the plain or gently undulating hills was a magnificent forest of gum copal trees, clothed with the valuable orchilla weed, and mingled with the rubber tree.

By November 1st they were in the country of the Langa-Langa. The female dress here was that of Eden before Eve made aprons. The faces and bodies of men and woman were systematically scarred for the sake of beauty. Maka-Kuru, having become Stanley's brother, was exceedingly anxious to adorn his face after this interesting and impressive manner.

At this point the currency changes. From the sea to Manyanga it was a bale of cloth, domestics or stripes, twenty-four yards; thence to Iyumbi ridge, blue glass beads; thence to Langa-Langa, the matako, or brass rod; then the masaro or sofi of Ujiji, called by the Italians Conwetone beads, black and white, and half an inch long. Cloth, however, is in great demand, and will yet win the day.

On the 7th of November they were at Bumba, a considerable town. While a thousand people looked on, Bula Matari's arm was scarified for the fiftieth time, and Myombi, the chief, became a blood-brother. On the 8th the people brought bananas, goats, chickens, sugar-cane, tobacco, pumpkins, sweet potatoes and yams for barter; yet they were fearful, and if a man lifted his hand to scratch his head, they ran like frightened deer. Myombo and Sungo Maji, to quiet their fears, kept running about and crying, "Peace, O people! Sell your produce in security; these whites are our brothers by every band that can bind us." There was ringing of bells, and sprinkling of holy water, and muttered incantations to exorcise the evil spirit, the dreaded Ibanza, which might live in the boiler of the boat, and feed on wood; and yet the rolling eyes of the men, and the suppressed shrieks of the women proclaimed their fear. One of the cabin boys, minded to have a little fun, violently burst open the door of the boat's cabin and crawled out in a Bengal tiger skin. At this sight, the hundreds who stood on the bank fled as by one impulse. When they discovered the trick there was slapping of thighs, and roars and spasms of laughter, and afterwards more confidence than was gendered by all their bell-ringing and holy water.

Farther up, the expedition passed Mutembo, consisting of three palisaded villages. The inhabitants rushed out into the open, and to express their contempt, patted their rearward parts, with more expression than grace.

On the 12th they found the people of Yambungu friendly. They brought enormous yams, fat-tailed sheep, and other provisions.

On the 15th they reached the mouth of the Aruwimi, or Byerre, where Stanley had been fiercely op-

FREEING SLAVES.

posed in 1877. They drew up before the town of Mokulu. All the males lined the bank, in battle array, while war drums thundered. Startling blasts were blown from long, mellow ivory horns, and immense canoes filled with warriors hovered near. Yumbila, the guide, was promised a rich reward if he should succeed in turning these foes into friends. His eloquence and persistence prevailed. A camp was made near the town. The shyness, which lasted an hour or two, ended in a brisk traffic. Blood-brotherhood was made, and Stanley had some more dear kin-folks in the heart of Africa.

One object which the Association of the Congo will keep ever in view is the extinction of the horrible slave-trade which for ages has desolated Africa. Stanley did not expect to find the slave-hunter in this interior and secluded region, yet from the Aruwimi to Stanley Falls the banks of the Congo were to furnish hourly illustrations of his horrible work. The Basoko, or Basongo, of Mokulu were recent sufferers. They had fought Stanley in 1877 because they had never heard of a people coming with many canoes who did not come for war; but this strange man, with a face as pale as the moon, had dropped their people with fire and soft iron, pursued them and fought them in their town; had then gone down the river and they had not heard of him since. "'But the other morning,'" said they, "'while it was quite dark we heard the dread sound of boom! boom! boom!' which is like the thunder of the sky in our ears, and we felt the flash of the flame in our faces. Waking from our sleep, we rushed out from our houses, and the darkness was lit up by a thousand jets of fire; and a crackling noise was heard, louder than a burning plain makes, and more terrible than the most prolonged

thunder. There was whizzing and buzzing, as of flying stones, in our ears, and many of our people, on coming out into the light of the burning houses, were struck dead by these things. The same fear came upon us as when we first heard the loud thunder shot at us from the strange tribe, years ago on the river, and we ran for our very lives into the depths of the woods, where, in the thickest parts, we lay with our faces in the ground, afraid to lift our heads up, lest we might be hit with those iron balls that sang over us and crashed into the trees from our village. When we heard our women and children cry out, we thought we would do something. From our coverts we looked out. We saw that some of our houses were still on fire, and we heard the long shrieks of our women and cries of our children, and again we heard the shrill boom of those long hollow tubes, such as your people make, and again we were frightened and threw ourselves down into the thick brush. By and by there was a deathly stillness; we got a little bolder and crept out to see for ourselves what had happened, and when we came to Mokulu, more than half of it was burnt to the ground, as you can see to-morrow; and as for our women and children, we lost hundreds of them.'"

When asked, "'Who were these people? Where did they come from? Where are they now? By what river did they come to you?'" they could only reply:

"'Ah, we know not. We were all asleep when they came, and they departed, no one knows where, in canoes. We think they must be the Bahunga, or some people from the far east, or perhaps they came from the north. Some of our people managed to get a sight of them, and say they were dressed like your people. But

you came with Yumbila from below, and Yumbila says he never heard of such people.'"

The flotilla, after spending six days exploring Aruwimi left Mokulu on the 23d of November and continued up the Congo. On the next day they descried in the distance a vast number of canoes creeping along the verge of an island under the shadow of overhanging woods. The number of these canoes was estimated at one thousand, and they might carry, at the least, five thousand men. Were not these the dreadful Bahunga whose ravages had been seen below? A rain storm came on and the expedition camped upon an island. It will be best to continue the narrative in Stanley's own words:

"The next morning (the 25th) we continued our journey. Two hours later we saw a break in the solid wall of forest trees along which we had traveled, and I remembered its position very clearly. On my old map it is marked 'Mawembe,' and was strongly palisaded; but now, though I looked closely through my glass, I could detect no sign of palisade or hut. The clearing was there, it was true; the site of the palisaded village was also there, and notwithstanding its emptiness it was recognized. As we advanced we could see poor remnants of banana groves; we could also trace the whitened paths from the river's edge leading up the steep bank, but not a house nor a living thing could be seen anywhere. The exact extent, position and nature of the village site was unchanged, but the close, bristling palisade, and the cones of fowl-huts, and the low ridge-roofed huts just visible above it—all had vanished.

"When we came abreast of the locality, we perceived that there had been a late fire. The heat had scorched the foliage of the tallest trees, and their silver stems had been browned by it. The banana plants

ARAB SLAVE FLEET.

looked meager; their ragged fronds waved mournfully their tatters, as if imploring pity. We slackened speed of the engines, to contemplate the scene, and reflect upon its meaning.

"Six years before we had rushed by this very place without stopping, endeavoring by our haste to thwart the intentions of our foes—if foes they meant to be—since which time the history of this land had been a blank to us. Surely, there had been a great change! As we moved up the stream slowly, another singular sight attracted our gaze. This was two or three long canoes standing on their ends, like split, hollow columns, upright on the verge of the bank. What freak was this, and what did the sight signify? Had one of these canoes been weighed, it is certain it could not have been less than a ton. To have tilted and raised such a weight argued numbers and union. It could never have been the work of chattering savages. They are Arabs who have performed this feat of strength, and these upright columnar canoes betray the advent of the slave-traders in the region below the Falls! We learned later that on this now desolate spot once stood the town of Yomburri.

"A few miles higher up, on the same bank, we came abreast of another scene of desolation, where a whole town had been burnt, the palms cut down, bananas scorched, many acres laid level with the ground, and the freak of standing canoes on end repeated. In front of the black ruin there were a couple of hundred people crouched down on the verge of the bank, looking woefully forlorn and cheerless, some with their hands supporting their chins, regarding us with a stupid indifference, as though they were beyond further harm, while all seemed to say by their attitude, 'Cruel man has done his worst. Having lost all, we are beyond your spite, and greater

wretchedness than that which we are now in is impossible.'

"Our guide Yumbila was told to question them as to what was the cause of this dismal scene, and one old man stood forth and poured forth his tale of grief and woe with exceeding volubility. He told of a sudden and unexpected invasion of their village by a host of leaping, yelling men, in the darkness, who dinned their ears with murderous fusillades, slaughtering their people as they sprang out of their huts into the light of the flames. Not a third of the men had escaped; the larger number of the women and children had been taken away, they knew not whither.

"'And where are these people?' we asked.

"'They are gone up the river about eight days ago.'

"'And have these people burnt up all the villages?'

"'All, everywhere, on both sides of the river.'

"'What are they like, these strange people?'

"'They are like your people in your boats, and wear white clothes.'

"'Ah, and who are all these people we saw yesterday in hundreds of canoes near the islands?'

"'They are our people, from one side and the other, who have gathered together for protection. At night they go to their fields to get food, but in the daytime they live on the islands, with their canoes ready, lest the wicked and fierce people come back. But go away, go away! strangers are all bad. Go to them, if you want ivory; go and fight them. We have nothing —nothing.' And the old man's gesture with open palms was painfully expressive.

"We continued our journey, advancing as rapidly as our steamers could breast the stream. Every three or four miles we came in sight of the black traces of the

destroyers. The charred stakes, upright canoes, poles of once populous settlements, scorched banana groves, and prostrate palms, all betokened ruthless ruin.

"At four P. M. we halted at a camp in a plain just above the devastated site of Yavunga. We had passed, since leaving the Byerre, twelve villages utterly consumed by fire. In these, eight separate communities had existed.

"Opposite Yavunga, on the left bank, is the district of Yaporo. Surveying the scene through the binocular glass, we could assure ourselves that the tale of the old man was not exaggerated. Not one house was visible, although the extensiye clearing indicated that Yaporo had been populous. This would have been evident, even had I not remembered by the peculiar red clay banks, which are such a feature of it, that I had seen a large and long-extended town here. Just above, I also remembered, we had had a tough fight with the people, who had cried, 'Ya Mariwa!' as they charged on us, and there was Tugarambusa ridge, its outlines not to be mistaken.

"On the morning of the 27th of November we were delayed by a scantiness of fuel, due to the extent of the clearing, so that departure was not possible till after 7 o'clock. A mile above our camp we detected some object of a slaty color floating down stream. The *En Avant* steamed toward it, and the man with sounding-pole at the bow, on arriving near it, turned it over with a boat-hook. We were shocked to discover the bodies of two women, bound together with a cord! This tragedy, by the appearance of the bodies, must have occurred about twelve hours previously.

"Wondering what could have caused the committal of such a crime, we continued to follow the shore where the current was slack, until we came to the upper end

of the crescent land which is above Yavunga. At the close of an hour we were rounding the point, when, looking up river hastily, we saw a white mass fronting the landing-place of a village. I caught up my glass, and examined it. Others appeared in a group, as we edged toward the center of the stream. They were tents; the Arabs of Nyangwe had been overtaken!

"They were evidently in force, for their camp, or village, was evidently large enough for a great number, and a rough palisade seemed to surround it. We formed ourselves in line, and advanced up river. As we drew near, I observed through the telescope that our presence excited a commotion on the bank, which became lined with a multitude of men in white dress, who acted as if flurried. I also saw a large number of canoes fastened to the landing-place, which revealed at once the secret of these midnight surprisals. These people had, in some manner, descended the river from Nyangwe past the Falls."

Stanley was strongly moved to execute vengeance on the scoundrels, but he reflected that he had no authority, and it seemed the part of wisdom, in his present mission, to show himself the friend of all, the enemy of none. He continues:—

"We formed a camp below them, and almost immediately after we had secured our boats, our Zanzibaris were shaking hands with the Manyema slaves of Abed bin Salim, who had invaded and ravaged the country to obtain slaves and ivory for their masters.

"We discovered that this horde of banditti—for in reality they were nothing else—was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Karema and Kiberuga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about 30 miles below

SLAVES ON THE MARCH

Vinya-Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubrianza, on the left bank They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Byerre and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover superficially 16,200 square geographical miles on the left bank, and 10,500 miles on the right bank, all of which in statute mileage would be equal to 34,570 square miles,—just 2,000 square miles greater than the island of Ireland—inhabited by about 1,000,000 of people.

"The band, when it set out from Kirundu, numbered three hundred fighting men, armed with flint-locks, double-barreled precussion guns, and a few breech-loaders; their followers, or domestic slaves and women, doubled this force.

"After spending the morning listening to such adventures as they chose to relate, I was permitted in the afternoon to see the human harvest they had gathered, as many of my people had exaggerated the numbers of the captives they had seen in the camp.

"Their quarters were about 150 yards above the place we had selected. It was surrounded with a fence made of the hut-walls of the native town of Yangambi, which lay without in ruins; the square plats of raised and tramped earth, with a few uprights, alone indicated where it stood. The banana groves had been leveled, and their stalks employed to form the fence about the camp.

"Within the enclosure was a series of low sheds, extending many lines deep from the immediate edge of the clay bank inland 100 yards; in length the camp was about 300 yards. At the landing-place below were fifty-four large canoes, varying in carrying capacity. Each might convey ten to one hundred people.

"The first general impressions are that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms, upright, standing or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; naked legs innumerable are seen in the perspective of prostrate sleepers; there are countless naked children—many mere infants, forms of boyhood and girlhood—and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details, I observe that mostly all are fettered; youths with iron rings around their necks, through which a chain, like one of our boat-anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought together by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on coming in presence of the curious scene. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mamma's breasts. There is not one adult man captive among them.

"The slave traders admit that they have only 2,300 captives in this fold, yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, bearing fire, and spreading carnage with lead and iron. Both banks of the river show that 118 villages and forty-three districts have been devastated, out of which is only educed this scant profit of 2,300 females and children, and about 2,000 tusks of ivory. The spears,

Swords, bows and the quivers of arrows, show that many adults have fallen. Given that these 118 villages were peopled by only 1,000 each, we have a profit of only two per cent., and by the time all these captives have been subjected to the accidents of the river voyage to Kirundu and Nyangwe, of camp life and its harsh miseries, to the havoc of small-pox, and the pests which miseries breed, there will remain a scant per cent. on the bloody venture.

"They tell me, however, that the convoys already arrived at Nyangwe with slaves captured in the interior have been as great as the present band. Five expeditions have come and gone with their booty of ivory and slaves, and these five expeditions have now completely weeded the large territory described above. If each expedition has been as successful as this, the slave traders have been able to obtain 5,000 women and children safe to Nyangwe, Kirundu and Vibando, above the Stanley Falls. Thus 5,000 out of an assumed 1,000,000 will be at the rate of one-half per cent. or five slaves out of 1,000 people.

"This is poor profit out of such a large waste of life! To have obtained the 2,300 slaves out of 118 villages they must have shot a round number of 25,000 people, while 1,300 more died by the wayside through scant provisions, and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness.

"What was the cause of all this vast sacrifice of human life, of all this unspeakable misery? Nothing but the indulgence of an old Arab's wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous instincts. If we calculate three quarts of blood to each person who fell during the campaign of murder, we find that this one Arab caused to be shed 2,850 gallons of human blood, sufficient to fill a tank

measurement of 460 cubic feet—quite large enough to have drowned him and all his kin."

Doubtless the reader has wondered at the title of

STARVED BOY.

this chapter. Let him observe that all this carnage and desolation masks itself under the name of business; of mercantile industry. It is Arab enterprise.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WORK COMPLETED.

TWO days from the Arab camp brought the flotilla to Stanley Falls, or rather to the lowest fall, since the falls are seven in number and stretch through a distance of fifty-six miles. From the seventh fall to the sixth is twenty-six miles; from the sixth to the fifth is twenty-two miles; a journey of nine miles overland will pass the remaining four.

At the head of the lower fall are three islands inhabited by the Wenya. This tribe may number four thousand. They subsist wholly by fishing. They are ingenious, industrious, and in their occupation extremely daring. Planting poles at low water among the rocks, propping and binding them so that they sustain each other, these fishermen have almost bridged the two main channels of the river at the Falls. With cables of rattan baskets are lashed to this framework and let down into the water, and every day they are visited by the daring fishermen. The little island in the center is reached in large, broad canoes cut out of the cotton-wood from below. It is an exciting sight to see forty stout fellows paddle one of these through the waves, heedless of the boiling, dangerous waters. They advance along the left bank, and then by desperate strokes they edge diagonally across the stream; the water above the

fall being level with their heads. They miss the island as often as they reach it. If they are unsuccessful, they are swept down the united channel, which is a stretch of roaring water, at express speed, to try again the dangerous course. If the nets are full, the fishermen send up a wailing shout, which is gladly echoed by the people on the isles, who have gathered each day to watch the daring venture. Disasters are frequent, the most common being when the canoe has been badly steered, and presenting too much beam to the current, it is soon capsized among the leaping and rolling waves. The people for whose profit they labor, their relatives and their comrades who have been regarding them from the rocks, then with united voices warn all the isles with the news of the disaster, and dozens of canoes shoot from either side to the rescue.

"They think nothing of crossing the raging waters between the islands of Wane Mikunga and Wane Russari. The feat is performed every few minutes by men, women and children. Such a ferry was never seen. From a little distance off the river, so rapid is the movement, so steep the slope, that one might say that the voyagers were skating down an ice-covered hill.

"The islanders have not yet adopted electric signals, but possess, however, a system of communication quite as effective. Their huge drums, by being struck in different parts, convey language as clear to the initiated as vocal speech; and all the isles and every soul on them is told what transpires on each island hourly."

The Yakusu inhabit below the Falls, the Bakumu on the right bank, but the Wenya on their islands, defended by the rushing waters, fear nobody.

Their catch of fish may amount to five thousand daily, weighing from five to fifty pounds each. A por-

tion they exchange with the neighboring tribes for products of the land, and large quantities are smoke-dried and exchanged with more distant tribes for women, slaves, and canoes.

"They are an industrious and inventive people. In the streets of their villages the fish-curers attend their lines of curing platforms; the old men are weaving purse nets and sieves; the able-bodied men are at their basket-work; while others weave rattan houses. The women are preparing bread, grinding camwood, sifting meal, pounding corn, or making crockery. On the waterside are the canoe-wrights, doing odd jobs—binding a split bow, a split stern, or a leaky crack, or perhaps cutting out a decayed part, and preparing a piece of plank to replace it."

From this interesting people was secured the privilege of establishing a station; not however, without debate of the chiefs and delay of two or three days. Goods to the value of £160 were distributed to the chiefs. A site for the station was chosen at the lower end of the principal island, Wane Russari. The party who was to take charge of this station quailed at the last moment, and begged to return to the coast. Mr. Binnie, the engineer of the *Royal*, volunteered to accept the place and to remain. He was a Scotchman of diminutive stature, but his soul was large and Stanley thought he might be trusted.

All hands turned out and cleared about four acres of ground for him, and built him a house. He was given an ample supply of tools, provisions, and ammunition, and thirty-one men.

Though a satisfactory arrangement had been effected with the Wenya, Stanley desired before leaving to reach a good understanding with the Bakumu, as an

important source of provisions to the garrison. Accordingly a few men were "sent to Siwa-Siwa, chief of the Bakumu, who, hearing how happy the Wenya had been made by the strangers, advanced from the interior a distance of five miles, with thirty natives, each weighted with cassava, bananas, yams, sweet potatoes, and pumpkins, besides which the chiefs' women, at the suggestion of the guide, had not neglected to provide for the necessities of the whites, and had brought eggs and fowls, while a small flock of goats was transported to our island home.

"Between Siwa-Siwa and myself it might be said to be love at first sight. Which of us was the most effusive it would be difficult to say. His sunny brown face was aglow with so much boyish delight, that probably this caused a warm and spontaneous reciprocity on my part. I admired greatly the loving, possessive manner in which his women surrounded me, and cooed their sweetest in my ears, without exciting in the least Siwa-Siwa's jealousy, or alarming his susceptibilities. Agreements with Siwa-Siwa required no casuistry to urge his signature. The Wenya had told him everything, and were present to guide his judgment if he hesitated. Siwa-Siwa confided solely in my honor that my coming among them boded no evil, but who knows what good? 'Your people shall be my children,' said he, 'in your absence. Go in safety. It will be my task to feed them, and until your return, I shall dream of you every night.' Good fortune certainly seemed to have prepared for me pleasant places in the wilderness."

Thus had a line of stations been planted along the mighty river for a distance of more than 1300 miles. The *terra incognita*, the unknown region above the Lower

Livingstone Falls, had been penetrated, and a path had been opened by land and water for the intercourse of civilized with savage men. Foes had everywhere been turned into friends, and the African, whatever his faults, had been found to possess some excellent qualities. All down the Congo there were tribes who were proclaiming to other more interior tribes the might, the wisdom, and the goodness of Bula Matari—the breaker of rocks, who, with his wonderful smoke-boats had gone up the river. It was important to confirm and cement the work already accomplished before advancing farther. Treaties must now be made with other tribes, till the Association should become the acknowledged protector of all the peoples along the Congo. These would presently create in their neighbors a desire for the same advantages, and thus the domain of the Association would be constantly extending. Accordingly, on the 10th of December the flotilla bade adieu to their friends at Stanley Falls and began to descend the river.

By noon on the 10th of December the expedition encountered the Arabs, who had moved and were now encamped on the ruins of Yakande. They were persuaded to send ten of their most trusted servants with Stanley to the coast, to purchase necessary articles. It seemed better that they should, with their own eyes, regard the advances that civilization was making up the river, and so be cautioned to discontinue their depredations before meeting some gunboat and police force sent to compel them.

Descending the river, they made frequent stoppages to conciliate the various chiefs. Treaties and blood-brotherhoods were of daily enactment. On Christmas day they halted at Iboko. The people were glad to see their dear friends, and crowded close to express

their delight—and, it should be added, to pick up whatever they could lay their hands on. Old Mata Bwyki was gone, and "when the cat's away the mice will play." Theft after theft was reported, till Stanley ordered that the first man reporting a thief should be punished, while the first who caught a thief should be rewarded. This order resulted in a speedy arrest. The thief, taken in the act, was by a dozen men dragged on board, despite the opposition of the Bangala, and securely bound.

Kokoro, Mata Bwyki's oldest son, was in authority in his father's absence. He came in a canoe and paddled up and down the riverside, and in a hoarse voice threatened dire vengeance to the thieves. They paid no attention to his threats. He came alongside the steamer to see the prisoner. The sight was one that froze his blood. The prisoner was his oldest son!

Stanley saw the agony of the father whose thoughts were of a son and heir about to be conveyed as slave to an unknown land. The word was ready to be spoken which would liberate the young man, but prudence forbade it.

"Kokoro," he said, "if this is your son I shall obtain my property back, and your boy will be returned safe into your hands."

The flotilla crossed over to the island opposite.

Njugu, Kokoro's cousin, came to offer two tusks and two slaves for the boy's release. "No," said his captor, "not for twenty tusks and twenty slaves. Go and tell Kokoro I am going down the river to the Bakuti, and I shall take his son with me. On the tenth day I shall return, when I shall expect my property back, and Kokoro will get his boy safe again."

The prisoner was taken to the Equator Station and

shown all the might, and glory, and wisdom of the white man, that he might tell it to the thieves he had left behind him.

On the 5th of January Stanley was again at Iboko. Mata Bwyki was there—had arrived, in fact, half an hour after Stanley left. He was furious at the conduct of his people, nor had his fury yet subsided.

"As for Kokoro's son," he said, "keep him safe till your goods are restored. You took him away; that made us all sorry at first; but now that you have brought him back, we have no fear of you. It will do him good, and he will be an example to the rest."

The 6th passed, and on the 7th there was a grand council of the chiefs. Njugu pointed out another thief in the crowd, and said to Stanley, "If you can trust your men, seize him and hold him fast. Kokoro's son must not be a prisoner alone."

Twenty of the boat's crew came ashore with cords under their clothes. There was a struggle, confusion, wild talk, furious gestures, almost war, but the thief was carried on board securely bound.

Mata Bwyki enjoyed it hugely; Njugu and Npembe were quiet; the other chiefs, astonished, demanded what it all meant.

"Mata Bwyki rose and said: 'It only means that Bula Matari knows the customs of the Bangala. If a thief is known, he may be held in bond till a restitution of the stolen property is made. Bula Matari has now got three prisoners, one of whom is my own grandson. He shall keep them, sell them, or kill them—just as he may—unless his property be returned to him. Bula Matari has acted like a brother. He was robbed. He went away for ten days; he came back to give us another opportunity. Now find the goods you have stolen

A PALISADED VILLAGE.

from him, or else he shall take his captives away, and cut them up in little pieces if he likes. I have spoken.' "

Iboko is a large settlement and it took two days to find the articles and bring them in, but on the 9th they were all in the hands of Mata Bwyki, and the old chief gave them to Stanley. The prisoners were released, and Mata Bwyki admonished the assembled Bangala hereafter to let Bula Matari's property severely alone.

Returning to Equator Station, Stanley was met by Lieutenants Vangele and Coquilhat, who had an interesting story to relate. An old chief had died, and according to the custom of the By-yanzi and Bakuti, slaves must be sacrificed, to accompany him in the unknown world. "Accordingly the relatives and freemen began to collect as many slaves as could be purchased. Lieutenant Vangele was chief of about fifty men, and on account of the good discipline of the station, and the prompt obedience paid to his commands by the garrison, the Bakuti imagined the soldier laborers in pay of the Association to be slaves, and proposed to purchase a few of them. Vangele was curious to know why they wanted the men, and he was then informed of the preparations being made to celebrate the burial of their chief with an execution of slaves. Of course the proposal was rejected with horror, and the garrison chased the Bakuti with sticks out of the precincts of the station.

"The mourning relatives finally secured fourteen men from the interior, and being notified by the villagers that the execution was about to begin, Mr. Vangele and his friend proceeded with a few of their men to view the scene.

"They found quite a large number of men gathered around. The doomed men were seen kneeling, with their arms pinioned behind them, in the neighborhood of a

tall young tree, near the top of which the end of a rope had been lashed. A number of men laid hold of the cord and hauled upon it till the upper part of the tree was bent like a bow. One of the captives was selected, and the dangling end of the rope was fastened round his neck; the tree sprang several inches higher, drawing the man's form up, straining the neck, and almost lifting the body from the ground. The executioner then advanced, with his short-bladed falchion, and measured his distance by stretching his weapon from the position he intended to strike across the nape of the neck. He then repeated this operation. At the third time he struck, severing the head clean from the body. It was whipped up in the air by the spring of the released tree, and sent rebounding several yards away. The remaining captives were dispatched, one after another, in like manner. Their heads were unfleshed by boiling, that the skulls might decorate the poles around the grave. The bodies were dragged away and thrown into the Congo; the soil saturated with the blood was gathered up and buried with the defunct chief.

"However much our young military lieutenant might have wished to exert himself to save these victims of savage usage, since money would not buy their liberty he had to content himself with knowing that he was as yet helpless. The year of grace will no doubt come in its own destined time, but it may not be hurried. To violently resist the butchers with rifles would simply have been to make them victims instead, and to depopulate the land."

January 5, 1884, they arrived at Bolobo, to find that unfortunate station a second time laid in ashes.

One of the natives, sick, and feeling his end approaching, pined for an honorable funeral. When a

chief dies, his body, envelopea in thousands of yards of cloths, is borne to the grave amid the booming of guns and the beating of drums, while slaves are massacred, and his wives are strangled and laid beside him in the tomb—these to accompany him in his dreary journey to the land of spirits. For a funeral such as this the sick man yearned, and, to secure a substitute, he fired Bula Matari's houses. The dry thatch kindled instantly, and the conflagration was irresistible and complete. The crazy wretch was arrested, but in the excitement of the hour he escaped, to die in the forest, comforted, doubtless, with the assurance that his departure had not been altogether without the notice of his fellow-men.

January 20th, 146 days after departing for the upper Congo, the flotilla was again moored to the bank at Leopoldville. The gardens teemed with abundance, new structures had been erected, the market on the plaza was well supplied, the relations with the natives were all that could be desired.

Boats were prepared and equipped, the Arabs were conveyed to the coast and back again, Captain Hanssens was given the chief command, and was ready to depart on the long journey to Stanley Falls, when, on the 20th of March, two months after his arrival, Stanley bade adieu to Leopoldville, and turned his face toward Europe.

To the spacious terrace of about three acres cut from the side of Leopoldville and converted into a grand promenade and market-place, came the chiefs of Kintamo, and some hundreds of their people, to say "good-bye."

Ngalyema, no longer a child, now knew his duties, and performed them well. At sunrise each Sun-

day he hoisted the flag of the Association above his town. He came and went and exchanged presents like an honest man. At times he said wise things: "The gifts of a friend should not be examined as to their worth." "A peanut from a true friend is better than a bunch of bananas from an enemy." "Among friends you may sleep with open doors." "A look from a friend's eyes is better than a treasure of cloth from a man you doubt."

When Stanley's men were drawn up in line, Ngalyema pressed forward for a last word. "Charge your white sons," he said, "not to be rude to me and my people; not to push and smack my children when they come to the station. For white men differ from each other as much as black ones. We are all friends and brothers now, but when the old man is gone the young man's head grows large, and he speaks with a loud tongue. Charge the sons you leave behind that they do not forget that we are Bula Matari's brothers."

Then Stanley called Captain Seymour Saulez up, and presented him to Ngalyema.

"See, Ngalyema, this son of mine. Believe in him as you would believe in me. He is slow to anger, not apt to break his word. While he wears this face, be not afraid of him. If it turns black, you will know that he has become your enemy. Watch it daily, and when it begins to change color you will know that the evil spirit is in him. Until that time, sleep in peace. Fare you well, Ngalyema, Makabi, Mubi, old Ngako, and you, Manswala, Ganchu, Enjeli—good-bye, all of you!"

So ended the work of founding the Congo State. More attention has been given to its details than to those of Stanley's other journeys; but it well merits it. This is undoubtedly his most important work. Never

before has so vast an empire arisen so peacefully, and no movement seems so full of hope and promise for the future of the Dark Continent.

Of Stanley's reception in Europe nothing need be said in detail. Fetes, feasts, honors, medals, congratulations, messages, all were thickly showered upon him. The great explorer had accomplished a wonderful task, and the one all-absorbing question for the time was: "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" He had well earned a season of rest, and a measure of rest he enjoyed for a time. But other tasks yet lay before him; work of which he dreamed as little as of his first expedition in the Land of Darkness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TO RESCUE EMIN BEY.

SAID a Calabar chief to a traveler who remonstrated with him for his cruel human sacrifices, "*a slave be nothing.*" Therein is the key to most of the enormous cruelties perpetrated in Africa. The slave-trade affords a pretext for the wars of the natives with ach other, and of the Arabs with the natives. The lave is the most convenient victim for human sacrifices, for accusation for witchcraft, or for meat in a cannibal feast.

Americans generally are accustomed to consider the slave-trade of recent origin. This view is erroneous. When the early Portuguese voyagers first began to trade upon the African coast, slaves were among the articles offered for sale. When the Moors dwelt in Spain, negro slaves were continually imported by them. In the days of Herodotus, negroes were part of the tribute paid by Ethiopia to Egypt. Long before the time of the father of history, the negro had become a prominent feature in Egyptian sculpture. Since the days of Noah, Ham has been accursed; a servant of servants unto his brethren.

Civilization is system. The slave-trade of the ancients, the slave-trade of the middle ages and the slave-trade of the modern Arab have been of a desultory type. The civilized European, since the days of

Columbus has conducted the slave-trade systematically, and instructed the Arab. He has reduced its cruelties to system, its horrors to method, its vileness to routine, and its atrocities to regime.

To Satan his due. The slave-trade has not been without benefit upon Africa. To the slave-trade we owe the first spirit of enterprise in Africa. To the slave-trade we owe the writings of many a gallant early explorer. To the slave-trade Africa owes the fact that many of her worst and most dangerous classes were deported to other regions. The history of the slave-trade has been to a certain extent the history of the survival of the fittest.

The last statement will occasion some surprise. Up to the present century the slave-trade was upon a different basis from what it is at present. East and West Africa afford two entirely different general systems of carrying on the traffic. West Africa has but few laws, and they are not written. Such little justice as is meted out is summary. A husband may flog his wife at pleasure. But such marks of affection do not exist as a mode of punishment in the criminal code. There are but two common penalties, slavery and capital punishment. There is some justice, though it be greatly exaggerated, in the fact that the detected thief or robber is punished by loss of his freedom.

This is in principle precisely the same as our mode of punishment by confinement with hard labor. There is, however, this difference in working details. Civilized nations grade the period of punishment according to the gravity of the offense: but in Africa the general rule is, once a slave, always a slave. And as among the ancient Romans, the slave is absolutely at the mercy of his master. His only assurance of life is that he is a

rather valuable piece of property. He may be killed or sold, according to the whim or passion of his master. Hence, for hundreds of years a large proportion of the slaves from West Africa have belonged to the criminal or convict class. Had slavery been limited to these, objections to it would have been fewer, and its overthrow more difficult. Confined to a class whose choice would necessarily have been between death and slavery, even Patrick Henry, in his cooler moments, might have pronounced it a philanthropic measure.

Such has not been the case; and from its other source have grown its evils. Prisoners of war might be sold as slaves. The natural result of this has been that where a ready market for slaves could be found, the slightest pretext for war has been eagerly seized. Hence, throughout Africa there has resulted perpetual commotion. The strongest have preyed upon the weakest. It has been the case of the "de'il tak' the hindmost." It has filled Africa with burning villages, wasted fields, desolate homes, and mangled carcasses.

Such is not the only objection. It has been a drag upon the wheel of commercial progress. At first a stimulus, its effects have been upon a single line: "Black Ivory" has always been preferred to any other commodity. It can furnish its own transportation, besides transporting other goods, and look considerably to its own foraging; and it commands a good price in the market. Check the slave-trade and you vastly increase the exports of palm-oil, ivory, ebony, dyewoods, gums, and other valuable merchandise.

But the reader should not make the mistake of supposing that the custom of reducing prisoners of war to a state of slavery has been confined to Africa. It has been prevalent in all parts of the world and in almost

all ages. Rome owed one of her most desolating wars to an insurrection of her slaves, who were, though contemptuously styled barbarians, of races kindred to her own. The Greeks enslaved each other by wholesale. At the failure of Alcibiades' ill-fated expedition against Sicily, thousands of Athenians were condemned to life-labor in mines as horrible as those of Siberia. And as in Russia, the culture or refinement of the prisoner served but to increase his misery. But while slavery among these nations was the result of war, it was never the object. It is not recorded that they were accustomed to make war merely to obtain slaves. But in Africa the Arab has so done for centuries. So also the Portuguese. It is doubtful if the African originated the practice. The experience of travelers points to the fact that it seems to be entirely unknown in regions not penetrated by foreign traders.

It is needless to dwell at great length upon the atrocities perpetrated by slave traders. It is a traffic that is upon the decline. Brazil is closed to it. The civilized nations have for years been fighting it. The Arab remains its only great advocate and conductor. The Arab character is anything but humane. A people who, crossing a desert, can with cool indifference abandon an exhausted companion to his fate, can not be expected to have much more consideration for the slaves in their gang. A slave-woman carries a child and a bundle of hoes. She is nearly exhausted. She can not carry both. The hoes would buy two or three such children. Her child is tossed among the rocks. It is a mere matter of business. Another child can be captured in the next raid; not so the merchandise. Provisions are scarce. Some of the wretched slaves begin to drop from exhaustion. They are abandoned to the

beasts; or, if another slaver be near, the jealous master may murder the fatigued unfortunates lest his more prosperous neighbor should profit by what he has been compelled to abandon. The supply of slaves is small. Collecting his men, the Arab will attack an unsuspecting village in the night, shoot down the men by the blaze of the burning huts, and carry the women and children into captivity and concubinage. Details of one case have been already given. The story of one is the story of all.

But not all slaves are thus obtained as prisoners of war, or as criminals. In West Africa it is common for parents to sell their children. There seems to be a lack of proper natural affection in this region. This species of traffic has been fostered especially by the Portuguese. It is too costly for the Arab. He can obtain a sufficient supply by murder or rapine. That requires no goods, and no time lost in bargaining.

With the slave trade of the West Coast, conducted by the Portuguese, the civilized world has been longest acquainted. Not till the days of Livingstone was anything very definite known of Arab practices in the interior of Africa.

The slave-trade has long been recognized as a curse. The ban of the Pope was on it for centuries; and the Pope's most loyal subjects were its most vigorous promoters. Wilberforce aroused public sentiment in England against it, and England established a squadron of vessels upon the West Coast for its suppression. Livingstone attracted the attention of England to the East Coast, and efforts were made for its suppression in that quarter. Other travelers exposed the slave-trade of the Upper Nile, and the expedition led by Baker undertook to stop that nefarious business.

It is commonly supposed that the sole object of Baker's expedition was to suppress the slave trade. Such was not the case. That was incidental, not the prime motive. But because the slave traffic formed the most serious obstacle in his way, we have thought best to briefly direct atttention to it. This expedition is the first in the chain of events that brought about Stanley's last journey.

Ismail Pasha, fifth viceroy of Egypt, and first Khedive, was anxious to establish a great Nile empire, independent of Turkey. In this scheme he was thwarted by European powers. Yet some steps were partially successful. Darfur was conquered in 1876. Some years before he had turned his attention to the White Nile region, and had selected Sir Samuel W. Baker, the Ceylon hunter and one of the earlier explorers of the Upper Nile, as the most capable person to lead the expedition "organized to subdue to our authority the countries situated to the south of Gondokoro." The suppression of the slave trade, the establishment of legitimate commerce, and the opening of the river and lakes to navigation were rather as means to the end.

Baker's expedition was on a grand scale. Three sectional steamers, and two sectional steel life boats, nine other steamers, fifty-five sailing vessels and 1,600 regular troops were assigned to him. His appointment was for four years; but two years were spent in reaching Gondokoro. Not even Baker himself had fully comprehended the magnitude of the task before him.

That the slavers, whose headquarters were at Khartoum, would oppose the work by every possible means, was a foregone conclusion; to the soldiery themselves, Gondokoro was a horrible penal colony; the Turk, Arab and Circassian officers were disaffected; and moreover,

EMBARRASSING RESULTS OF A FEMALE SLAVE EMANCIPATION.

being Mohammedans, religiously and dutifully hated their Christian commander: and back of all was the savage and stolid conservatism of the natives, for centuries moving in the same ruts, and thoroughly opposed to a new order of things. The whole history of Ismailia is a continual struggle with treachery, indolence, sickness, natural obstacles, assassinations and poison. When Baker's term expired, he left three small garrisons south of Gondokoro; but at the latter station were concentrated a good supply of stores and several steamers, for the use of his successor. With this exception, Gordon Pasha found the field in rather worse condition than did Baker. Open opposition and secret treachery were to be encountered everywhere.

This was not the fault of the ex-governor. He had really done well. Everywhere he had encountered misrepresentation and enmity. With such foes, and with beneficiaries who were no better, and were unappreciative, Baker's chances of success were very small. Ere he had left Central Africa he had but little confidence in the integrity of the negro. Yet not a little was done toward the establishment of civilization in the region. Nor was it an entirely a thankless task. Slaves were freed wherever found; Arab dealers were compelled to confine their transactions to legitimate merchandise; otherwise their property was liable to confiscation. And though the Arab was not, the civilized world was interested and anxious for the success of the enterprise. And the poor creatures who were freed from time to time were as grateful as mortals in their sad state could well be. Their demonstrations of gratitude and joy were sometimes embarrassing; always touching.

Baker's successor was the celebrated Chinese Gordon, one of the grandest men the world has seen. De-

CHINESE GORDON.

spite the peculiar difficulties of his situation, this wonderful man soon secured a semblance of civilization and peace. He won the good will of most, and commanded the respect of all. His indomitable pluck and devotion remind one of Havelock. Col. H. G. Prout, sometime governor of the Equatorial Province, writes in *Scribner's*:

"What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot and tinker and conduct campaigns and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance.

"As a matter of course such a man takes command. Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. When steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither Governor-General nor monkey. When a nugger was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped into the skiff and went alone. To be sure, the skiff upset, and the Governor-General sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson.

"On another occasion, the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the East bank, which was in that region occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried by a display of beads and wire to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hill-

side and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed."

Scrupulously neat, Gordon yet despised martinetism, ostentation or flummery. Nothing was done at haphazard; he knew every detail of his work. His religion showed itself continually; but not in a self-advertising way. He was simply one of the very few men whose lives are in logical accord with their convictions. He could not be lukewarm; always clear-headed, he never allowed minor details to distract his attention from the main point.

When he gave up the province to take charge of Khartoum, he had twenty-five stations within easy stage of each other. Constant communication was kept up; the soldiery disciplined and paid, and the opposition of the natives so far overcome that ten men garrisoned a point before held by 700; and thousands of natives could be assembled for carrying service on a few hours notice. The debt of the province was being paid off by the surplus revenue from the sale of ivory; and to accomplish all this, very little fighting had been done.

The year 1881 witnessed the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, in Egypt, and consequent complications with England. Gladstone has walked politically a very crooked path; morally a fairly straight one. When England sent her troops into Egypt, the movement was regarded with jealousy by other European governments. Gladstone announced that it was not his intention to establish an English protectorate over Egypt. He only intended to aid the Khedive in subduing an insurrection in which the lives and property of English residents were at stake.

DESTRUCTION OF AN EGYPTIAN DETACHMENT.

But Providence pointed out a different line of action. In the Soudan arose a false prophet, calling himself El Mahdi, the successor of Mohammed, who was destined to conquer the world. Having for years lived a recluse, and professed great sanctity, he at once drew thousands to his standard. Hicks Pasha, with an army organized from the shattered remnants of Arabi's forces, was cut to pieces. Out of 16,000 men, but fifty-two escaped alive; many of these were severely wounded.

In this crisis, in 1884, Gordon was sent to Khartoum. He found he could act only on the defensive. Within a year he was shut in completely and cut off from the rest of the world. All the circumstances pointed that the proper course for Mr. Gladstone to pursue was to at once throw a strong force into Upper Egypt. But could he do this and keep his promise to rival European powers?

While endeavoring to solve this problem satisfactorily, events moved rapidly. Garrison after garrison fell. Khartoum held out. Garnet Wolseley was sent to its relief. But Gladstone had reached his decision too late. But a single foothold remained to Egypt in the Upper Nile region; and for a moment, even that was forgotten. But after the first thrill of horror at Gordon's fate came the query, What of his lieutenant?

The year 1840, in which Stanley was born, is also the date of the birth of Edward Schnitzer, a German Hebrew, of Oppeln, in Silesia. In 1842 the family moved to Neisse, in Germany; and there Edward's mother and sister still live. In 1845 his father died. After a course of training in the gymnasium at Neisse, and studying medicine at the University of Breslau and the Berlin Academy, the young man's fondness for adventure and for natural science led him abroad.

When twenty-four years old he went to Turkey. At Scutari he attracted the attention of Valis Ismael Pasha Haggi, and became a member of his staff. This position gave him a thorough acquaintance with the more important Semitic races; and his attention to duty gained for him the sobriquet of "Emin," or "the faithful." In 1873 the Pasha died, and Emin, after a two years' abode in Constantinople, returned to Neisse. But his restless spirit soon took him abroad, and he went to Egypt, entering the service of the government in 1876, as Emin Effendi; Effendi being an Arabic title signifying a very learned man, or distinguished scholar.

Personally, the young German was of medium height, tough and wiry, slender, swarthy, with black hair and eyes. Very reticent about himself, he was by many in the Soudan supposed to be a Turk of extraordinary acquirements. Why he came there none could tell. There was no prospect of much pay or distinction, and he seemed to have no great philanthropic ardor. But in a character like his, enthusiastic and reflective, his sympathies developed noble purposes, as great opportunities were presented.

Gordon Pasha recognized in Emin just the man he needed. He sent him on repeated tours of inspection and important embassies. When in 1878 Gordon was made governor of the entire Soudan district, Emin was appointed commander at Lado, and governor of the equatorial province. The fall of Khartoum and assassination of Gordon did not dishearten him. He could have cut his way out, and abandoned the women and children. But he would take no step toward the abandonment of the province he had governed so faithfully for six years. Among hostile tribes, without money to pay a soldiery easily discontented, occupying a dozen

EMIN BEY.

river stations long distances apart, ammunition almost exhausted, it seemed that his position was utterly untenable. That mattered not; he had been appointed governor of that province, and like Casabianca, he would remain at his post. And to desperate straits was he once reduced, his men escaping by a desperate sortie, after days of famine, and after "the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten."

"But, in the face of manifold difficulties and dangers, he maintained his position, governed the country well, and taught the natives how to raise cotton, rice, indigo, and coffee, and also how to weave cloth, and make shoes, candles, soap, and many articles of commerce. He vaccinated the natives by the thousand, in order to stamp out small-pox; he opened the first hospital known in that quarter; he established a regular post-route with forty offices; he made important geographical discoveries in the basin of the Albert Lake; and in many ways demonstrated his capacity for governing barbarous races by the methods and standards of European civilization."

The diary which he kept gives much light upon the difficulties to be encountered. At times he seemed almost despairing. Lupton Bey's capture by the Mahdi seriously disturbed him. January 1st, 1885, he wrote:

"Well may our friends have long since given up all hope for us; our own Government has certainly deserted us. Yet we have managed to hold our own, and to defend our flag. How long we shall still be able to do so is a mere question of time, for as soon as the little remaining ammunition which we possess is expended, it will be all up with us. - - - - We are without news as to the course of events in Khartoum; in fact, the whole outer world seems to have vanished from our ken. We have

now begun to manufacture for ourselves the most indispensable articles—very passable shoe-work, soap, and more recently still, cotton cloth for clothes. Candles made of wax prove very useful, and instead of sugar we use honey. We have not, however, yet succeeded in our endeavors to make vinegar, but I am not without hope that we shall have success in that direction. Temperance is naturally compulsory, for the drinks of native manufacture can only be consumed by children of the soil. Coffee, which we have long missed, we have at last replaced by roasting the seeds of a species of hibiscus, and brewing from it a fairly passable drink; tea naturally does not exist. I thank God for his protection hitherto, and hope and have faith enough to believe that He will still protect us, and at last enable my few poor people to return to their homes in peace.

Tenth January. Our fate, it seems, is soon to be decided; we hear that 400 armed men from Bahr-el-Ghazel have joined the rebels, and that 1,500 more are on the way. Only a miracle can save us. I send at once as many as possible of my people to the south, for the route to Mtesa is still in existence. If I escape I will follow with my soldiers. But I can hardly expect to escape. It is shameful of our Government to have abandoned us.

In short, the only question was, whether the Mahdists would attack at once or not. They were powerful enough to annihilate Emin, as they had Hicks Pasha. But about this time the Mahdi died—it is currently reported, at the hand of an assassin. A new Mahdi conducted the campaign, but with less ability than his predecessor. Emin had a brief reprieve.

The outlook was certainly gloomy. But some temporary relief was afforded him by Dr. Junker, the Ger-

man explorer, who left him in January, 1886, sending back to him some provisions and ammunition. During the latter part of 1885 his position had become easier, and measures for his relief were taken immediately upon the arrival of Dr. Junker in civilization.

Public opinion in England had been outraged by dilatory measures, and the death of Gordon. A general demand arose for the relief of Emin Bey. The government took no further action in the matter than to allow a small grant of money, from the Egyptian treasury. But private subscription furnished abundance, and an "Emin Relief Committee" promptly pressed the work. Stanley was a member of the committee. But when means were provided, a skillful leader was wanted.

Stanley had already been considering the question of routes; but he had arranged for a series of lectures in America, and was allowed to depart. His engagements would have brought him $50,000 in a year. For thirteen years he had been absent from America. But December 11th Sir William McKinnon cabled him that his plan was accepted, and Stanley at once returned to England. After arranging matters there and visiting the King of Belgium once more, he sailed for Egypt, ready to undertake, without fee or reward, the greatest task he had yet attempted.

As to the character of the expedition, Mr. Stanley said, in conversation with Colonel Colborne, a veteran of the Egyptian army, at Cairo: "My mission is purely pacific. Does anyone think I am going to wade through blood to get at Emin? If I succeeded, what would be the consequence? News would be brought to the King: 'Stanley is coming with an army of thirty thousand men'—you know how figures increase when estimated by savages—and what would be the conse-

quence? 'Ho! is he, indeed?' the King would say; 'I'll teach him to bring an army into my country. Chop off the heads of the missionaries.' "And," added Mr. Stanley, speaking quite excitedly, "what, I should like to know, is the value of Emin's life in comparison with that of such noble men as Mackay, Lichfield, Pere Loudel, and Frere Delmonce? Does anyone think I would sacrifice them for the sake of Emin?"

To friends at home he had said:

"The expedition is non-military—that is to say, its purpose is not to fight, destroy or waste; its purpose is to save, relieve distress, to carry comfort. Emin Pasha may be a good man, a brave officer, a gallant fellow deserving of a strong effort of relief, but I decline to believe, and I have not been able to gather from any one in England, an impression that his life, or the lives of a few hundred under him, would overbalance the lives of thousands of natives, and the devastation of immense tracts of country, which an expedition strictly military would naturally cause. The expedition is a more powerful caravan, armed with rifles for the purpose of insuring the safe conduct of the ammunition to Emin Pasha, and for the more certain protection of this people during the retreat home. But it also must bear the means of purchasing the friendship of tribes and chiefs, of buying food, and paying its way liberally."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FROM GLOOM TO GLADNESS.

THE following facts will enable the reader to more clearly understand the position which Emin occupied. From Damietta, at the mouth of the Nile, to Khartoum, is 1,718 miles. This point is now a stronghold of the Mahdi. From Khartoum to Lado, the point established by Gordon as the capital of the Equatorial province, is 1,010 miles. From Lado to Wadelai, Emin's capital, is about 500 miles. Wadelai is but 40 miles from Lake Albert. It is in the highlands, though on the river bank. The Nile, from the Victoria to Lado, is called by the Arabs, "Bahr-el-Gebel," or River of Mountains. Were there more timber, portions of its course would suggest the Hudson. Islands and rapids abound. From Foweira, eighty miles above Lake Albert, to Lado is an estimated fall of 1,875 feet. Yet for one hundred miles of the intervening distance, the river is broad and placid. Beyond Lado, as far as Khartoum, the river is called the White Nile. A short distance below Lado the picturesque character of the scenery disappears. The hills recede, the forests are gone; in a short while even the banks of the river are gone; then the stream itself is unseen; it is hidden by a "sudd," or mass of floating vegetation, and the surrounding country is one vast, dreary marsh, uninhabited and uninhabitable. This extends three hundred miles,

and is the great barrier on the north which effectually cut off, at first, communication with Egypt. Baker was fourteen months forcing a passage through this region, from Khartoum to Lado. When Gordon opened a channel for steamers, the same journey could be made in sixteen days. There are, or were before the Mahdi stopped travel, two routes to the Equatorial provinces. The shorter is down the Red Sea to Suakim; thence two hundred and forty miles by caravan to Berber; thence by steam or sail up the Nile to Lado. The longer route is by river, 500 miles to Assouan; six miles by rail around the first cataract; one hundred and twenty miles by water to Korosko; nine days by caravan to Abou Hamed, thence four or five days by caravan and water to Berber. The rest of the route is the same as the other one.

Most of the general traits of the African have been noticed elsewhere. The Upper Nile tribes do not differ from most others in a marked degree, though much finer in physical development than the stunted and prognathous coast negro. Their costumes are made of sunshine and paint, though the women of some tribes also wear a tail of loose strings, which switches about with the movements of the owner in a most grotesque manner. This article has perhaps given rise to many of the stories of tailed men in Africa.

Many of the natives are herdsmen, but they are not nomadic, and raise considerable quantities of doura, millet, and similar grains; also beans, tobacco, bananas, and sweet potatoes. Their weapons are spears, bows, and arrows. They cannot be very skillful hunters, as there is still an abundance of large game in the country. Elephants abound, and they and the hippopotami do no small damage to the crops of the natives. Sometimes a

herd of elephants may rush through a settlement at night, demolishing everything in their route.

Prominent among Upper Nile tribes are the Latookas and wild savages of the Ellyrian mountain fastnesses. These are more nomadic, fearless, and untamable than the natives of the more open and level regions, and are not so easy a prey for the slave-traders. More than once they have driven a band of raiders over a precipice. They do not differ in most important features from the other Nilotic tribes, save in their peculiar helmets, formed by weaving vegetable fibers into their growing hair, and facing the front with a plate of copper. A tough rim or border is also formed. Such a helmet requires years to complete. When finished, and ornamented with waving plumes, as for a funeral or war-dance, the headpiece is quite striking.

Crocodiles are as numerous in the Upper Nile as in any African river. They and the natives have a mutual regard for one another, dining at each other's expense at every possible opportunity. Small curved rows of piles are driven into the water at government stations, to obtain a place whence water can be dipped without danger from voracious saurians.

It is seen clearly that Emin could not be reached by the Nile route. The Mahdi was in full possession. There was some doubt as to whether a large force could be led inward from Zanzibar. The natives had lately shown much restlessness. So, despite the general sentiment of the European public, Stanley had chosen the Congo route. He believed that by sailing up the Aruwimi, he could come within fourteen days' march of the grassy plains west of Lake Albert. How much he underestimated the great Congo forest will be seen later. But by following a route unfrequented by

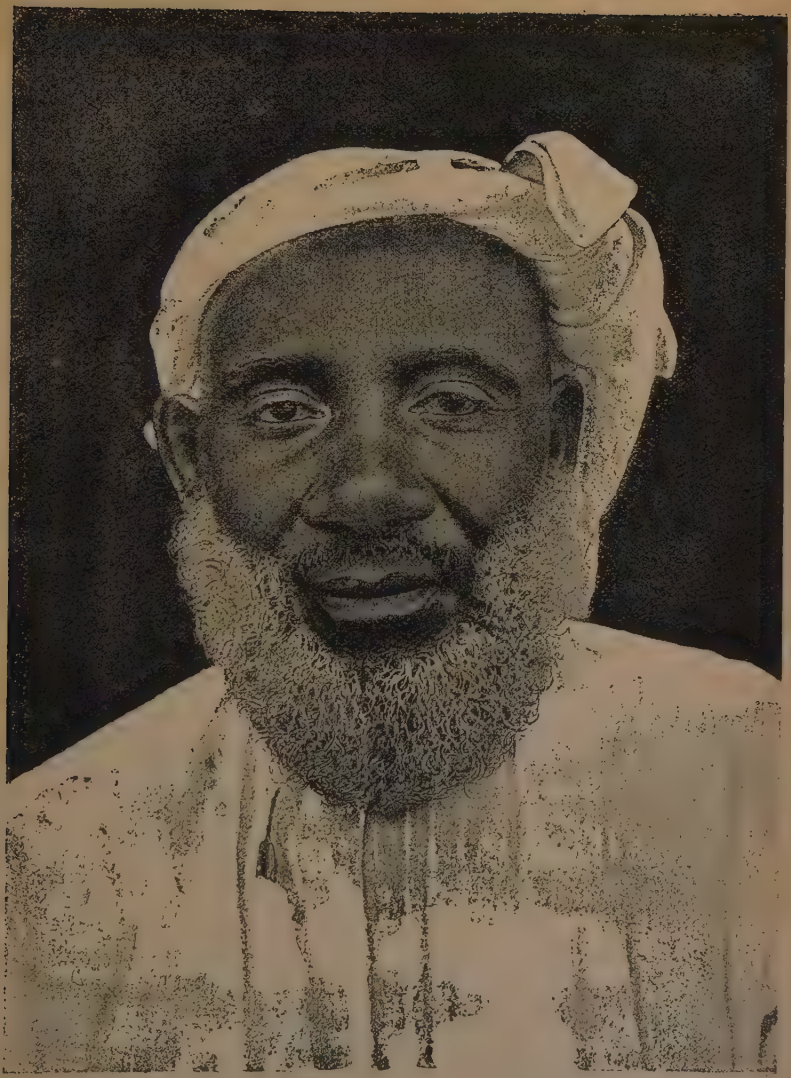
LATOOKA FUNERAL DANCE.

traders or travelers, he hoped to reach Emin without alarming the adjacent tribes, and thereby involving Emin in greater difficulties. Also, there would be less danger of arousing the ferocious Mwanga against the missionaries in his land. The latter was already very suspicious of white men.

Having completed his arrangements with the Egyptian Government, Stanley went to Zanzibar, where his agents had already mustered a force for the expedition. In four days Stanley was ready to set sail. There were with him nine European officers, sixty-one Soudanese, thirteen Somalis, three interpreters, six hundred and twenty Zanzibaris, and Tippu-Tib, with 407 of his people.

The action of the committee in securing Tippu-Tib has been severely criticised. As a matter of fact, it was the best thing to be done. Deane, the agent at Stanley Falls, had rashly quarreled with the Arabs, and Tippu-Tib was preparing for war upon the Congo State. He was bought off by giving him the post of governor at Stanley Falls, with a salary of $150 per month. Furthermore, he commanded two of the best roads from the Upper Congo to Wadelai. His opposition would have been fatal. He agreed to supply six hundred carriers, at $30 a man; and as Emin was reported to have about seventy-five tons of ivory, much of the expense of the expedition might be defrayed, should all eventually make their way out.

Leaving Zanzibar by steamer on February 25th, 1887, with the men employed, four weeks brought the party to the mouth of the Congo. From this point to Emin's capital is one thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles, of which four hundred lay through an unex-



TIPPU-TIB.

plored region. The expedition had little difficulty in ascending the Congo as far as Stanley Pool; but on reaching this point, it was found that there was a lack of a proper means of transportation. A halt was made at Kinshassa, and final arrangements with Tippu-Tib completed, while Stanley endeavored to secure the use of the steamers belonging to the mission stations at the Pool. The Arab was rather dilatory in fulfilling his contract, and gave good reason to suspect him of treacherous intent; but as he was the absolute autocrat of all Central Africa, for the sake of the friendship of the natives through whose territory the expedition would pass, it was necessary to have at least the apparent friendship of the Arab.

Owing to the delay in obtaining transportation, the party occupied from the 26th of March to the 10th of June in traveling from the mouth of the Congo to Aruwimi station, one thousand two hundred and sixty-six miles from the sea.

A detachment was sent to Stanley Falls to rebuild some houses, negotiate with the natives, and secure and send forward convoys of provisions. Leaving a rear-guard at Yambuya, under Major Edmund Barttelot, the senior officer of those accompanying him, Stanley pushed on with the main body. Barttelot's associates were Jamieson, Troup, Ward, and Bonny. The rear-guard numbered 257 men. It was to wait a reasonable time for Tippu-Tib's promised carriers; then Barttelot might abandon such things as were mentioned in a letter of instructions given him by Stanley, and follow the latter's blazed trail through the forest by forced marches. Should the carriers arrive, the goods were to be brought forward by easy stages. The instructions were admitted by the officers to be thoroughly intelligible. The

advance column, numbering 389 officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28th, 1887.

For a time, continual bulletins of progress reached the coast. Few unusual difficulties were met during the first two months. But the Upper Aruwimi was too narrow for navigation, and all the stores had to be carried on the men's backs. Progress was necessarily slow. The rafts were abandoned. The steel sectional whaleboat was still very useful, and was carried on. Streams were to be crossed, and in some places the Aruwimi expanded so as to permit navigation. The country was reported peaceful; but it was thinly populated.

Early in August came the news that Stanley was advancing without the relief designed for Emin. Provisions were scarce, and officers and men were enduring severe privations. Sickness was rife in the camp, promoted by the great hardships. The party was on the borders of the great Upper Congo forest, which is rivaled only by the dense dark jungles of the Amazon. Stanley wrote of it:

"Take a thick Scottish copse, dripping with rain; imagine this copse to be a mere undergrowth, nourished under the impenetrable shades of ancient trees, ranging from 100 to 180 feet high; briers and thorns abundant; lazy creeks, meandering through the depths of the jungle, and sometimes a deep affluent of a great river. Imagine this forest and jungle in all stages of decay, and growth-old trees falling, leaning perilously over, fallen prostrate; ants and insects of all kinds, sizes, and colors murmuring around; monkeys and chimpanzees above, queer noises of birds and animals, crashes in the jungle as troops of elephants rush away; dwarfs with poisoned arrows securely hidden behind some buttress, or in some dark recess; strong, brown-bodied

STANLEY AND TIPPU-TIB IN CAMP AT KINSHASSA.

aborigines with terrible sharp spears, standing poised, still as dead stumps; rain pattering down on you every other day in the year; an impure atmosphere, with its dread consequences, fever and dysentery; gloom throughout the day, and darkness almost palpable throughout the night; and then, if you will imagine such a forest extending the entire distance from Plymouth to Peterhead, you will have a fair idea of some of the inconveniences endured by us."

Meanwhile, the carriers promised by Tippu-Tib had not arrived at Yambuya. The disturbances in the Aruwimi region increased. It soon became impossible to obtain any news of the advance column. Now there came a definite report; now a vague rumor. All were conflicting. At one time Emin had been reached in safety; again, the entire expedition had been massacred far to the west of Wadelai. Now Stanley and Emin with united forces were marching on Khartoum to avenge Gordon; then both were prisoners in the Mahdist camp at Lado.

Then came stories, continued and seemingly reliable, of the deeds of a great white chief in the Bahr El Ghazel region. Conjectures were rife as to his identity. "Stanley," said many; "Gordon," said many others (for not a few times since the fall of Khartoum has the account of Gordon's death been contradicted). Others believed it to be Edmund O'Donovan, a gifted English journalist who had gone to Egypt with Hicks Pasha, under orders to join the army of the Mahdi, if possible. He had a thorough knowledge of Arabic, and had more than once successfully masqueraded as a native. His body was never found among the massacred troops of Hicks Pasha, and many of his friends believed the gifted young correspondent was alive somewhere in the

interior. But as time passed, the rumors of the White Pasha died away.

From the rear-guard, however, came definite and discouraging reports. They had held the camp for a year, their ranks thinned by disease and privation. Then a disturbance occurred, and Major Barttelot was shot by the natives. At once many journals pronounced it a piece of treachery on the part of Tippu-Tib. But the reports from the Congo declared it was merely because of Barttelot's insolent and overbearing behavior towards the natives. Whatever the cause, the report was officially verified. Small hope for Stanley if his base of supplies was gone. Meanwhile, the Upper Aruwimi region continued in a state of turmoil. No messengers could reach Stanley; none came from him. Even the rumors ceased.

December 15th, 1888, came a bolt from the clear sky. Osman Digna, the French renegade, leader of the Mahdist army near Suakim, sent under a flag of truce a message to the British commander there, stating that Stanley and Emin Bey were prisoners in his power. Strong proofs were furnished. One was the copy of a letter he had just received from an Arab officer in the Soudan. It ran thus:

"In the name of the Great God, etc. This is from the least of God's servants to his Master and Chief Khalifa, etc. We proceeded with the steamers and army. Reached the town of Lado, where Emin, Mudir of the Equator, is staying. We reached this place 5th Safar, 1306. We must thank officers and men who made this conquest easy to us before our arrival. They caught Emin and a traveler staying with him, and put both in chains. The officers and men refused to go to Egypt with the Turks. Tewfik sent Emin one of the

travelers, whose name is Mr. Stanley. This Mr. Stanley brought with him a letter from Tewfik to Emin, dated 8th Jemal Aowal, 1304, No. 81, telling Emin to come with Stanley, and gave the rest of the force the option to go to Cairo or remain. The force refused the Turkish orders, and gladly received us. I found a great deal of feathers and ivory. I am sending with this on board the *Bordain* the officers and chief clerk. I am also sending the letter which came to Emin from Tewfik, with the banners we took from the Turks. I heard that there is another traveler who came to Emin, but I heard that he returned. I am looking out for him. All the chiefs of the province, with the inhabitants, were delighted to receive us. I have taken all the arms and ammunition. Please return the officers and chief clerk when you have seen them and given the necessary instructions, because they will be of great use to me."

After grave consideration, however, the report was pronounced false. The design was evident. Osman wished to make the evacuation of Suakim the terms of his release of the two great travelers. The letter above was accompanied by one purporting to have been given to Stanley for Emin by the Khedive of Egypt. It was not difficult to prove this a forgery. But the letter from the Arab officer contained more truth than the public supposed. No one was prepared for the real facts.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of the letters referred to, the experienced African traveler, Joseph Thomson, whose opinion was of great weight, made public his views concerning the fate of Stanley. He stated that without doubt the entire expedition had perished miserably. There was no other conclusion possible. Had Stanley succeeded, or had a fair oppor-

STANLEY'S DEPARTURE FROM YAMBUYA CAMP.

tunity of succeeding, the world would have heard from him definitely long before.

Concerning the mode of the party's destruction, he said: "Stanley has met his terrible fate in some such way as this: he started from the Aruwimi, and almost immediately plunged into the dense forests, to be made worse by swamps further east. Through such a country his caravan would have to travel in single file, with probably no more than twenty men in sight at one time. Under such conditions it would be impossible for the Europeans to keep in touch with their men, and thus scattered, thus without officers in a sense, they would fight at a terrible disadvantage. And fight they would have to do for daily food if nothing else, and consequently with each succeeding week be less able to continue the struggle. In this way they plunged deeper and deeper into the recesses of the unknown forest and swamp —and deeper and deeper, no doubt, into the heart of a powerful tribe of natives. And then the end came. Probably in that last struggle for life not a soul escaped.

"If you ask me why no news, no rumor of that catastrophe leaked out, I answer because there was no trade, not even a slave route, through that region. There was not a native or Arab merchant to carry the news from tribe to tribe; and as each tribe has little but fighting relations with the neighboring ones, the tidings would not get through by their means. And, after all, what would the massacre of a passing caravan be to those savages? Only a common incident not worth speaking about beside the continual tribal wars they are accustomed to. The one thing they would find to remark would be the wonderful character of the plunder. Some day, no doubt, the news will leak out, but it may be months before anything reaches us. It is

not much use crying over spilt milk, but one can not help lamenting this probable new disaster. It is all too much on a par with the terrible blunderings in the Soudan and East Africa. Only another remarkable man killed and the magnificent life's work of another ruined. But for the selection of the Congo route Stanley might have been alive, Emin succored, and not improbably the Mahdi's host defeated."

This was the only thing lacking to establish a general belief in the complete failure of the enterprise. The conviction grew in the public mind that the great explorer was not longer of this world.

But the old adage of the darkest hour being just before dawn never had better verification. Within ten days came an official dispatch, stating that Stanley had reached Emin with the first installment of relief, and had returned to bring up the rearguard. There was no longer any fear for the two heroes. What Stanley had once done he could again do.

In April, 1889, a long letter from Stanley was received by the chairman of the Emin Relief Committee. Stanley shall tell his own story of his troubles.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS.

THE advance column, consisting of three hundred and eighty-nine officers and men, set out from Yambuya June 28th, 1887. The first day we followed the river bank, marched twelve miles, and arrived in the large district of Yankonde. At our approach the natives set fire to their villages, and, under cover of the smoke, attacked the pioneers who were clearing the numerous obstructions they had planted before the village. The skirmish lasted fifteen minutes. The second day we followed a path leading inland by trending east. We followed this path five days through a dense population. Every art known to native minds for molesting, impeding and wounding an enemy was resorted to; but we passed through without the loss of a man. Perceiving that the path was taking us too far from our course, we cut a northeasterly track, and reached the river again on the 5th of July. From this date until the 18th of October we followed the left bank of the Aruwimi. After seventeen days' continuous marching we halted one day for rest. On the twenty-fourth day from Yambuya we lost two men by desertion. In the month of July we made four halts only. On the 1st of August the first death occurred, which was from dysentery; so that for thirty-four days our course has been singularly successful. But as we now entered a

wilderness, which occupied us nine days in marching through it; our sufferings began to multiply, and several deaths occurred. The river at this time was of great use to us; our boats and canoes relieved the wearied and sick of their loads, so that progress, though not brilliant as during the first month, was still steady.

"On the 13th of August we arrived at Air-Sibba. The natives made a bold front; we lost five men through poisoned arrows; and to our great grief Lieutenant Stairs was wounded below the heart; but, though he suffered greatly for nearly a month, he finally recovered. On the 15th Mr. Jephson, commanding the land party, led his men inland, became confused and lost his way. We were not reunited until the 21st."

The natives manufacture their potent poisons from the bodies of venomous insects reduced to a paste and coated on the arrow tip. Thus the original poisonous principle is reinforced by septic matter, producing sometimes results like the effect of a cut in a dissecting room. Usually, however, the wounded party dies of tetanus.

"On the 31st of August we met for the first time a party of Manyema, belonging to the caravan of Ugarrowwa, *alias* Uledi Balyuz, who turned out to be a former tent boy of Speke's. Our misfortunes began from this date, for I had taken the Congo route to avoid Arabs, that they might not tamper with my men, and tempt them to desert by their presents. Twenty-six men deserted within three days of this unfortunate meeting.

"On the 16th of September we arrived at a camp opposite the station at Ugarrowwa's. As food was very scarce, owing to his having devasted an immense region, we halted but one day near him. Such friendly terms as I could make with such a man I made, and left fifty-

six men with him. All the Somalis preferred to rest at Ugarrowwa's, to the continuous marching. Five Soudanese were also left. It would have been certain death for all of them to have accompanied us. At Ugarrowwa's they might possibly recover. Five dollars a month per head was to be paid to this man for their food."

September 18th, the party left Ugarrowwa's, but by October 6th, eight men had died and fifty-two others were too sick to travel. Captain Nelson, lamed by ulcers, with these men and eighty-two loads, was left behind in a temporary camp, while the rest pushed forward in search of provisions. October 18th, the van reached a settlement occupied by Kilinga-Longa, 'a Zanzibari slave belonging to Abed bin Salim, an old Arab, whose bloody deeds are recorded in 'The Congo and the Founding of its Free State.' This proved an awful month to us; not one member of the expedition, white or black, will ever forget it. The advance numbered two hundred and seventy-three souls on leaving Ugarrowwa's, because out of three hundred and eighty we had lost sixty-six men by desertion and death between Yambuya and Ugarrowwa's, and had left fifty-six men sick at the Arab station. On reaching Kilinga-Longa's we discovered we had lost fifty-five men by starvation and desertion. We had lived principally on wild fruit, fungi and a large, flat, bean-shaped nut. The slaves of Abed bin Salim did their utmost to ruin the expedition. Short of open hostilities, they purchased rifles, ammunition, clothing, so that when we left their station we were beggared, and our men were absolutely naked."

The force afterwards sent back to relieve Capt. Nelson found only five left out of fifty-two. Twenty others were out foraging; of these, ten eventually straggled in. The rest were never heard from. Placing the survivors

at Kilinga-Longa's, the rest pushed on, and reached a settlement called Ibwiri.

"The Arab devastation had reached within a few miles of Ibwiri—a devastation so complete that there was not one native hut standing between Ugarrowwa's and Ibwiri, and what had not been destroyed by the slaves of Ugarrowwa and Abed bin Salim the elephants had destroyed, and turned the whole region into a horrible wilderness. But at Ibwiri we were beyond the utmost reach of the destroyers; we were on virgin soil in a populous region abounding with food. Our suffering from hunger, which began on the 31st of August, terminated on the 12th of November. Ourselves and men were skeletons. Out of three hundred and eighty-nine we now only numbered one hundred and seventy-four, several of whom seemed to have no hope of life left. A halt was therefore ordered for the people to recuperate. Hitherto our people were skeptical of what we had told them; the suffering had been so awful, calamities so numerous, the forest so endless apparently, that they refused to believe that by and by we should see plains and cattle and the Nyanza and the white man Emin Pasha. We felt as though we were dragging them along with a chain around our necks. 'Beyond these raiders lies a land untouched, where food is abundant and where you will forget your miseries; so cheer up, boys! be men, press on a little faster.' They turned a deaf ear to our prayers and entreaties, for, driven by hunger and suffering, they sold their rifles and equipments for a few ears of Indian corn, deserted with the ammunition, and were altogether demoralized. Perceiving that prayers and entreaties and mild punishment were of no avail, I then resolved to visit upon the wretches the death penalty. Two

of the worst cases were accordingly taken and hung in the presence of all."

For thirteen days the company reveled in good things. Setting forward November 24th, in a week they emerged from the great forest upon the immense grassy plains surrounding the Albert Nyanza. The effect upon the men, after 160 days of gloom, was electrical; they ran, shouted, leaped and raced with their burdens. In highest spirits, they would have faced any foe.

One hundred and sixty days had been occupied in the journey for which Stanley had estimated two weeks.

On December 9th the subjects of the powerful chief Mazamboni prepared to dispute the passage. Stanley made a stockade on the hill, while the drums and horns and war cries of the natives were arousing the country with their din. A slight preliminary skirmish resulted in the capture of a cow. The expedition tasted beef for the first time since leaving the ocean. The night was passed peacefully, and on the 10th attempts at negotiation were made.

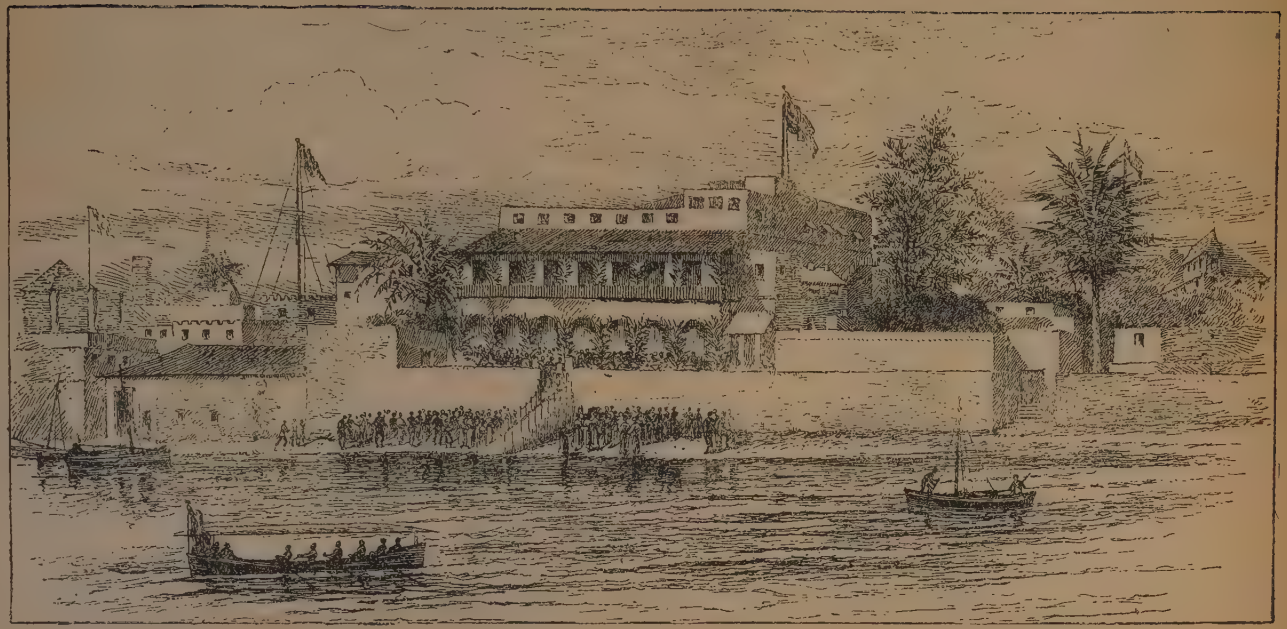
Conversing with the strangers at a respectful distance, the natives said their king was Kabba Rega, of Unyoro; Mazamboni was his deputy. All paid tribute to Uganda. Some cloth and brass were given them, and they left. Next morning, with a terrible din, they came to drive the strangers back.

"Our hill stood between a lofty range of hills and a lower range. On one side of us was a narrow valley two hundred and fifty yards wide; on the other side the valley was three miles wide. East and west of us the valley broadened into an extensive plain. The higher range of hills was lined with hundreds preparing to descend; the broader valley was already mustering its hundreds. There was no time to lose. A body of

forty men were sent, under Lieutenant Stairs, to attack the broader valley. Mr. Jephson was sent with thirty men east; a choice body of sharpshooters was sent to test the courage of those descending the slope of the highest range. Stairs pressed on, crossed a deep and narrow river in the face of hundreds of natives, and assaulted the first village and took it. The sharpshooters did their work effectively, and drove the descending natives rapidly up the slope until it became a general flight. Meantime, Mr. Jephson was not idle. He marched straight up the valley east, driving the people back, and taking their villages as he went. By 3 P. M. there was not a native visible anywhere, except on one small hill about a mile and a half west of us."

During the next two days there was almost continual skirmishing; and on the afternoon of the 14th the party came in sight of Lake Albert. The men who had doubted, being deceived by the appearance of a plain with mountains in the distance, were now ashamed and begged pardon. The expedition was on a great plateau, 5,200 feet above the sea, while the lake was over 2,900 feet below them. As they descended the steep slope, the hostile natives hung upon the rear, giving them some trouble. A night attack was made on the camp by the lake, but a few shots from the sentries dispersed them.

On the 14th an attempt was made to establish friendship with the people of Kakongo, a village on the southwest of the lake. In vain: "They would not allow us to go to the lake, because we might frighten their cattle. They would not exchange blood-brotherhood with us, because they never heard of any good people coming from the west side of the lake. They would not accept any present from us, because they did not know who we were. They would give us water to drink, and they



STANLEY LANDING AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE, ZANZIBAR

would show us our road up to Nyam Sassic. But from these singular people we learned that they had heard there was a white man at Unyoro, but they had never heard of any white men being on the west side, nor had they seen any steamers on the lake. There were no canoes to be had, except such as would not hold the men."

African slaves of precedent, these. All white men had hitherto come from the east; therefore, these men from the west could not be genuine, honest white men. The natives were not quarrelsome, but would have nothing to do with the strangers.

The white man of whom they had heard as being in Unyoro was probably Captain Casati. This man, an Italian explorer, had been in that region in the Egyptian service. At the rumors of Stanley's approach he had been stripped of almost everything by the king, Kabba Rega, the same man who had been so treacherous in his dealings with Baker, and who had endeavored to poison Baker's entire force. Emin had found Casati in a woful plight, and had rescued him from the clutches of Kabba Rega. Thenceforth they had been together.

Stanley had, ere leaving Zanzibar, dispatched couriers to Emin to give notice of the proposed expedition. As the natives had not seen Emin's two steamers, and as no news came direct from him, it was evident the couriers had not arrived. Stanley's boat was one hundred and ninety miles away. No canoes could be obtained from the natives. No trees suitable for making canoes grew near. To go overland to Wadelai was impracticable. "We had used five cases of cartridges in five days of fighting on the plain. A month of such fighting must exhaust our stock. There was no plan suggested which seemed feasible to me, except that of

retreating to Ibwiri, build a fort, send a party back to Kilonga-Longa's for our boat, store up every load in the fort not conveyable, leave a garrison in the fort to hold it, and raise corn for us; march back again to the Albert Lake, and send the boat to search for Emin Pasha. This was the plan which, after lengthy discussion with my officers, I resolved upon."

So the next day they started back to Ibwiri, persistently followed to the summit of the plateau by the natives of Kakongo, who succeeded in killing one man and wounding another. By January 7th the expedition was once more in Ibwiri, where a garrison was to be placed in the new Fort Bodo.

"After a few days' rest Lieutenant Stairs, with a hundred men, sent to Kilonga-Longa's to bring the boat and goods up, also Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson. Out of the thirty-eight sick in charge of the officers, only eleven men were brought to the fort; the rest had died or deserted. On the return of Stairs with the boat and goods, he was sent to Ugarrowwa's to bring up the convalescents there. I granted him thirty-nine days' grace. Soon after his departure I was attacked with gastritis and an abscess on the arm, but after a month's careful nursing by Dr. Parke I recovered, and forty-seven days having expired, I set out again for the Albert Nyanza, April 2d, accompanied by Messrs. Jephson and Parke. Captain Nelson, now recovered, was appointed commandant of Fort Bodo in our absence, with a garrison of forty-three men and boys."

Three weeks brought the party to the boundary of Mazamboni's country. The chieftain was this time quite friendly, and he and the other chieftains made blood-brotherhood and furnished abundance of provisions. When near the lake Stanley was told marvelous tales of

a white man who had been there with boats as large as islands, full of men. He had left a black packet for Stanley with the chief Kavalli.

The report was true. Emin Pasha had been there. The note, wrapped in oilcloth, stated he had visited the place in consequence of hearing rumors of a white man there, but obtained no definite news because the natives connected every stranger with Kabba Rega, whom they feared. Emin requested the white man to remain where he was till he could communicate further with him.

"The next day, April 23d, Mr. Jephson was dispatched with a strong force of men to take the boat to the Nyanza. On the 26th, the boat's crew sighted Mswa station, the southernmost belonging to Emin Pasha, and Mr. Jephson was there hospitably received by the Egyptian garrison. The boat's crew were embraced one by one, and said they never had such attention shown to them as by these men, who hailed them as brothers."

April 29th Stanley reached the spot from which he had retreated four and one-half months before, and the same evening Emin arrived in his steamer, with Signor Casati and Mr. Jephson. There was no longer any cause for fear as to Emin's safety.

Emin was, in fact, in good condition. He then had with him two battalions of regulars; "the first, consisting of about seven hundred and fifty rifles, occupied Dufile, Honyu, Labore, Muggi, Kirri, Bedden, Regaf; the second battalion, consisting of six hundred and forty men, guarded the stations of Wadelai, Fatiko, Mahagi, and Mswa, a line of communication along the Nyanza and Nile about one hundred and eighty miles in length. In the interior west of the Nile he had three or four small stations—fourteen in all. Besides these two battalions

he had quite a respectable force of irregulars,—sailors, artisans, clerks, servants,"—total, about 8,000.

He hesitated as to the best course to pursue. Stanley insisted he should arrange to leave. The women and children perplexed Emin; he had no carriers. Stanley said the children could be placed on the donkeys, and the women could walk, and be benefited by it. Zanzibar women had crossed Africa with him. Emin had plenty of cattle; and the countries through which they should travel must supply grain and vegetables.

But the gravest question was one not to be so easily disposed of. Some of Emin's Egyptians were anxious to leave; had always said the story of Gordon's death was a fabrication of the enemy, and that some day they would see his steamers come up the Nile to bear them to their homes. But the regulars had led a free and easy life; most were married, many had harems. To leave them would be their ruin. Emin would have to leave them their arms and ammunition, and on his retiring all discipline would be at an end. Disputes would arise, and factions would be formed. The more ambitious would aspire to be chiefs by force, and from these rivalries would spring hate and mutual slaughter until there would be none of them left. On the other hand, if Emin should remain, many would want to leave with Stanley. But to this, Emin had no special objection, though it would deprive him of his artisans, etc. Stanley would not agree to this. As for Captain Casati, he declared he would go if Emin did; otherwise he would remain.

But whatever was decided upon, the first thing was to bring up Stanley's rear guard, and the ammunition

and stores intended for Emin. The question as to what Emin should do was for the time laid on the table.

On the 25th of May, Stanley, having been with Emin nearly one month, set out to return to Fort Bodo, leaving with Emin Mr. Jephson, three Soudanese, and two Zanzibaris; while Emin supplied him with three irregulars and one hundred and two Madi natives as porters. By June 8th, he was once more at Fort Bodo. At the fort were Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs. The latter had returned from Ugarrowwa's twenty-two days after I had set out for the lake, April 2d, bringing with him, alas! only sixteen men out of fifty-six. All the rest were dead. My twenty couriers whom I had sent with letters to Major Barttelot had safely left Ugarrowwa's for Yambuya on March 16th.

"Fort Bodo was in a flourishing state. Nearly ten acres were under cultivation. One crop of Indian corn had been harvested, and was in the granaries; they had just commenced planting again."

Emin had proposed to visit Fort Bodo within two months, in company with Mr. Jephson. The officers were then to destroy the fort and accompany Emin to the Nyanza. How fortunate that these instructions were not carried out, will be seen hereafter.

"On the 16th of June, I left Fort Bodo with a hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and a hundred and one of Emin Pasha's people. Lieutenant Stairs had been appointed commandant of the fort, Nelson second in command, and Surgeon Parke medical officer. The garrison consisted of fifty-nine rifles. I had thus deprived myself of all my officers in order that I should not be encumbered with baggage and provisions and medicines, which would have to be taken if accompanied by Europeans, and every carrier was necessary for the vast stores

left with Major Barttelot. On the 24th of June we reached Kilonga-Longa's, and July 19th Ugarrowwa's. The latter station was deserted. Ugarrowwa, having gathered as much ivory as he could obtain from that district, had proceeded down river about three months before. On leaving Fort Bodo I had loaded every carrier with about sixty pounds of corn, so that we had been able to pass through the wilderness unscathed.

"Passing on down river as fast as we could go, daily expecting to meet the couriers, who had been stimulated to exert themselves for a reward of ten pounds per head, or the Major himself leading an army of cariers, we indulged ourselves in these pleasing anticipations as we neared the goal.

"On the 10th of August we overtook Ugarrowwa with an immense flotilla of fifty-seven canoes, and to our wonder, our couriers now reduced to seventeen. They related an awful story of hairbreadth escapes and tragic scenes. Three of their number had been slain, two were still feeble from their wounds, all except five bore on their bodies the scars of arrow wounds."

Fearing the worst, in a state of terrible nervous tension, knowing the inexperience of those left behind, Stanley still entertained a faint hope that all was still in fair condition. But he little imagined how forlorn was the actual condition. He continues:

"On August the 17th, we met the rear column of the expedition at a place called Bunalya, or, as the Arabs have corrupted it, Unarya. There was a white man at the gate of the stockade whom I at first thought was Mr. Jameson, but a nearer view revealed the features of Mr. Bonny, who left the medical service of the army to acompany us. "'Well, my dear Bonny, where is the Major?'

"'He is dead sir; shot by the Manyuema about a month ago.'

"'Good God! And Mr. Jameson?'

"'He has gone to Stanley Falls to try to get some more men from Tippu-Tib.'

"'And Mr. Troup?'

"'Mr. Troup has gone home, sir, invalided.'

"'Hem! well, where is Ward?'

"'Mr. Ward is at Bangala, sir.'

"'Heavens alive! then you are the only one here?'

"'Yes, sir.'"

The reason of Barttelot's death has been a disputed point. The first accounts stated it was due to his own imperious and impatient disposition. Later reports stated that he had had a quarrel with Tippu-Tib's nephew, and that he was killed in a general mutiny inspired by the Arab. Official circles preserved a discreet silence. Till lately the exact truth was not known. It appears the facts were suppressed out of regard for the Major's father.

Since various causes have compelled a statement, it is now known that Barttelot's murder had nothing to do with the quarrel with Tippu-Tib's nephew, or with any disobedience of Stanley's orders except disobeying the command to keep his temper, and not shoot or attack the natives without great provocation. Barttelot's haste in shooting natives in the desert years ago led Stanley strenuously to object to Barttelot's accompanying him on the Emin expedition; but in virtue of the pressure from high quarters, Stanley yielded his own better judgment, and allowed Barttelot to go. All Africans dislike to pass a night without incessantly beating tomtoms to keep away the evil spirits, relays of men and women being kept awake for the purpose. Barttelot objected to this tom-

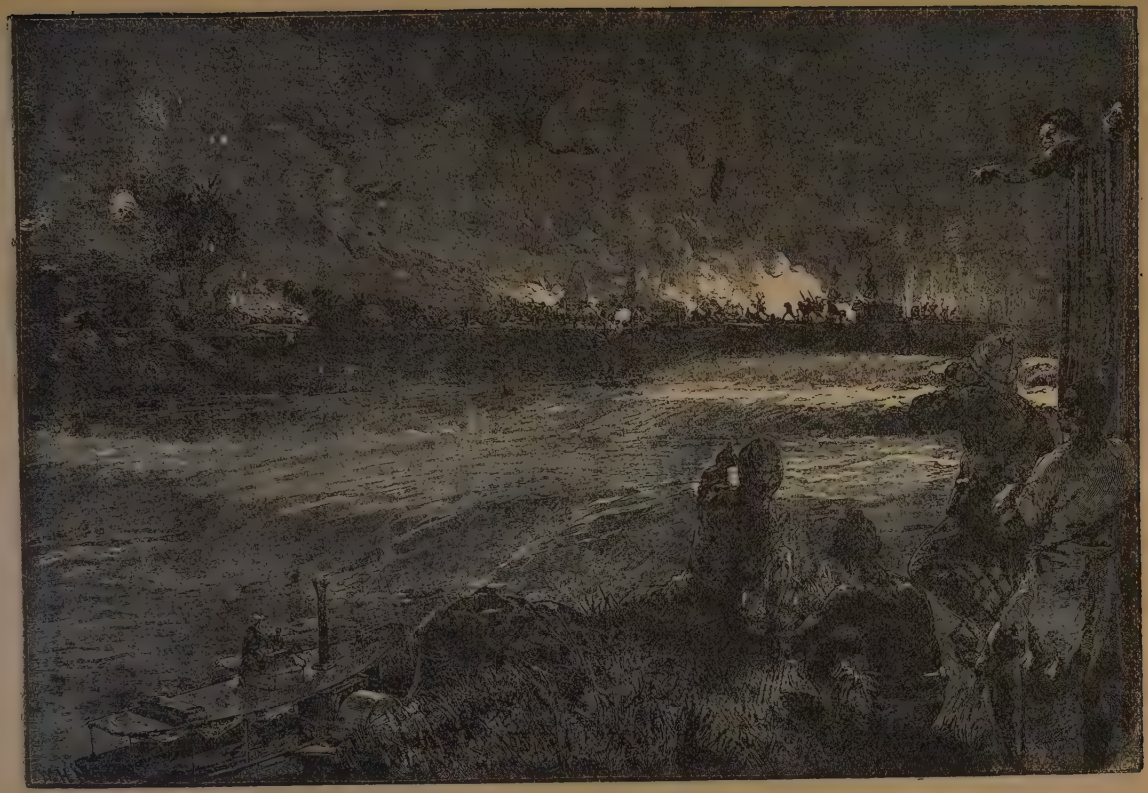
toming in his camp, because it kept him awake, and ordered it stopped. The order was not obeyed. One night the wakeful Barttelot rose in his wrath, and struck severely the person he found beating a tomtom near his tent. Either he failed to see that the tomtom beater was a woman, or the fact made no difference to him; but it was a woman, and her husband was on sentry duty, with loaded arms, near by. When Barttelot went back to bed and to sleep, he went to his long sleep. The husband of the woman he had struck murdered him in his bed. He died a victim to his own rashness and African vengeance.

The rear guard had advanced but fifty miles, while Stanley had traveled one thousand. It was a terrible wreck. "Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men there were only seventy-one remaining. Out of seventy-one only fifty-two, on mustering them, seemed fit for service, and these mostly were scarecrows. The advance had performed the march from Yambuya to Bunalya in sixteen days, despite native opposition. The rear column performed the same distance in forty-three days. According to Mr. Bonny, during the thirteen months and twenty days that had elapsed since I had left Yambuya, the record is only one of disaster, desertion and death. I have not the heart to go into the details, many of which were incredible; and, indeed, I have not the time, for, excepting Mr. Bonny, I have no one to assist me in reorganizing the expedition. There are still far more loads than I can carry; at the same time articles needful are missing. For instance, I left Yambuya with only a short campaigning kit, leaving my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some of the deserters from the advance

column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess-meeting, proposed that my instructions should be canceled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly, my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as 'superfluities'! Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots, and a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time. Fortunately, not one of my officers will envy me, for their kits are intact; it was only myself that was dead."

Particular notice should be taken of this, for out of it jealous detractors have concocted the story that Stanley was relieved by Emin, not Emin by Stanley. The statements above refer merely to Stanley's personal effects, not the ammunition and stores that had been brought for Emin. The latter sorely needed the aid Stanley brought.

The rear guard had been almost absolutely at the mercy of the Arab freebooters and the fierce Manyuema. Barttelot and his associates were unable to excercise any authority. Raid after raid was made on the natives of the vicinity; and at one time the Arabs raided a large town directly across the river from Barttelot's camp. The white men looked on, helpless, and knowing that many of their own force were taking part in the murderous *razzia*.



ARAB RAID ON THE ARUWIMI OPPOSITE YAMBUYA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RETURN.

THE condition of the rearguard was certainly disheartening. Out of two hundred and fifty-seven men only seventy-one were left, and ten of those were past help. Over seventy per cent lost! Out of the three hundred and eighty-nine with which Stanley had started forward, fifty-nine were left at Fort Bodo, and one hundred and thirty-one returned with him to Yambuya. The mortality among those in active service was less than among those in garrison—little more than fifty per cent. The survivors of the march were also in much better condition.

Disheartening as this state of affairs was, much the greatest troubles were yet to come. Stanley's letter to Sir William McKinnon, chairman of the Emin Relief Committee, tells the story of what followed. Having reviewed the situation, he determined to set out at once. Of those remaining, he says: "I doubted whether fifty would live to reach the lake; but having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in these vessels in such a smooth and expeditious manner that there were remarkably few casualties in the rear column. But wild natives, having repeatedly defeated Ugarrowwa's raiders and by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave considerable trouble and inflicted considerable loss among our

best men, who had always to bear the brunt of the fighting and the fatigue of paddling. However, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the time we had made. When progress by river became too tedious and difficult, an order to cast off canoes was given. This was four days' journey above Ugarrowwa's Station, or about three hundred miles above Banalya. We decided that as the south bank of the Itura River was pretty well known to us it would be best to try the north bank, although we should have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands which had been a common center to Ugarrowwa's and Kilonga Longa's bands of raiders. We were about a hundred miles from grassland, which opened up a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal and mutton, and a pleasing variety of vegetables, as well as oil and butter for cooking.

"On October 30, having cast off the canoes, the land march began in earnest, and we two days later discovered a large plantation in charge of Dwaris. The people flung themselves on the plantains to make as large provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead. The most enterprising secured a fair share, and twelve hours later were furnished with a week's provision of plantain flour. The feeble and indolent reveled for the time being on an abundance of roasted fruit, but neglected providing for the future, and thus became victims to famine after moving from this place. Ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which we lost more men than we had lost between Banalya and Ugarrowwa's. Small-pox broke out among the Manyema and the mortality was terrible. Our Zanzibaris escaped the pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the Madura. We were now about four days' march above the confluence

of the Ihura and Itura rivers, and within about a mile from Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent tributary of the Ituri or Aruwimi, we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered. Four days later we stumbled across the principal village of the district, called Andikumu. It was surrounded by the finest plantation of bananas and plantains we had yet seen, which all the Manyemas' habit of spoliation and destruction had been unable to destroy. There our people, after starving during fourteen days, gorged themselves to such excess that it contributed greatly to lessen our numbers. Many individuals suffered from complaints which entirely incapacitated them for duty.

"The Ihuru River was about four miles south-south-east from this place, flowing from east-northeast. It was about sixty yards broad, and deep owing to heavy rains. From Andikumu six days' march brought us to another flourishing settlement, called Indeman, situated about four hours' march from a river supposed to be the Ihuru. Here I was considerably nonplussed by a grievous discrepancy between native accounts and my own observations. The natives called it the Ihuru River, and my instruments and chronometer made it very evident it could not be the Ihuru. We knew finally. After capturing some dwarfs we discovered it was the right branch of the Ihuru, called the Duru River, this agreeing with my own views. We searched and found a place where we could build a bridge across. Bonny and our Zanzibari chiefs threw themselves into the work, and in a few hours the Duru River was safely bridged. We passed into a district entirely unvisited by Manyema."

For some days the party was pertinaciously dogged by the Wambutti, a race of dwarfs that infest this region. They were uncommonly cunning and trouble-

some. Every day brought the party into collision with them. As they infested the northeast route chiefly, Stanley abandoned that course and followed elephant trails to the southeast, thus escaping the pesky man-hunters.

These troublesome fellows were of the Akka type. They are from four feet to four feet six inches in height. Having no district exclusively their own, they wander around among other tribes, pursuing all strangers merely as game. There are no such hunters as they. Traps and nets of many sorts are made by them. Stanley had many of his people lamed by sharp skewers of wood set in holes in the path, and covered with leaves. Elephants, hippopotami, buffalo and such animals they kill by means of stakes hidden in pitfalls. On a march they sleep in trees, at night, like monkeys. They are incorrigible cannibals. One of these Akkas, in Emin's employ, left him because tired of beef. Emin had no man-meat for him. These pertinacious, peppery, cunning little folk, with their snares and poisoned weapons, made matters, more than once, appear very grave for the expedition.

But on December 9th the party found the provisions entirely exhausted. They were in the middle of a vast forest, not more than two or three miles from Ituri River. Halting with the sick and with a few able-bodied men, one hundred and fifty of the serviceable were sent back over the route they had come, to obtain food from a village some fifteen miles in the rear. Some of the Manyuema followers accompanied them.

Four days passed without uneasiness. Stanley was employed in correcting observations made along the route. By this time all wondered why the foragers did not return. All had been on very short rations.

"On the 5th day, having distributed all the stock of flour in camp, and having killed the only goat we possessed, I was compelled to open the officers' provision box and take a pound pot of butter with two cupfuls of my flour to make an imitation gruel, there being nothing else save tea, coffee, sugar, and a pot of sago in the boxes.

"In the afternoon a boy died, and the condition of the majority of the rest was most disheartening. Some could not stand, falling down in the effort to do so. These constant sights acted on my nerves until I began to feel not only moral but physical sympathy, as though the weakness was contagious. Before night a Madi carrier died. The last of our Somalis gave signs of a collapse, and the few Soudanese with us were scarcely able to move. When the morning of the sixth day dawned we made broth of the usual pot of butter, an abundance of water, a pot of condensed milk and a cupful of flour, for 150 people. The chiefs and Bonny were called to a council. At my suggesting a reverse to the foragers of such nature as to exclude our men from returning with news of the disaster, they were altogether unable to comprehend such a possibility. They believed it possible that these 150 men were searching for food, without which they would not return. They were asked to consider the supposition that they were five days searching for food without which they would not return, and then had lost the road, perhaps; or having no white leader, had scattered to loot goats, and had entirely forgotten their starving friends and brothers in the camp. What would be the state of the 130 people five days hence? Bonny offered to stay with ten men in the camp, if I would provide ten days' food for each person, while I would set out to

search for the missing men. Food to make a light cup ful of gruel for ten men for ten days was not difficult to procure, but the sick and feeble remaining must starve unless I met with good fortune; and accordingly a store of buttermilk, flour and biscuits was prepared and handed over to the charge of Bonny. In the afternoon of the seventh day we mustered everybody besides the garrison of the camp, ten men.

"Sadi, a Manyuema chief, surrendered fourteen of his men to their doom. Kibboboro, another chief, abandoned his brother, and Fundi, another Manyuema chief, left one of his wives and her little boy. We left twenty-six feeble and sick wretches, already past all hope unless food could be brought them within twenty-four hours. In a cheery tone, though my heart was never heavier, I told the forty-three hunger-bitten people that I was going back to hunt for the missing men. We traveled nine miles that afternoon, having passed several dead people on the road, and early on the eighth day of their absence from camp, we met the foragers marching in an easy fashion. But when we were met the pace was altered, so that in twenty-six hours from leaving Starvation Camp, we were back with an abundance around us of gruel and porridge, boiling bananas, boiling plantains, roasting meat and simmering soup. This had been my nearest approach to absolute starvation in all my African experience. Altogether twenty-one persons succumbed in this dreadful camp."

During this season of hardship and suffering, the fortitude and nobility of the Zanzibaris were shown even more strikingly than in the famous passage of the Livingstone Falls, in 1877. Little complaint was heard from them. Pinched with hunger, and rapidly losing

strength and hope, they roamed the forest searching for fungi, berries, or anything else at all edible. What they could find they brought to camp, and declined to eat till the whites had first eaten. Is any other instance of starving, half-savage men so doing on record?

"On December 17th the Ihuru River was reached in three hours, and having a presentiment that the garrison of Fort Bodo were still where I left them, the Ihuru was crossed the next day, and for the two following days we steered through the forest regardless of paths. We had the good fortune to strike the western angle of the Fort Bodo plantation on the 20th, and found that my presentiment was true. Lieutenant Stairs and the garrison were still at Fort Bodo, fifty-one souls remaining out of fifty-nine. Not a word had been heard of Emin, or of Jephson, during the seven months of my absence. Knowing the latter to be an energetic man, we were left to conjecture what detained Jephson, even if the affairs of his province had detained Emin."

The party was now near the verge of the great forest, which it had traversed three times; the grass-lands ahead they were about to cross for the fifth time. The great forest was now well determined to be as large as France and the Iberian peninsula. So dense was it that in many places—nay, most—a way had to be literally tunneled through it.

"On December 23d the united expedition continued the march eastward, and as we now had to work by relays, owing to the fifty extra loads, we did not reach the Ituri ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on the grass land, until January 9th. My anxiety about Mr. Jephson and Emin would not permit me to dawdle on the road, making double trips in this manner; so, selecting a rich plantation and a good

INTERVIEW OF BARTTELOT AND JAMESON WITH TIPPU-TIB.

camp east of the Ituri river, I left Stairs in command, with 124 people, including Parke and Nelson, and on January 11th I continued my march eastward. The people of the plains, fearing a repetition of the fighting of December, 1887, flocked to the camp as we advanced and formally tendered their submission, agreeing to the contributions and supplies. The blood of brotherhood was made, the exchange of gifts was made, and a firm friendship was established. The huts of our camp were constructed by natives, and food, fuel and water were brought to the expedition as soon as a halting place was decided on. We heard no news of white men on Lake Albert from the people until on the 16th, at a place called Gevaris. Messengers from Kavalli came with a packet of letters, with one letter written on three several dates, with several days' interval between, from Jephson, and two notes from Emin, confirming the news in Jephson's letter."

The news in Jephson's letter was as startling as that of the wreck of the rear guard, which had occurred just one month earlier than the rebellion of which the letters brought tidings.

CHAPTER XL.

THE REBELLION.

JEPHSON'S letter was a warning to Stanley and an appeal for any assistance he could render. Substantially it was follows:

"On August 18 a rebellion broke out here, and the Pasha and I were made prisoners. The Pasha is a complete prisoner, but I am allowed to go about the station, but my movements are watched. The rebellion has been got up by some half-dozen Egyptians, officers, and clerks, and gradually others joined, some through inclination, but most through fear. The soldiers, with the exception of those at Labore, have never taken part in it, but have quietly given in to their officers.

"When the Pasha and I were on our way to Regaf, two men—one an officer, Abdul Vaal Effendi, and the other a clerk—went about and told the people they had seen you, and that you were only an adventurer and had not come from Egypt; the letters you brought from the Khedive and Nubar were forgeries; that it was untrue Khartoum had fallen, and that the Pasha and you had made a plot to take them, their wives and children, out of the country and hand them over as slaves to the English. Such words in an ignorant, fanatical country like this acted like fire among the people, and the result was a general rebellion, and we were made prisoners. The

rebels then collected the officers from the different stations, and held a large meeting here to determine what measures they should take, and all those who did not join the movement were so insulted and abused that they were obliged for their own safety to acquiesce in what was done. The Pasha was deposed, and those officers suspected of being friendly to him were removed from their posts, and those friendly to the rebels were put in their places. It was decided to take the Pasha as a prisoner to Regaf, and some of the worst rebels were even in for putting him in irons, but the officers were afraid to put their plans into execution, as the soldiers said they never would permit anyone to lay a hand on him. Plans were also made to entrap you when you returned, and strip you of all you had. Things were in this condition, when we were startled by the news that the Mahdi's people had arrived at Lado with three steamers and nine sandals and nuggers, and had established themselves on the site of the old station. Omar Sali, their general, sent up three peacock dervishes with a letter to the Pasha, demanding the instant surrender of the country."

This Omar Sali sent letters to Emin announcing that two of his colleagues, Lupton Bey and Slatin Bey, had become Moslems, and were high in authority under the Mahdi. Emin was called upon to do likewise: "Only believe, and you will be saved. Refuse, and you will be hacked to pieces in this world, and damned in the next."

This was only a Mahdist trick, similar to that perpetrated by Osman Digna. Lupton Bey had been in command in the Bahr El Ghazel region. His men had rapidly deserted him, but the brave man held out, despite the terrible news from Hicks Pasha. In his last notes

to Emin he said no one could know what he had endured; but, as he could not escape, he died game. Not a man was left to him. He is another of the long list of martyrs for the cause of progress in Africa.

But the rebellion against Emin was not Mahdist in spirit. The Egyptian officers seized the envoys, tortured them to elicit information, and then beat them to death with clubs, and decided upon war. "After a few days the Mahdists attacked and captured Regaf, killing five officers and numbers of soldiers, and taking many women and children prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition in the station were lost. The result of this was a general stampede of the people from the stations of Biddon, Kirri, and Muggi, who fled with their women and children to Labore, abandoning almost everything.

"At Killi the ammunition was abandoned and was seized by natives. The Pasha reckoned that the Mahdists numbered about 1,500. The officers and a large number of soldiers have returned to Muggi, and intend making a stand against the Mahdists. Our position here is extremely unpleasant, for since the rebellion all is chaos and confusion. There is no head, and half a dozen conflicting orders are given every day, and no one obeys. The rebel officers are wholly unable to control the soldiers. The Baris have joined the Mahdists. If they come down here with a rush, nothing can save us. The officers are all frightened at what has taken place, and are anxiously awaiting your arrival, and desire to leave the country with you, for they are now really persuaded that Khartoum has fallen and that you have come from the Khedive. We are like rats in a trap. They will neither let us act nor retire, and I fear unless you come very soon you will be too late, and our fate

will be like that of the rest of the garrisons of the Soudan."

Had the rebellion not happened, Emin could perhaps have held the Mahdists in check. But without a strong leader, and disagreeing among themselves, the troops of Emin were not effective. What they might have done is uncertain; but a sudden repulse by the Mahdists created a diversion in Emin's favor. The soldiers were led by their officers to attempt to retake Regaf, but the Mahdists defended it, and killed six officers and a large number of soldiers. Among the officers killed were some of Emin's worst enemies. The soldiers in all the stations were so panic-stricken and angry that they declared they would not fight unless Emin were liberated. The officers were obliged to free him, and sent him to Wadelai. There he had comparative liberty, but was without authority, and was carefully watched. Jephson and Emin hoped to reach Tanguru, on Lake Albert, and to rejoin Stanley as soon as he arrived. The position was precarious; for if the Mahdists chose to press the war, the doom of the entire garrison was sealed. But the Mahdists waited for reinforcements from Khartoum, and their opportunity passed. That they had some idea of the situation is manifest from the letter of Osman Digna. The two whites who were said to be prisoners were Emin and Jephson. That far his story was true. So at the very time when the civilized world was rejoicing over official news of Stanley's safety, he and Emin were in a more dangerous situation than ever.

Jephson did not succeed in sending off the letter and postscript at first. In a second postscript, December 18, he stated that he and Emin had failed to reach Tanguru till the Egyptians fled from the Mahdi. There

BRITISH AND GERMAN NAVAL SQUADRONS ESCORTING STANLEY TO ZANZIBAR.

had been further hostilities: "The Mahdists surrounded Dufile Station and besieged it for four days. The soldiers, of whom there are about five hundred, managed to repulse them and they retired to Regaf, their headquarters. As they have sent down to Khartoum for reinforcements, they doubtless will attack again when strengthened. In our flight from Wadelai, the officers requested me to destroy our boats. I therefore broke them up. Dufile is being renovated as fast as possible. The Pasha is unable to move hand or foot, as there is still a very strong party against him. The officers are no longer in immediate fear of the Mahdists. Do not on any account come down to us, at my former camp on the lake near Kavalli's Island, but make your camp at Kavalli's, on the plateau above. Send a letter directly you arrive there, and as soon as we hear of your arrival I will come to you. I will not disguise from you that you will have a difficult and dangerous work before you in dealing with the Pasha's people. I trust you will arrive before the Mahdists are reinforced, or our case will be desperate."

The somewhat conflicting contents of the letter and postscripts puzzled Stanley. If Emin and Jephson were closely watched, he could not see why they expected to leave Tanguru, or to be able to come to him. The simple facts were that the reverses met with by the garrison immediately after Emin's deposition had divided the Egyptians to such extent that there was no unanimity of action among them. While they thus were at cross-purposes, it was not very difficult for Emin to march off with a few faithfuls, while yet unable to reestablish absolute authority.

Two notes from Emin confirmed the news in Jephson's letter. But no hint was given as to Emin's ulti-

mate purpose. Remembering his indecision in the preceding May, Stanley began to believe that only Emin's distrust of him kept him from action. In a letter to Jephson he said, "I want to help the Pasha somehow, but he must also help me and credit me." Further, he was ready to send an escort for Emin, if he would only come at once. But he was too weary to personally undertake the descent to the lake, and the fatiguing return. As to Jephson's warning, he said: "Don't be alarmed or uneasy on our account. Nothing hostile can approach us within twelve miles without my knowing it. I am in the thickest of a friendly population, and if I sound a war note, within four hours I can have two thousand warriors to assist me to repel any force disposed to violence; and if it is to be a war, why, then I am ready for the cunningest Arab alive."

Stanley wrote on January 18th, to Jephson: "I could save a dozen pashas if they were willing to be saved. I would go on my knees and implore the Pasha to be sensible of his own case. He is wise enough in all things else, even for his own interest. Be kind and good to him for his many virtues, but do not you be drawn into the fatal fascination the Soudan territory seems to have for all Europeans in late years. As they touch its ground they seem to be drawn into a whirlpool which sucks them in and covers them with its waves. The only way to avoid it is to obey blindly, devotedly and unquestioningly all orders from the outside. The committee said: 'Relieve Emin with this ammunition. If he wishes to come out, the ammunition will enable him to do so. If he elects to stay it will be of service to him.'

"The Khedive said the same thing, and added that if the Pasha and his officers wished to stay they could

do so on their own responsibility. Sir Evelyn Baring said the same thing in clear, decided words, and here I am, after four thousand one hundred miles travel, with the last installment of relief. Let him who is authorized to take it, take it and come; I am ready to lend him all my strength and will assist him; but this time there must be no hesitation, but positive yea or nay, and home we go."

Stanley had misjudged Emin. February 6th Jephson arrived in Stanley's camp, and said, "Sentiment is the Pasha's worst enemy." That, and not the fascination of the Soudan, or a distrust of Stanley, kept Emin back. Emin's letter of April, 1887, shows what that "sentiment" was. He wrote:

"The work that Gordon paid for with his blood I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intention and in his spirit. When my lamented chief placed the government of this country in my hands he wrote me: 'I appoint you for civilization and progress' sake.' I have done my best to justify the trust he had in me, and that I have to some extent been successful and have won the confidence of the natives is proved by the fact that I and my handful of people have held our own up to the present in the midst of hundreds of thousands of natives. I remain here as the last and only representative of Gordon's staff. It, therefore, falls to me, and is my bounden duty, to follow up the road he showed. Sooner or later a bright future must dawn for these countries; sooner or later these people will be drawn into the circle of the ever advancing civilized world. For twelve long years have I striven and toiled and sown the seeds for future harvest—laid the foundation stones for future buildings.

Shall I now give up the work because a way may soon open to the coast? Never."

The same dauntless spirit and devotion to his work that made Livingstone refuse to return home with Stanley caused Emin's perplexity. The rebellion, which Stanley thought should decide Emin to leave at once, only increased the difficulty.

The rumors of a strange white pasha in the Bahr el Ghazel region had caused much uneasiness among Emin's men on Stanley's first approach. His errand was a subject of unfavorable speculation. Fearing Emin had some dishonorable design toward them, many officers had been restive; and Emin had no real authority when Stanley arrived. Otherwise, he would not have consented to abandon the region at all.

On Stanley's departure, certain officers who did not like to leave a land where they lived in comparative peace and plenty, and knowing they could not hold the fort if the soldiery left, began a systematic misrepresentation of Stanley and Emin. Instead of aiding, the rebellion hindered Emin's decision.

But Emin yielded to the advice of others, and on February 13th arrived at the west side of the lake, with two steamers carrying a number of the people who wished to leave. Twelve officers and forty soldiers, who accompanied him, asked for time to bring their comrades from Wadelai. His authority was at last re-established sufficiently to allow him some control of the men. The two steamers returned for more of the people.

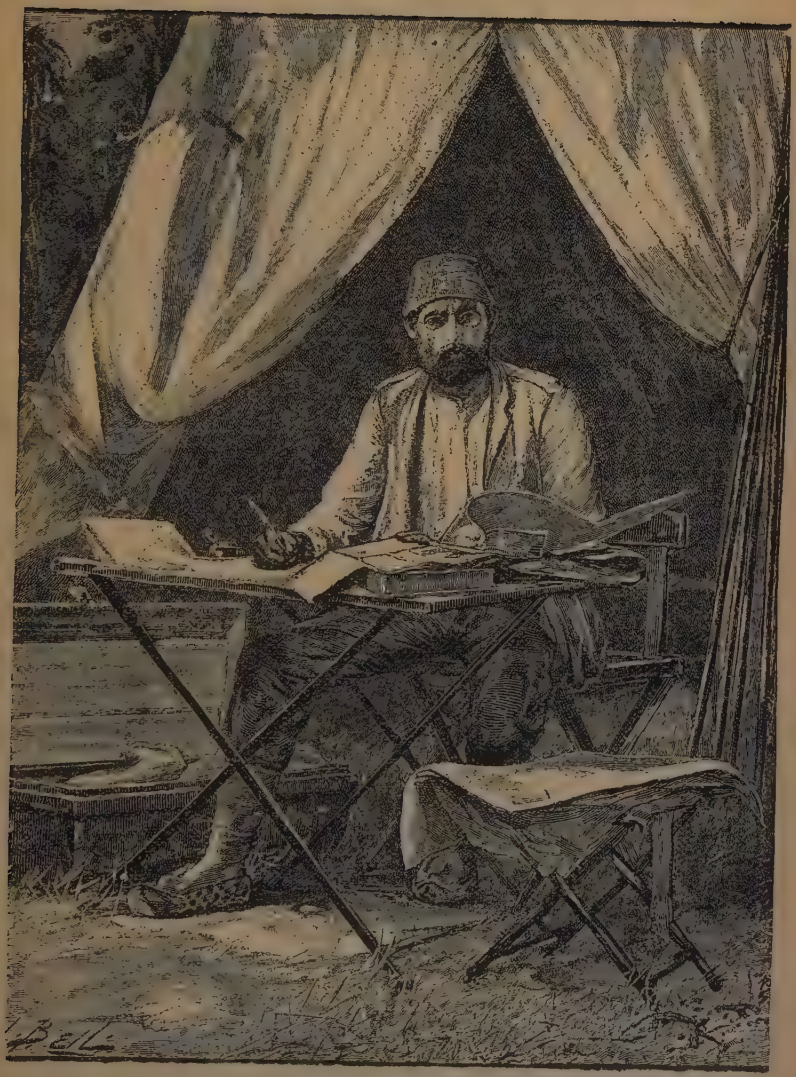
Meanwhile Stanley had sent orders to the rear guard to mass all troops ready for contingencies. It proved that the machinations of the malcontents had given trouble to Nelson and Parkes. There seemed a

deep-laid plot to wreck the entire expedition. But for a time its leaders could not be located.

February 17th Emin, with his chief of staff, Selim Bey, and seven officers and sixty-five people, arrived in Stanley's camp. Selim had attacked the Mahdists at Duffile, killing 250 of them. On the next day Stairs arrived with the rear column. Selim stated in a council held this day that he, as representative of the Equatorial troops, requested time to allow them to assemble at Kavalli. Of which Stanley writes:

"I explained through Emin Pasha the object of my expedition, and offered them a promise, written in Arabic, to wait a reasonable time for them to join me. The deputation replied that my offer was satisfactory. They said they would proceed directly to Wadelai and proclaim it and commence the work of transportation. The deputation started for Wadelai on the 26th. Emin returned on the 27th with his little daughter Ferida, and a caravan of 144 men. He and I agreed that twenty days was a reasonable time. He offered a written undertaking, which I declined. The interval was occupied by Surgeon Parke in healing our sick. So devoted and skillful was he that I was able on April 1st to turn out 280 able-bodied men, whereas in February it would have been difficult to muster 200."

The refugees now began to pour in; but they brought with them great quantities of property, which gave Stanley's men much labor to transport to the summit of the plateau. As it would have to be abandoned on the march, it was mere rubbish. March 1st he ordered this work stopped. There were already 1,355 loads of useless plunder in the camp. March 26th word was received from Selim announcing that rebels, officers,



EMIN IN CAMP.

and everybody were unanimous to depart for Egypt under Stanley's escort.

Still there seemed unwarrantable delay. The refugees were not assembling punctually. Stanley called a council and stated the features of the case; warned them of the danger of trusting the rebels implicitly, as Emin was inclined to do, when they had already boasted of their intention, with cajoling words to entrap Stanley and strip his expedition. Finally Stanley asked the officers whether he would be justified in waiting beyond April 10. Each officer replied in the negative.

"There, Pasha," said Stanley; "you have your answer. We march on the 10th." Emin's conscience still troubled him, and Stanley told him they were certainly clear of blame if, as the officers said, April 10th allowed time enough. Those who were left could thank themselves. And they had plenty of food.

But by the 5th Emin discovered that but few of his 10,000 men would leave. Says Stanley: "We all had our eyes opened; it was a farce on the part of the Wadelai force. It was clear that the Pasha no longer had authority. Yet Emin was obstinate in his belief in them. * * * At this time I discovered conspiracies in the camp. The Egytians tried to steal the rifles of the Zanzibaris, and the number of malcontents kept increasing. Emin also had received news of a bad state of things at Wadelai. Therefore I decided upon immediate action. I formed a square of rifles, and assembled all the Pasha's people within it. Those who refused to come were arrested and placed in irons, and some were flogged. All denied any knowledge of a plot. I told all who desired to accompany me to stand aside, and, through the Pasha, threatened to exterminate them

wholly if there were any more rebellious tricks. This muster consisted of about 600 persons. On the 10th we started, numbering about 1,500 persons, including 350 newly enrolled native carriers. On the 12th we camped at Mazamboni's, and that night I was struck down with a severe illness, which wellnigh proved fatal. During this twenty-eight days Selim had plenty of time to rejoin us, but never came, and the only additions to the camp were Snukari Oga, chief of the Mswa Station, and one servant, ten others having deserted him on the way. These were all that remained of the garrison of sixty, reported to be the most faithful of the faithful. During the month there were also several plots mooted, only one of which was realized. The ringleader, a freed slave, was tried by court-martial and executed.

"An intercepted letter of Selim revealed another plot to attack the expedition. On May 7 a letter was received from Selim containing various insolent charges against us, and an appeal to wait longer for them, the rebels having again robbed them of all their ammunition."

To this Stanley replied, offering to go slowly, so they could overtake him. But Selim wrote no more.

Such is the story of the rebellion.

As anticipated, when left to themselves the rebels quarreled, and brought upon their own heads the evil they designed for others. Relying upon craft, but without control, they had sought to ruin the expedition. But traitors within camp were discovered, and those without fell foul of one another and ruined themselves. So Providence did its work.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

RESUMING the march on May 8th, Stanley and Emin adopted a route skirting the Balegga Mountains, forty miles from the Nyanza. Arriving at the southern end of the mountains, there was a successful encounter with the King of Unyoro, which cleared the route as far as the Semliki River. The ripening grass in this valley made the people mistake it, at a distance, for a vast lake. This at length explained the hitherto inexplicable error of Baker, who, standing near the southern end of the lake, records that he saw it stretching away an immense distance to the southwest. Some of Stanley's officers were deceived in the same way. Far to the southwest was found a new lake, the Albert Edward Nyanza, drained by the Semliki into Lake Albert. This river was swift and narrow; about nine feet deep from bank to bank, and from eighty to one hundred yards wide. It carries an immense amount of sediment. The Warasura, allies of the Wanyoro, endeavored unsuccessfully to dispute the passage of the river.

This portion of the homeward route lay in a new region; and in the discoveries made lie the chief interest of the march. There were occasional brushes with the natives, but there was no serious obstacle to progress. The long talked of Mountains of the Moon are now definitely located along the east side of the Semliki. The

BAGAMOYO, OPPOSITE ZANZIBAR, WITH ENCAMPMENT OF STANLEY'S FOLLOWERS.

snow-capped "Cloud-King," Ruwenzori, nearly 19,000 feet high, was partially ascended. "It took nineteen marches to reach the southwest angle of the range. The huts of the natives were seen at an altitude of 8,000 feet above the sea. All the officers wanted to climb the mountain, but were not in condition to do so. Emin attained the height of 1,000 feet above the camp. Stairs managed to climb 10,677 feet, only to find two deep gulfs between him and the snowy summit. He collected a number of plants, and Emin was happy in classifying them."

Two great cones, Gordon-Bennett and McKinnon, flank the higher mountain. The Gordon-Bennett mountain was the one seen by Stanley in 1876, at the time of his futile effort to reach the Lake Muta Nzige.

"On the southwest of the range the connection between Albert Edward Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains has been traversed, so covered by such tracts of pasture land as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy.

"And right under the equator we have fed on blackberries and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly 6,000 square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza."

One hundred and thirty-three days were spent by the joint force in the region between the Victoria and the Albert, and most of the important geographical discoveries were made here. The assertion of Speke, made many years ago, has been well borne out; exceeded, in fact. He estimated the Victoria at 25,000 square miles. Stanley's discovery of an extension to the southwest, hitherto hidden from observation from

the main body of the lake by large, mountainous, well peopled islands, increases the total area of this great fresh water sea to 26,900 square miles; 1,900 more than Speke's estimate, which had by many been pronounced 5,000 miles too large. And the Uriji lake, which Speke had lightly sketched, proved to be a considerable body of water, with large and populous islands. The head waters of the southwest branch of the White Nile prove to be in the lofty range of which the snow-crested Ruwenzori is the highest peak. A number of not inconsiderable streams rush thence into the Albert Edward Nyanza, which is drained by the Semliki River into the Albert Nyanza. Thus to Emin and Stanley at last falls the honor of the discovery of the remote source of the White Nile. And the discovered extension of the Victoria brings that lake within 155 miles of the Tanganyika.

The Aruwimi was thoroughly explored in the repeated journeys that had been made. One hundred miles from its mouth it is the Suhali; near the Nepoko junction it is the Nevoa; above the Nepoko it becomes the No-Welle. Three hundred miles from the Congo it is called the Itiri, which is soon changed into the Ituri, which name it retains to its source. Ten minutes' march from the Ituri waters may be seen the Nyanza, like a mirror in its immense gulf.

Hence, in this great upland plateau west of Lake Albert is the watershed line, sending the Nile northeast, and the Aruwimi and Congo west.

The great Congo Forest is responsible for much of the Congo's volume. Nine months of the year the winds sweep the vapors of the South Atlantic into this great upland plateau, where they are condensed and fall as rain for about 150 days in each year. When,

in addition to the great lakes which it drains, and which are fed by the South African rains, we consider the amount of moisture thus drained from a region as large as France, Spain, and Portugal combined, we shall cease to wonder at the volume of the Congo.

Stanley considers the character of the natives to be due largely to the depressing effect of this forest. Its influence on his own men, and the reaction when they reached the plains, have already been noticed. So long as they were in the forest, Stanley says, "we saw nothing that looked like a smile, or a kind thought, or a moral sensation. The aborigines are wild, utterly savage, and incorrigibly vindictive. The dwarfs—called Wambutti—are worse still, far worse. Animal life is likewise so wild and shy that no sport is to be enjoyed. The gloom of the forest is perpetual. The face of the river, reflecting its black walls of vegetation, is dark and somber. The sky one-half of the time every day resembles a winter sky in England; the face of Nature and life is fixed and joyless. If the sun charges through the black clouds enveloping it and a kindly wind brushes the masses of vapor below the horizon, and the bright light reveals our surroundings, it is only to tantalize us with a short-lived vision of brilliancy and beauty of verdure."

The Albert Nyanza proves to be falling, as the Tanganyika rises. A century ago it must have been twelve or fifteen miles longer. Islands that existed seven or eight years since near the west shore, are now promontories. In the southwestern portion the depth is but a few feet when a mile and a half from the shore. Owing to the immense quantity of silt brought down by the Semliki, at the south end, a small steamer must anchor five miles from the land. The slope of the surrounding

plain at this part is one foot in 180. At no very remote period it must have lain at the bottom of the lake.

Such are the more important geographical facts developed by the expedition. The world now has a better knowledge of the lake region of Central Africa than ever before. Yet there is much more to be learned. There are native reports of considerable bodies of water in the lake region directly to the west of that portion of the Congo flowing between Lake Moero and Nyangwe. The Lake Kamolondo, which some have believed to be merely the sluggish lacustrine expansion of the Congo in this region, may yet prove to be a lake to the west, drained by a stream flowing northward into the Congo. It should be remembered that the Congo above Nyangwe has not been explored by Stanley, and that Livingstone may have been misinformed on this point by the natives. Hence Kamolondo is yet an unsettled problem, as is also the rumored Lake Landji, still farther north. It is probable that the latter lies in course of Webb's Lualaba River, and that the junction of the Luapula and Lualaba forms the Congo. The mouth of the Lukuga, the outlet of the Tanganyika, is not known. The explorations of Trivier, the French explorer, now returning from this region, may have settled the matter.

It is beyond dispute that the lakes of Africa rival in total area, if they do not surpass, those of our own land. The Victoria now stands the second largest in the world, being exceeded only by Lake Superior. When we consider Lake Tchad, nearly as large, and the Albert, Albert Edward, Tanganyika, Bangweolo, Moero and Nyassa, besides other reported lakes yet unexplored, it is extremely doubtful if our American lakes can remain at the head. Certainly they can no longer claim three-fourths of all the fresh water on the globe.

The positions of the African lakes are peculiar. Situated in a great table-land, most lie in deep clefts or valleys, while the Victoria and Nyassa occupy positions best exemplified by an inverted saucer. It would not be difficult to dam the narrow Nile outlet of the Victoria and cause it to flow out at some other point.

Important as are the geographical results of this expedition, they are surpassed in value by the work done by numerous other explorers in the same period. On returning to civilization, Stanley will learn of astounding discoveries made in the past three years. Half a dozen men, still hardly known to the world, have been threading the complicated waterways of the Congo basin. This region, half as large as the United States, was, five years ago, practically unknown, save for a single pathway through it—the Congo. Stanley's previous work had been merely opening the gates that others might enter. When he published his last volume we hardly knew of the existence of the largest Congo tributary. For twenty years the Welle of Schweinfurth, near the headwaters of the Nile, had puzzled geographers, till Stanley concluded it must be the Aruwimi. Just as the world was accepting this decision, Rev. Geo. Grenfell, who, with his little steamer, the *Peace*, has made his way into so many new regions, on leaving Leopoldville to explore some southern feeders of the Upper Congo, made the astonishing discovery of an immense northern Congo tributary, whose mouth had been passed a score of times unseen. It is hard to obtain a proper conception of the Congo. Grenfell was 125 miles up this affluent, the Mobangi, ere he knew he had left the main stream. The explanation of the fact that this stream so long passed unnoticed is found in the immense breadth of the Congo, and its numerous

islands. The Emin Relief Expedition, with its fleet of steamers, passed up unseen by the white men at various stations. The Mobangi, traced up, becomes the Makua; the Makua is the Welle, a stream as long as the Volga, and far greater in volume. On the south side of the Congo, Wissman, traveling west from the Lake region, launches his canoe on the Lulua, traces it the Kassai, and finds the latter as long as the Danube, and in many places three or four miles wide. For weeks after he traced the Kassai to the Congo a steamer with supplies lay 250 miles above, supposing the rumored Kassai must reach the Congo about the equator. The great Sankuru, supposed to be a tributary of the Congo, empties into the Kassai 400 miles from its mouth. Junker's Nepoko is but an affluent of the Aruwimi. Stanley's estimate of 5,000 miles of waterway above Stanley Pool was, four years since, ridiculed. More than 7000 miles have already been explored. Each month brings a succession of geographical surprises. The traveler can hardly move without knocking some pet theory in the head. Wolf steams up the Sankuru to within 130 miles of Nyangwe, solving the question of a direct road from Leopoldville to Central Africa. Delcommune enters the Lomami, a fourth-rate affluent of the Congo, and steamers now travel from Leopoldville to within sixty miles of Nyangwe; a distance greater than from New York to Omaha.

But stranger still are the remarkable peoples discovered. West of Lake Bangweolo is a mountainous region inhabited by cave-dwellers, whom no chieftain has ever been able to make tributary. In the same district are a powerful tribe whose men till the fields and dare not face their wives at night unless they have brought home a good bundle of firewood—an anomaly among

African races. North of these a territory as large as the State of Maine is peopled by the cannibal Batwa dwarfs. To the west of these dwell a vast race, the Balolo, numbering millions; a copper-colored people of fine physique. Thousands of them live in huts built on piles in the river, after the fashion of the ancient Swiss lake-dwellers. In the savannas south of the Congo Forest, along the Sankuru, Wissman and Kund have seen villages ten miles long. Among the Monbuttu cannibals, has been seen an audience hall one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet high. Along the Lomami, Wolf has found natives living in huts in the tree-tops. Along the Lulua, Wissman has found a great people who have discarded fetishism, and cut down the palms that no wine may be made: radical prohibitionists. Formerly cannibals, these people, the Baluba, have discarded the practice, and now abhor it. Keen and intelligent, they anxiously question the white men on metaphysical subjects. Woman has a high place among them. In the region two hundred miles west of Lake Bangweolo are mountains in which dwell a race of cave-dwellers. Their underground city, a perfect labyrinth of artificial excavations, affords them a retreat where their enemies dare not follow them. Their most powerful neighbors have not been able to subdue these timid folk, not daring to follow them into the winding retreats where they dwell and house their herds and store their grain.

It is worthy of note that Grant was told twenty-six years ago of these people. No one believed the native reports. So no one believed the Arab tales of the dwarfs: yet Aristotle and Herodotus wrote of the dwarfs. Sallust writes of people who prize copper and despise gold. These and a score of similar things long con-

sidered myths, our boasted civilization now verifies. There is no new thing under the sun.

Such are the salient points of the past three years' work. Details cannot now be given. Many energetic men are at work, but they have had little time to give their notes to the public. Most that is made known must be dug from a mass of official reports of the Congo State. Already railways are being built in the Congo State. No one dare predict what the next few years may bring forth. Africa is verily a land of wonders.

The main events of Stanley's last expedition have been given in brief. Yet it must stand as the most remarkable of all of his journeys. "The bare catalogue of incidents would fill several quires of foolscap; the catalogue of skirmishes would be of respectable length; the catalogue of adventures, accidents, mortalities, sufferings from fever, morbid musings over mischances, would fill a volume."

Considering the unprecedented difficulties, and the remarkable coincidences, it is not to be wondered at that Stanley believes a special providence guarded the expedition.

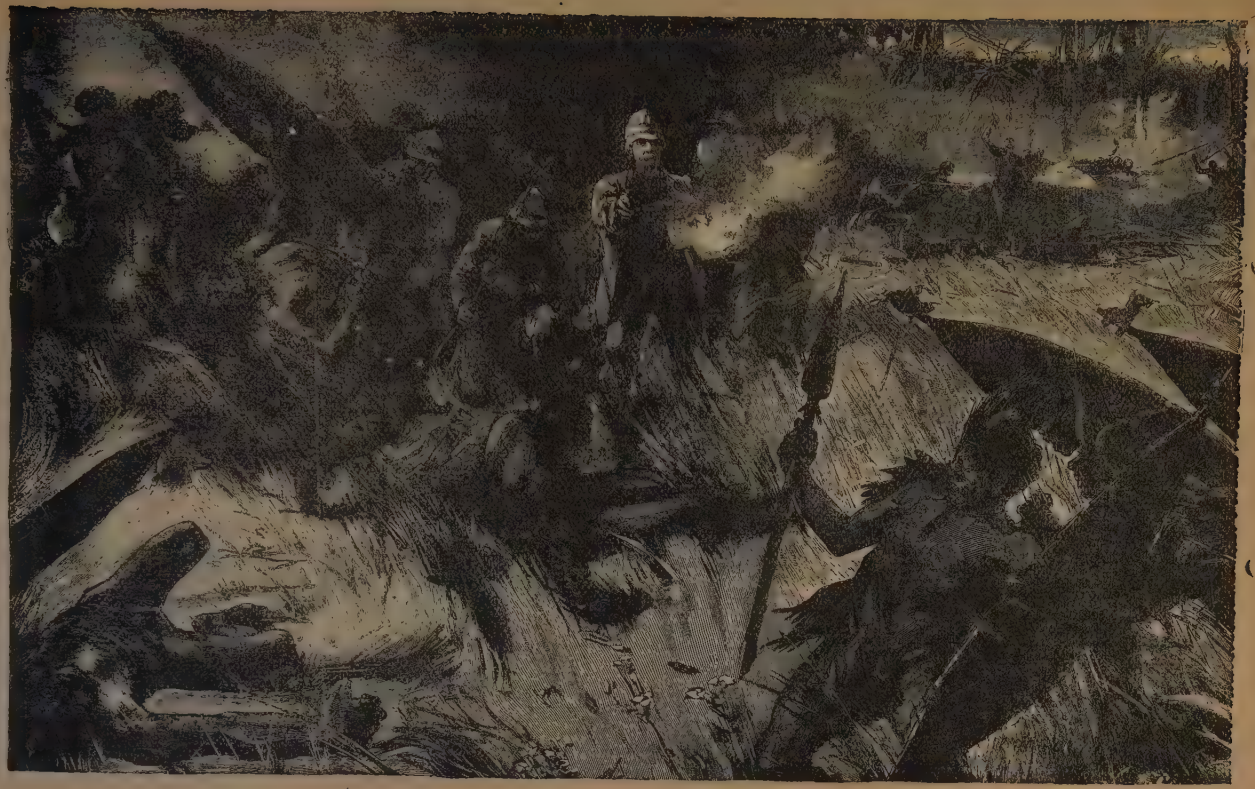
Certain coincidences are truly remarkable. August, 1887, sees Jephson leading the advance of 333 picked men into the forest, where they lose their way and wander about six days ere the scouts of Stanley find them. At the same time disaster overtakes the rear guard.

Take August, 1888; and as Stanley arrives at Bunalya and sees with horror the fearful condition of the few survivors of that charnel-house and hears of the infamous murder of poor Barttelot a month before, Jamieson, 600 miles away to the west, worn out by fever, fatigue and disappointment, obtaining no help from Tippu-Tib, lies down in the desolate wilds to die; and the next day

sees Jephson and Emin, hundreds of miles away to the east, surrounded by infuriate rebels with loaded rifles. Why were they not killed? Why did Stairs, wounded below the heart by a poisoned arrow, live when others so wounded died? Stanley well says that these strange escapes, and the peculiar fortitude and firmness shown by his dusky followers evince the control of a higher power than luck or man.

The homeward route from the Victoria region was by way of Simbamwenni, the road partially traversed by Stanley in 1871. No new discoveries of importance were made toward the sea-coast. There were continual brushes with the natives: for the Arabs had fomented dissensions among them, and the German and Portuguese schemes in East Africa had created much uneasiness, and all whites were viewed with suspicion. Grave fears for the safety of Emin were occasioned in November by the report that Dr. Peters, a German explorer, and his party, had been massacred by the Somalis. But this was a false alarm. Still the way was not strewn with roses. Stanley writes: "In North Usukuma, south of the Victoria Nyanza, we had as stirring a time for four days as anywhere on our route. There was a continuous fighting during the greater part of the daylight hours. The foolish natives took an unaccountable prejudice against Emin's people. They insisted that they were cannibals, and had come for no good purpose. Talking was useless, as an attempt to disprove their impression only drove them into a white heat rage, and in their mad hate flinging themselves on us, they suffered severely. Losses by battle were few, but numbers died of fever."

Many seemed to die from the sudden reaction, or cessation of exertion, just as Stanley's Zanzibaris did in



FIGHTING IN NORTH USUKUMA.

1877. Stanley wrote to the British consul at Zanzibar: "Every previous expedition has seen the lightening of its labors upon nearing the sea. But the long string of hammock-bearers with us now tell a different tale. Till we can place the poor things in our company on shipboard, there will be no rest for us. The worst of it is that we have not the privilege of showing you at Zanzibar the full extent of our labors. After carrying some of them 1,000 miles, and fighting to the right and left of the sick, driving the Warasura from their prey over range after range of mountains, with every energy on full strain, they slip through our hands and die in their hammocks. One lady, seventy-five years old, mother of Vakiel, died in this manner."

The fact is, the experience of all African travelers goes to prove that the only safety lies in constant activity. Fred Barker, on Stanley's second trip, died simply of stagnation. Stanley was seldom liable to fever when on the march. His attacks usually occurred during temporary halts. Had Barttelot's company been in more active service, the mortality would have been far less. The experience of Taylor's missionaries proves the same thing. The climate of the west coast produces a drowsiness, to yield to which is usually fatal. The Fan cannibals have a proverb, "Day-sleep makes the eyes sore." "Bishop Taylor's Liver Regulator" consists of a flat plate of steel, fastened at right angles to a wooden shaft, and used vigorously two or three hours each day in the destruction of weeds. His patients enjoy excellent health.

As the party neared the coast, Lieutenant Wissman, the noted German explorer, was sent with a small force to welcome them and carry some supplies. On arriving at Zanzibar, the travelers were enthusiastically

welcomed by representatives of various nationalities. The great task was completed. After settling the affairs of the expedition at Zanzibar, Stanley, on December 30th, sailed for Egypt to report to the Khedive.

The joy of the civilized world was for a moment overclouded. December 5th, Emin, who is near-sighted, fell from a balcony at Bagamoyo and was injured,—it was at first thought fatally. But careful attention is restoring his health. He now enters the service of the German government, and will doubtless play a prominent part in the colonization of East Africa. It would have been a strange fatality had he died at Bagamoyo, after safely braving the perils of Africa so long. The world has need of such men.

CHAPTER XLII.

NATIONAL JEALOUSIES.

HUMANITY has its tigers: conquerors who build their pyramids of fame of grinning skulls and bleaching bones; of shattered armor and bleeding corses; of the tears of the orphan and the moans of the widowed and childless; and who, seated enthroned on the ghastly heap, receive the adulation of multitudes crying, "The Great!" Ay, the Great in sin!

Detestable as are those who for momentary fame, or through a spirit of revenge, have plunged millions into conflict in which they had nothing to gain, they who through petty jealousy of their neighbors retard the progress of humanity are viler still. More loathsome than either are they who, having accomplished naught themselves, besmirch and belittle the good deeds of others. "Wrath is cruel; anger is outrageous; but who can stand before envy?"

The deeds of false friends and the sayings of critics must have more than passing notice.

National jealousy has played a leading part in the last great drama. It is beyond dispute that the wrecking of the rear guard was the work of Tippu-Tib. The mere circumstantial evidence is of the strongest charcter. Why was it that more than a year after Stanley left Yambuya, many of the 600 carriers contracted for had not been sent? Why did Ugarrowwa and his raiders

devastate those districts through which Stanley intended to go, and which no Arab ever visited before? Was the terrible fatality at Yambuya—seventy-five per cent in one year—the result of malaria, or, as some believe, is it to be partially accounted for by slow poison? Who fomented trouble with the natives?

Such are the questions which suggested themselves to the civilized world. Stanley's almost absolute silence concerning the Arab was also an ominous fact. The world watched anxiously for a statement from him.

In finishing the business of the expedition at Zanzibar, the Relief Committee brought a suit for damages against Tippu-Tib before the consular court. The testimony of Stanley and Bonny confirmed the gravest suspicions of the committee. They testified that Tippu-Tib broke his contract with a view of obtaining all the stores and ammunition belonging to the expedition, and that Tippu-Tib's nephew executed some natives who were trying to revictual the expedition, thus causing the high rate of mortality among Stanley's followers. They further asserted that the 430 Manyema porters whom he did supply were sent with the secret understanding that they should desert the expedition when entangled in the forest; thus the ruin of the party would have been inevitable. In this the Arab was disappointed. And when, after long delay, the carriers were furnished, he continually, upon one pretext or another, delayed the start; sometimes asserting the loads were too heavy; again, passing without objection loads he had the same day condemned. The old fellow was a greater rascal than even the wary Stanley had suspected.

The reason of Tippu-Tib's treachery is apparent. It is the same spirit that was shown continually toward Baker, Livingstone and others by the Arabs. The

Arab controls the slave trade; English supremacy in Africa means its abolition. Emin was the last representative of civilized government; Stanley the most active of living explorers. Could these be overthrown, the slave-trade might long flourish unmolested.

Tippu-Tib not being amenable to the authority of any nation concerned in the expedition, the only proceedings against him could be for breach of contract. Even such are of doubtful policy. He is autocrat of a country not represented in any consular court. Only a liberal bonus can restrain him; and even then he may, as he has already done, play the open friend and secret foe.

Stanley endeavors as far as possible to remove any discredit that has attached to Barttelot. He says that Barttelot only needed, to extricate himself from his dilemma, qualities that will not be gained save by long experience in Africa, and eulogizes his courage and high qualities. He knew the Major was a man of little forbearance and had intended to keep him with himself, but necessity compelled the change that caused him to leave him behind. Barttelot was ignorant of the language of the people, and his interpreter may have been false and occasioned the coolness between the men and the Major, which was never overcome and led to his death. Such a trick is common with African interpreters; should the lingster have a grudge against either the traveler or the natives, trouble is almost inevitable.

It is certainly remarkable that the murder of Barttelot and the revolt against Emin occurred so nearly at the same time; but it does not appear that the revolt can be fairly attributed to the schemes of the Arab. Otherwise, Emin would surely have been slain. It seems merely due to the disinclination of the troops to

TIPPU-TIB'S CANOES ON THE CONGO.

leave the land they had occupied for years, and where they were, in a manner, settled. They were disturbed at the first rumor of Stanley's approach, and had obeyed Emin protestingly thenceforth. If the final outbreak resulting from this was the work of Tippu-Tib, his only means of bringing it about was by misrepresentation of Stanley's purpose. They were not in sympathy with the Arab, nor yet with the Mahdi.

It is but fair to say that Sir William McKinnon asserts that the rebellion was due to the machinations of the Arab. As McKinnon is chairman of the Relief Committee, it is supposed he has official information that justifies his belief. Yet this may be only undue fear of Arab influence.

Whether the Arab planned the mischief or not, it has been accomplished. The founded civilization has been destroyed. The lukewarm, halting methods of England and Egypt have been ended in disaster. Let us hope that Stanley's work has but begun; that he and Emin will yet plant firmly the standard of civilization and progress amidst the benighted dwellers in the Dark Continent.

National jealousy has played its part also in the civilized world. Had it not been for the jealousy of other European powers, England would certainly have adopted a far more vigorous policy in the Soudan.

As this is being written, Portugal is contending with England for larger territory in the Zambesi basin; Germany has its grasp upon rich possessions in the east of the continent, while France seizes the Lower Congo, and Italy strives for Abyssinia and the Somali region.

But jealousy in this respect the world condones, for it proceeds from national enterprise. The most

despicable form of national jealousy appears in the utterances of great journals.

When Stanley relieved Livingstone, there was widespread dissatisfaction among a certain class of Englishmen. They were nettled that an American should succeed, where others had not ventured; that he should relieve an Englishman and return, ere the tardy English expedition had fairly started. On all sides he was attacked. Many pronounced his entire narrative a fabrication, and asserted he had only been a few miles into the interior on a hunting trip. They did him tardy justice, when Livingstone's notes were published.

And a similar spirit is manifested by not a few envious souls since his success upon this expedition. Certain newspaper critics are alleging that it is a very suspicious circumstance that Stanley always comes back safe from expeditions that prove so fatal to his white companions. Such insinuations are but the work of cowards who dare not assert openly what they mean, viz., that Stanley assigns positions of unusual danger to his assistants, or covertly abets their assassination by the natives. That such allegations are unworthy of notice, save as showing the baseness of envy, goes without saying. Yet they have a sting for a high-spirited soul like Stanley's, and he justly complains of the unfair manner in which a large portion of the secular press has treated him.

French journalists have asserted that bitter hatred existed between Emin and Stanley; that the latter despised the former, and that Emin considered himself unwarrantably interfered with.

Nothing in the correspondence bears out the assertion. That Stanley for a time seemed to misunderstand Emin's hesitancy is apparent; that it was a mistake to

bring out Emin, and that the rebellion was caused thereby, not a few believe. More than this can hardly be proven. The Hamletic irresolution of Emin worried the prompt, decisive American. He considered that it caused an otherwise unnecessary journey of 1,300 miles to bring up Barttelot's detachment. But that there is personal enmity in consequence does not appear, even by careful reading between the lines. It seems merely the frank criticism of friend upon friend.

At first the petty flings of *Le Temps* and other French journals were believed to be due to French hatred of the German; that the gibes had Emin for their ultimate object. But later developments show a decided hatred of Stanley. Burdo, a French African explorer, says:

"Stanley is the man who said at Manchester: 'Our enemy is France.' Stanley is the man who jeered at the ragged clothes and naked feet of De Brazza. It was Stanley who, only the other day, on reaching the coast, rejoiced that the first man he met was a German. With his blustering obtrusiveness he rescued people who never asked to be rescued. It is unquestionably Stanley who has caused the loss of the Soudan to civilization. In short, I regard Stanley as emphatically a dangerous man, and the enemy of all Frenchmen. Other nations have accused France of not possessing the genius of colonization; but what are the facts? What flag to-day floats over the most eastern African possessions? What flag in Africa is the most respected alike by negro and Arab? It is the tricolor, and wherever that flag waves —in Algiers, in Tunis, in Senegal, in the Eastern Soudan, and on the Congo—you will find peace and stability, and this while England is struggling against the Mahdi on the Nile, while Italy is exhausting her

HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG IN THE ZAM SI REGION.

strength in Abyssinia, and while Germany is undone by a handful of negroes in Usagara. France is the only European nation which the Mussulman, if he does not love, at least tolerates. It is a splendid tribute to our colonizing methods to have gained that point.

"What, then, are those colonizing methods? Simply that wherever we have established ourselves among African populations, we have done so not by violence and brutality, but by kindness, by fair dealing, and by patient effort."

All this is misrepresentation and buncombe; Stanley is anything but blustering and obstrusive. He did not plan the expedition to relieve Emin. In bringing him out he did what was best, in view of Emin's condition and his own orders. The Khedive had said, if Emin stayed it would be on his own responsibility. That is, Egypt meant to abandon the Soudan.

The allusion to Stanley's rejoicing that a German met him is only another amusing instance of French "Teutonophobia." As already stated, the commander of the party that went out to meet Stanley was Wissman, the only German who has twice crossed the African continent. The two great travelers are mutually appreciative of what each has accomplished, and Stanley would naturally feel pleased that the nation which is founding a great East African colony should send a representative to welcome him. No hatred of France would be implied in his so saying. Doubtless he would have been rejoiced had Pinto and a company of Portuguese, or some noted French explorer, also met him.

Stanley's remark at Manchester, "Our enemy is France," alludes to the fact that France was slow to recognize the Congo State, and is in fact occupying the Lower Congo that it may command the approaches to

the new empire. Such an act is construed to be practically, if not intentionally, inimical to the interests of the Congo State. If the fact be discreditable, the stating of it is not. Stanley is not a man to needlessly criticise national policy, or gibe at the hardships of his comrades in exploration.

The insinuation that Stanley has, or that other nations have, been more brutal in their methods than the French, is not justified by facts. How long was France in securing a firm foothold in Algiers? What of her late unjustifiable aggressions in Madagascar? What of her seizure of Tahiti, whose independence had been respected by other civilized nations? It is needless to multiply instances.

The defect in the policy of most European nations in Africa has been at the other extreme. Stanley's narrative shows a score of occasions when most civilized men would have justified a more vigorous policy. Gordon, so noted for the successful character of his work, pronounced the occupation of the Soudan a failure. Baker, Thompson, Prout and others well qualified by experience, have not hesitated to confirm this opinion. And all have agreed as to the defect in the work. For centuries controlled only by force, and dealing with all only upon the principle that "the strongest rules," the Central African mistakes forbearance and magnanimity for cowardice and treachery. He must at the outset be made to understand who is master. Kindness he understands, but forgiveness he is prone to misinterpret.

The reader may think undue attention is given to the spirit and the criticisms of the French public, but as they involve not only personalities, but also national questions, they call for thoughtful consideration.

Some German journalists have complained that

Stanley has received too much attention, and that there has not been proper interest in Emin. The charge is not well founded. It was for Emin's sake that the expedition was projected; and the interest in Stanley was merely concern for his final success. All felt that in him was Emin's only hope. If he could not reach Emin, it was hardly probable that another could. The surface current of sentiment might set toward Stanley, but the motive power was, would Emin be saved?

It is pleasing to know that those by whom the expedition was sent fully appreciate the services rendered, and that those who were anxious for Emin's safety show no bitterness toward the great American. William, Emperor of Germany, has expressed his thanks for the accomplishment of the task. Queen Victoria has sent congratulatory messages, and confers two honorary crosses upon him. Humbert, of Italy, has presented medals of honor. Leopold, of Belgium, is a warmer admirer than ever. The President of the United States has sent congratulations. The foreign residents of Zanzibar have presented the explorer with a silver casket containing a memorial tribute. Medals, badges and crosses are his. The American residents of London presented him with a silver shield, with beautifully wrought designs showing scenes in the great traveler's life. The Khedive of Egypt has feted, feasted, and honored him. London has given him the freedom of the city. And throughout the civilized world all fair-minded people agree the intrepid veteran has well earned all the honors conferred upon him.

That he is above narrowness is shown by his appreciation of the great man by whom he was inspired with loftier motives and a disinterested desire to benefit the human race. The touching pathos of his grief for his com-

panion Pocock reveals a character above petty jealousies, and incapable of despising one who had accomplished so much for the Soudan as the devoted Edward Schnitzer. In a recent speech at Zanzibar he has reaffirmed that he owed all to the noble Livingstone. What he has said is in substance given in the earlier part of this volume.

And again he has stated that he believed Livingstone's mantle had fallen upon him, and that his life-work was but begun. This is not a vainglorious boast. Stanley is a man of intense earnestness, and of firm faith in providence; one who carefully notes all the strange vicissitudes of his career, and attributes nothing to luck. And he says such a thing not through conceit, but because he earnestly believes it.

Stanley is yet strong and vigorous, and the world believes, with him, that much of the best work of his life is yet to be done; work for which all that he has hitherto accomplished has been preparatory. The next few years will see railways projected and built into many portions of the interior; and though Stanley is not a civil engineer, he knows the land as no one else does, and none can cope with native superstition and prejudice so readily as he. The railway in India has proved the great destroyer of caste; and the railway and steamer will be the greatest foes of superstition in Africa, and will afford the only means of permanently crushing the slave-trade. The Arab is swayed only by mercenary motives. Make it possible for him to transport other merchandise to the coast at a better profit than he can slaves, and the slave traffic is ended.

Stanley's labors and hardships have not failed to leave their impress upon him. Though he has seemingly a constitution of iron, a frame hardened by continual attacks of fever, an eye that would quell a mob,

and an indomitable will and energy that have been but strengthened by the continual demands upon them, yet he appears permaturely old. While not yet fifty years of age, his hair is perfectly white, his face is deeply seamed and lined, his whole appearance showing that he has endured countless struggles and hardships.

Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. The sighs of countless millions have ascended for centuries from her accursed soil. The blood of myriads cries out from the ground. A thousand desolate villages send up their mute appeal; ten thousand ruined homes bespeak the day of vengeance. But the morn cometh The watchmen point out its faint gleams from afar. The hour of reclamation is at hand. The work may be done; it must be done; it will be done: FOR AFRICA IS TO BE REDEEMED!

And Stanley shall lead the work.

Yet Livingstone and Gordon are not of the past. They march, like the Cid, in the van of the victory. Their deeds are an ever-present inspiration, and their unselfish devotion yet nerves the arm of Christian progress in its battle for humanity. Thus shall it ever be.

As for the brave German who for years held his post in the face of hostility, mutiny, starvation, and sickness, his Mohammedan patron has best honored him. Already Edward Schnitzer is half forgotten. But so long as Africa stands; so long as gratitude is; so long as courage and devotion to duty shall be honored; so long as the memory of the slave-trade shall exist, and the deeds of LIVINGSTONE, BAKER, and STANLEY be cherished, so long shall the martyred GORDON'S brave lieutenant live in the hearts of men as EMIN, THE FAITHFUL.

ADDENDA.

THE LATE MAJOR E. M. BARTTELOT,
COMMANDER OF THE REAR COLUMN OF MR. STANLEY'S
AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

ADDENDA.*

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE CHARGES AGAINST STANLEY.

BRIEF MENTION has been made in another part of this volume (*q. v. page 559–64*) of the deaths of Major Barttelot and Captain Jameson, together with the loss of the greater portion of the men left with them at Yambuya (*page 538*). It will be remembered that upon Stanley's return after finding Emin Bey, he met the rear column of his expedition on August 17 at a place called Bunalya, then under command of Bonny. He then learned for the first time of the terrible fate that had befallen Barttelot and his men. For many weeks it has been a disputed point as to the causes which culminated in this great disaster, and an acrimonious and heated controversy has raged between the friends of the slain on the one side and Mr. Stanley on the other. The newspaper press in both Europe and America have freely opened their columns to the disputants, and, as voicing the popular feeling of all Christendom, have demanded to know both sides of the case. At the same time there has been no disposition on their part to slight Mr. Stanley nor permit envious detractions to injure his fame, but rather that the more decisively

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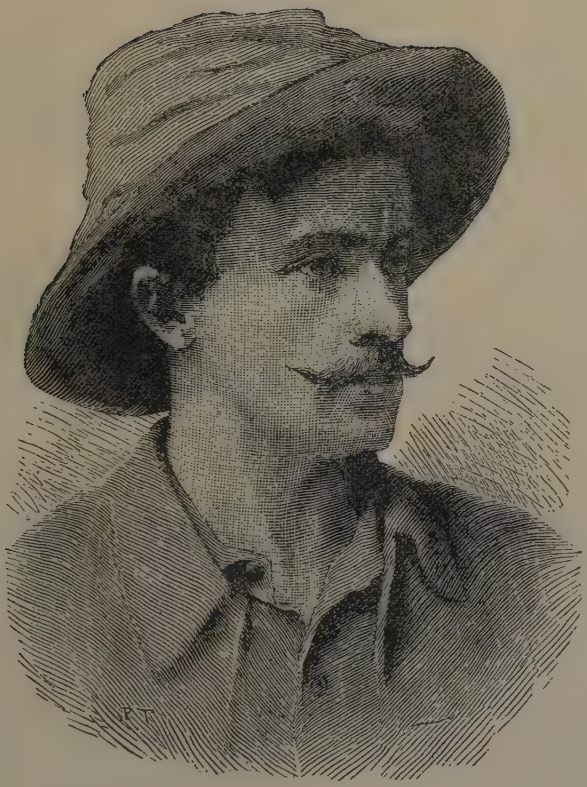
these matters are settled in the beginning, the better for the parties interested, in having the popular mind free from misapprehension.

There is little doubt that it is owing to the quarrels of the officers of the rear-guard, and to a feeling among them of hostility to Stanley, that the stories of incredible infamies and monstrous atrocities has been made public, of which, in the record of explorations, there is found no parallel. Had envy, jealousy and insubordination not dissevered the relations that existed between the officers when the expedition set out, the world would probably have rested in ignorance of the hideous inhumanity, as told by Troup, the revelation of which has so shocked civilization. But for that dissatisfaction, Stanley's published account, however stated, would have been accepted by the public as the complete and specific chronicle of the good and evil things attending the seeking, the finding and the rescue of Emin Bey.

The Barttelot, Jameson and Troup sensation, the supplemental explanation made by Bonny and Farran, the criticisms of Ward and Mr. Stanley's own statement and charges, all bearing upon the disastrous fate of the rear-guard, have excited the public mind to a dreadful apprehension that the half has not been told. The bitter attacks made upon Mr. Stanley are given as near as possible in the language of the parties making them.

Herbert Ward in a letter to the *London Times* says: "With every desire to be loyal to Mr. Stanley, it is impossible for me longer to remain silent. Mr. Stanley has raised all the side issues of the Jameson-Barttelot stories and other matters in order to evade the main controversy. He may or he may not be a scrupulous man, but he is undoubtedly a bold and far-seeing one.



MR. HERBERT WARD.

It would appear, therefore, in charging the rear-guard officers with irresolution and disregard of instructions, he feared he might one day have to answer a charge for which he himself was responsible, so he collected all the little tattle of tale-bearers and attacked his subordinates."

After stating that Stanley's column was not above reproach, and that he himself had buried dead men Stanley left in the road, he asks: Why Stanley left inexperienced officers in charge of the rear, knowing that they could only carry out his orders and drive the load bearers with the greatest severity. Why had he appointed Barttelot, whom he disliked as much as Barttelot disliked him, and whom he knew was unsuitable for the work, to a position of momentous responsibility at the supreme crisis of the expedition? What must be the thought of Stanley turning his back on Yambuya, assuring Barttelot he has made a wise choice, and selecting him to guard the interests of the expedition during his absence?

Mr. Ward declares that with all his acknowledged faults, Barttelot, with splendid loyalty to the best traditions of his services, held sacred every instruction of Stanley's to the last. In the face of starvation he refused to open the stores Stanley had warned him were essential to the success of the expedition, yet Stanley accused him of disloyalty. Says Mr. Ward: "There was no reason to refuse us food and medicine but his stolid sense of discipline. To have taken the law in our own hands would assuredly have led to bloodshed. Stanley must take a portion of the blame. By his example on the march up, he initiated among the members of his staff the feeling of indifference to human suffering, and among the load-bearers a fatalistic accept-

ance of their lot as mere beasts of burden. By appointing Barttelot, under the circumstances, he deliberately risked disaster, to use no stronger word, by vague instructions. He placed Barttelot in a position of bewildering alternatives. By an alleged agreement with Tippoo Tib, he put Barttelot more or less at the Arab's mercy and left him abandoned. By publishing the affidavits of a negro valet he demerits dead men. He can answer for himself whether he should not bear some of the responsibility for the disaster which befell the rear-guard."

In Mr. Ward's book, "Five Years With the Congo Cannibals," published previous to the above statement, speaking of the rear-guard he says: "Unfortunately there are conflicting opinions upon the action of the rear-guard. No doubt Mr. Stanley suffered a great shock upon learning the sad tale of Yambuya with its hundred graves, but in 'Darkest Africa' he takes much too harsh a view of a portion of his expedition that endured great hardships while doing their best. Of the five officers two lost their lives in his service, and a third contracted illnesses from which it is doubtful whether he will ever recover."

On Nov. 2, 1890, Jameson's brother wrote to the *London Times*, asking its assistance in prevailing upon Stanley to pursue an honorable course by publishing the whole of his case against the rear-guard instead of waiting until everything has been said from the other side. His present course, the writer says, gives Stanley the advantage of representing a case for dead men to answer. Had they been living, Stanley would have been compelled to substantiate his insinuations in a court of law; but now there is no appeal except to the bar of public opinion. The writer adds: "I have had

too sad an experience of his consideration for others to risk an appeal to it."

On Nov. 18, 1890, The London *Times* published a portion of the log of the rear-guard, the record showing that the natives continued to desert, and on June 24, Barttelot started to see Tippoo Tib about the matter, leaving Bonny in command. Before his departure Barttelot deprived the Zanzibaris of their rifles and empowered Bonny to punish any attempt at mutiny with death. He also instructed Bonny to hand the command over to Jameson when the latter arrived. Jameson assumed command on June 30. The remainder of the log to July 21 is merely a daily record of the various stages of their progress to Unaria, ending with Jameson's receiving a letter from Bonny announcing Barttelot's death and urging Jameson to join Bonny as quickly as possible at Bunalya.

Mr. Quilter, editor of the *Universal Review*, of Nov. 18, 1890, in that publication, says: He is especially informed that Jameson's diary and private letters were placed in a box by Bonny after Jameson's death, and that the box, after being sealed up by Bonny, was confided to Stanley. Instead of forwarding the box to Jameson's family, Stanley broke the seals, opened the box, and retained the papers in his possession, only parting with them after repeated applications, including a letter from a lawyer acting for Jameson's family. The family commenced legal proceedings, whereupon Stanley delivered the papers to the care of the Ottoman Bank, from which they were received by the family. Stanley made extracts from the diary before handing it over to the Ottoman Bank. Mr. Quilter traces the origin of the stories against Barttelot and Jameson to Bonny, who, he says, acted as tale-bearer in general to the camp. Stan-

ley, he declares, would never have dared to make such statements unless he had been assured that Bonny would confirm them. Bonny, he says, was the paid servant of Stanley.

Lieut. Troup on Nov. 8, 1890, said to a Boston *Herald* reporter: "Mr. Stanley now specifies several acts of cruelty said to have been reported to him. Only two of these occurred during my residence in Yambuya camp, from Aug. 14, 1887, to June 8, 1888. These were the shooting of a Soudanese soldier for deserting and stealing a rifle and ammunition, and the flogging of the interpreter, John Henry. The former of these events has been inaccurately stated by Mr. Stanley. The man was executed after a court-martial of all the officers had sat upon the case. I voted against it, but the majority condemned him. In regard to the flogging of John Henry, this occurred while I was in my bed, where I was laid up with a serious illness for six weeks. At that time I was unable to do active duty, so was not consulted concerning the punishment. and was not present when it was inflicted. Mr. Stanley is reported to have said: 'There is the log book as it was given to me, with, day after day, the accounts of the horrible punishments. The records are signed by all the officers.' In denial of this I assert that while in Yambuya camp there never was any log book, neither was there any document containing a record of cruelties or other acts signed by me. I never heard of any such thing and Mr. Stanley can produce no signature of mine to such book or document. Mr. Stanley's insinuation that I was influenced by Major Barttelot's family not to disclose the affairs of Yambuya is utterly false. I have had but one interview, and that was with Captain Barttelot, who called at my hotel just after I arrived in England. Mr.

Stanley's representative, Sir F. De Winton, was also present. Mr. Stanley knows the truth of this, and yet makes the above insinuation, which I deny, it being as untrue as many other things Mr. Stanley is reported as saying. The only other communication with the family I had was when I wrote to ask for a photograph of the Major for my book. As regards the other petty details of personal matter, many of which are entirely inaccurate, I do not desire to enter into any controversy, but would refer Mr. Stanley to the statements in the preface of my book. I have delayed my departure for England in order to hear what further charges Mr. Stanley has to make against me; but, instead of bringing any forward, he retracts almost all his former remarks against me except those I now deny. As far as I am concerned the controversy should close now, as Mr. Stanley has failed to bring forward any proof that I acted contrary to his written instructions."

In an editorial on November 8, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Stanley's charges against Barttelot and Jameson can not be allowed to rest, especially as Stanley himself has denied his own statements in advance. In the letter dated August 31, and published December 21, he declared that the horrible statements in connection with Barttelot and Jameson were simply inconceivable nonsense and sensational canards. In the face of his own emphatic denial he is bound to produce every scrap of proof that he can to sustain the charge he now makes."

On the same day Mrs. Jameson said that Mr. Stanley's charges against her dead husband are based on the statement of a dismissed Syrian interpreter, who came to England and was examined by the Emin relief committee. During his examination, Mrs. Jameson

THE LATE MR. J. S. JAMESON.

says, the interpreter contradicted his previous statement. Mrs. Jameson further says that her husband wrote a letter to the Emin relief committee in which he gave important information respecting the interpreter's charges and their source. This letter, she says, will be published in due time.

On November 15, Mrs. Jameson writes to the newspapers as follows: "As the Emin relief committee appears to consider that the duty of refutation devolves upon me, I ask the papers to insert the following letter from my husband, who died a fortnight after writing it, and who, therefore, was unable to take the further steps which he intended to clear his character."

Jameson's letter is addressed to Sir William Mackinnon and is dated Stanley Falls, Aug. 3, 1888. After describing Assad Farran's statements as false and cruel Jameson writes:

"Upon arrival at Ribaruba the chief invited me to his residence, where I witnessed a curious native dance following other ceremonies, which Tippoo said was usually followed by a cannibal feast. I laughed skeptically, whereupon another Arab described a horrible story. I flatly declared that it was impossible that this could happen. The Arab retorted "Give me a bit of cloth and see." I thought this a mere ruse to obtain a gift, but the Arab had formerly been kind, so I gave him my handkerchief. Then followed the most horrible scene I ever witnessed in my life. The whole thing happened so quickly that it was impossible to make sketches had I wished to do so. Furthermore I had nothing to sketch with. The small sketches I made were done in the evening at my own house. The girl never looked for help. She seemed to know it was her fate, she never stirred hand, foot or head. How the girl was obtained

MR. J. ROSE TROUP.

I do not yet know, but will send you all the particulars, signed by witnesses, as promised."

Then follows the statement that Assad boasted of swindling the British Government in the purchase of camels at Suakim, where he also made money by dividing with policemen spoils captured from gamblers among the troops. The statement concluded as follows: "This is the low brute whose word the Belgian officers would accept to destroy my character."

He incloses Assad's retraction, in which he says the story in regard to buying a girl to be eaten by cannibals was misunderstood. The handkerchief said to be given for her purchase was a gift and had no reference whatever to the occurrence with which it was erroneously connected.

On Nov. 10, 1890, the Paris *Temps* said: "The Stanley controversy must be referred to a court of justice. The honor of civilization is involved in the matter. Europe, having supported the enterprise with its sympathies, supposing that it was inspired by philanthropy, has a right to know whether or not an expedition which was associated with unprecedented brutalities, had any claim upon its sympathy."

On Dec. 24, 1890, the diary of Jameson's was published by his widow and brother. In the preface to this work Mr. Stanley is bitterly attacked for making Jameson the scapegoat for all the troubles which occurred, and claiming that they were due to Stanley's own bad judgment and neglect, and suggested that neither Stanley nor Bonny are telling the truth. The cannibal episode as it appears in the diary is substantially identical with the account above given. Jameson adds to his statement of the facts: "I would never have been such a beast as to witness the act of cannibalism, but was

unable until the last moment to bring myself to believe that it was anything save a ruse to get money out of me."

In his dairy, under date of April 9, 1887, Lieut. Jameson, dealing with the start up the Congo, remarks that Stanley sent Barttelot on with all the worst and most rebellious men in the camp. "This action on the part of Stanley," said Jameson, "was a strange return for Barttelot's gratuitous hard work." On the 10th Jameson complains that Stanley rejects his advice to give the sick a period of rest and compels them to continue the march, "with the result," he adds, "that the camp regards me as a brute and Stanley as a sort of guardian angel."

The diary is a record of the daily progress and adventures of the expedition, interspersed with disputes between Stanley and his followers. For instance, he says: "While marching to Nkalama, after ordering that 100 lashes be given a man for losing a box of ammunition, Stanley accused me of losing three boxes, and said: 'If this happens again we must part.' If this continues and Stanley reproaches me before the men I shall not be sorry we do part."

The diary records that Stanley degraded three chiefs, the best men Jameson had ever seen among the natives, and only released them from their chains on the intercession of Tippoo Tib.

In a letter to his wife later Jameson shows that he was becoming discouraged in his naturalist's pursuits. He says that with a wealth of available specimens unexampled in his experience he has no time to get anything. "All my lovely dreams are knocked on the head. My whole time is employed in beating and leading niggers; day after day the same disgusting work." While

at Leopoldsville, he writes: "They all had disagreeable moments with Stanley, but they think they are ended for the present. I cannot help admiring him immensely," he says, "for his great strength of will power in overcoming difficulties, but there are some points in his character which it is impossible to admire. Again, when Stanley discards his reserve, he is most agreeable and full of information."

Under date of May 15 the following entry appears: "Alas for my dreams of marching to Wadelai. Stanley tells me I must remain in camp with Barttelot." A few days later the writer describes what he terms "the most disgraceful row I ever heard between Stanley, Jephson and Stairs in reference to the complaint of the Zanzibaris, whose word Stanley takes in preference to that of his officers.

"On June 6, having by his own mistake lost the officers steaming to Aruwhimi, Stanley said if he had failed to find the steamers he would have treated us all as deserters. He used hard and unfair words, and appeared to distrust us if a yard from him. Yet except myself, who was 'seedy,' the officers have worked the hardest in the most horrible swamps to procure wood. This distrust sickens us and is frightfully disheartening."

Being encamped at Yambuya, Jameson again writes to his wife. He says: "I cannot get over the disappointment of being left alone with Barttelot. Stanley left us seventy-six of the very worst men under one worthless chief. The camp is pitched in a frightfully damp place."

In numerous entries Jameson expresses dislike for the necessary flogging of sentries caught asleep, and sets forth the difficulty of suppressing mutiny among the natives who were weary of waiting for Stanley.

CHAPTER XLIV.

STANLEY'S DEFENSE.

THERE are few men outside of the field of politics in whom the general public is as much interested as it now is in Stanley Africanus, who is both hero and discoverer, two things that will ever command popular regard and admiration. An additional interest attaches to him, occasioned by the attack upon him of his subordinates in the last African expedition. It must be admitted by all who have studied the grand achievements of this intrepid explorer that it is rather remarkable to what extent Stanley aroused jealousies by the brilliancy of his last exploit. The first the world heard of this jealousy was the commotion over his rescue of Emin Bey.

When the expedition was equipped, there was much uncertainty whether Emin was yet alive, and there were only bravos and the most cordial sympathy with Stanley when he began his perilous journey through the heart of the Black Continent. But with the safe arrival of Emin at Zanzibar, there came all sorts of reports and rumors, the purport of which was that Stanley was depriving Emin of honor and credit rightly his due, himself appropriating all the glory of the eccentric German's life labor in the province over which Gordon had made him governor. Previous to this, however, despatches from the rear-guard proclaimed the failure of the expedition and

the loss of Stanley, while the camp under Barttelot was rapidly going to pieces through starvation and loss by desertion.

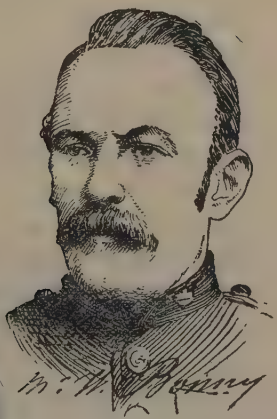
Mr. Stanley has shown a commendable spirit in his desire to avoid the publicity of the darkest and most revolting particulars of this horrible tale, and only in self-defense, it is believed, would he have given the information which has thrown light on this forbiddingly dark spot of an otherwise glorious, though at times desperate, enterprise and also to substantiate all that he has previousiy said in censure of the rear-guard, namely: that solely through the incompetency and irresolution of its officers it came to such a miserable end.

Immediately on Mr. Stanley's arrival in New York, Nov. 9, 1890, he submitted to an interview and thus speaks of his calumniators and gives the inner history of the ill-fated rear column.

Mr. Stanley then said: "You must expect such attacks as have been made on me and many more, because I know from conversations I have had with the surviving officers that many of them are very sore. Mr. Barttelot's book begins in this way. On page 2, introductory chapter, 'Life and Diaries of Major Barttelot,' Walter Barttelot says: 'Mr. Stanley has said that the rear column was wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, neglect of promises, and indifference to written orders. To a soldier of the Queen and a gentleman, this is a serious accusation and it should not be allowed to pass.' It is on that the book turns; that is the reason for the book's existence. That sentence which Mr. Barttelot finds fault with was written in August, 1888, two days after meeting Mr. Bonny and the emaciated remnant of the rear column, when I found 102 men alive out of 271, and only one living English officer out of five. On

Lieut. W. G. Staus. A. C.

Cap. [illegible]



Mr. W. Bonny

Mr. A. M. Jephson.

learning then the details of what had transpired I wrote that the irresolution of the officers, neglect of their promises, and indifference to the written orders caused this awful collapse.

When asked to justify the censure which was the cause of Barttelot's book, Mr. Stanley replied:

"It is a very serious business, although I can quite understand that people should be answered, as I now propose to answer, in order to determine the truth. It is absolutely immaterial to me what view the people take of this censure, as I had enlisted all these men as my officers, and it was only to me they owed loyalty and obedience according to their contracts. I am alone justified in reserving the right to condemn or to award praise. At the same time, everybody is at liberty to express his or her views on this conduct, but no one could possibly have the same interest as I have to forget a great many offences and gloss over many things in order to avoid scandal. Probably the best way in order to satisfy any legitimate interest in this question would be to tell the story of the rear column, as I heard it at Yambuya, and then the public may understand the shocking effect it had on me when, hastening to their relief, I was met by this awful revelation.

"First as to Major Barttelot himself. In this book, his "Diaries," on page 169, you will find the following entry by Mr. Barttelot: 'Bonny and I talked about our probable action in the event of Stanley doing certain things. I expressed myself openly.' On page 170, under date of December 6, Mr. Barttelot states: 'After dinner Bonny and I walked again and referred to our conversation of November 24. I made a determination never to partake of Stanley's hospitality while out here, as we have a private medicine chest. Jameson, in reference

to our conversation of November 24, expressed his determination to act as I should and also refuse Stanley's hospitality.' Wondering what all this meant, I asked Mr. Bonny to be frank and say what it all meant. He replied. 'Well, sir, Major Barttelot asked me: "Don't you think Stanley is a Pritchard—a poisoner?" and added that he had heard that one of your ways was to leave Africa alone so that no one would know what had transpired, and he had heard the story of your leaving an officer in some part of Africa and never going back for him.'

"This gives a little insight into the feelings of Major Barttelot and of Mr. Jameson's clear comprehension of what had been hinted at. It seems that they had picked up a skit from one of the irresponsible newspapers, saying it was odd Stanley never returned from Africa except alone. I am told Major Barttelot had expressed great curiosity to learn the probable effect of a dose of cyanide of potassium and at one time was caught testing it on his tongue in order to ascertain whether its taste would be likely to be detected in a cup of coffee. I was told that the person for whom this dose was intended was Salim de Mohammed, the nephew of Tippoo Tib. I was told also that Major Barttelot's life was twice saved by Mr. Bonny. Once because Major Barttelot had suddenly seized a woman who was passing near him and buried his teeth deep in her shoulder.

"I was told also that frequently Major Barttelot would cause his black followers to shrink before him by standing in their path, in front of the advancing natives, and grinning like a fiend—that is the expression that was used in describing it to me—while he would at the same moment brandish a long cypress staff that had upon it a sharp steel point. He was reported to me to

be often running about the camp, prodding his people and then flourishing his stick and hitting indiscriminately without any apparent cause. A Manyama chief complained to me that he had been prodded seventeen times in one day with this steel-pointed staff, and that was two days before Major Barttelot was killed by Sanga. The little boy Sondi, whose death I have recorded 'In Darkest Africa,' was a little fellow of 10 years. Major Barttelot refers to him in a general way as a clever little fellow. I have described him in my book as a wise-headed little fellow. Well, Major Bartelot was irritated at this little fellow one morning and kicked him, and from the effects of that kick the boy died. John Henry, a mission lad, was flogged with 300 lashes, and died very soon after receiving them.

"A Soudanese soldier was placed on guard while suffering the torments of hunger, and he stole a piece of the meat of a goat, for which he was flogged 150 lashes. He was sentenced to receive 300, but as he could not stand that at one time they left off at 150 for him to recover, with the threat that he would receive the other 150 as soon as he was in a fit condition. Meantime he was put under guard. One night he broke away, took his rifle, and ran into the bush. Search was made, and in the next day or two he was caught, tried, and sentenced to be shot, and the sentence was duly carried into execution.

"There was scarcely one among the Zanzibaris who had not been a victim of this system of remorseless punishment. They bore their wounds on back and on limbs, and, of course, as Major Barttelot had sent the medicines away down the river—two full cases—the means to alleviate them was wanting. For the want of these medicines many of the men died. Major Barttelot

told Mr. Bonny, I am informed, that he recommended his brother Walter to look after Mr. Troup on his arrival in England, in order that Mr. Troup might not be tempted to disclose what was going on at Yambuya with the rear column. I am told that when the deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya and told Major Barttelot the graphic tale of my being killed by seventeen arrows, he exclaimed: 'Thank God, I shall be made colonel now!' That statement has been sworn to by a person who heard it in the presence of witnesses.

"Soon after this Major Barttelot declared that he had a project to undertake in connection with Mr. Jameson to pay for the goods under his charge and send the other three officers home, and start them on an expedition of his own. But he was kind enough, I am told, to tell Mr. Bonny confidentially that if he cared to join him and Mr. Jameson he might, and the other two fellows could shift for themselves, meaning Mr. Ward and Mr. Troup. Another project was that Major Barttelot proposed to leave the surplus goods at Stanley Falls in charge of Mr. Troup, while he (Major Barttelot) and Mr. Jameson started on their own hook to explore.

"I am told that Mr. Troup applied to Major Barttelot for medicine while he was ill, and Barttelot refused to give it to him. I also heard there were frequent quarrels among the officers in the camp, and upon one occasion, on account of a protest from Mr. Bonny, Major Barttelot ordered a guard of Soudanese to arrest him. In the log-book signed by Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson there is one record after another, in each day's entry, how people were ill-treated by flogging going on day after day without any intermission. He bought four slave chains from Tippoo Tib for, I believe,

£48, in order to put these people in chains. It is said that Major Barttelot confessed to Mr. Bonny that if many of the things done at Yambuya were known in England he would be instantly dismissed from the service. Upon which, it is said, Mr. Bonny asked why did he commit these things, since he knew they would disgrace him in the eyes of his countrymen? Now, coming to the day of the tragedy, Major Barttelot, during the hours that intervened between July 17 and the morning of the 18th, had kept the camp in a state of uproar. Things had been going on pretty well during his absence at Stanley Falls, but whatever good feeling existed before his arrival was completely dissipated by his return. He first foisted a quarrel on the Arab who owned the station of Benalva and demanded sixty slaves from the Arab. I have rejected that word and put carriers in the log-book. The Arab complained that on account of such a large party of whites having come the natives had become frightened and had all run away and could not be induced to stay in the neighborhood. It was therefore impossible to catch any slaves, but Major Barttelot was inexorable and insisted upon a supply being given to him.

"On the morning of the 19th at dawn, he heard drumming and singing and sent some Soudanese soldiers to try and stop it. As this had no effect he sent his little boy. Still no use, and finally he went himself, taking with him his loaded revolver and that cypress staff with the steel point which had already made such mischief, and with these weapons in his hands he walked to the scene of the singing. There he saw a woman beating a drum, accompanying it with her voice, as is the usual custom with the Manyemas at the dawn of the day, which they always open with wild music.

Major Barttelot, on seeing the woman so engaged, ordered her to desist two or three times, accompanying each order with a prod of his steel-pointed staff, then with a blow of the staff, and finally he began to kick her. Attracted by the woman's shrieks, her husband, Sanga, seeing Barttelot with a revolver in his hand, thrust his gun through the loop-hole of a hut opposite to where this was taking place and shot Barttelot dead. Jameson then went to Stanley Falls, where Sanga was proved to have killed Major Barttelot, and was consequently sentenced to death. If Sanga had been brought before me and the story as reported to me personally and in writing was shown to be true I should have acquitted him. Suppose such an incident occurred in the streets of any civilized city, would not any jury have acquitted the husband who thus killed the assailant of his wife?

"Since I have censured the whole, it is perhaps necessary if the foregoing does not contain sufficient explanation for me to say why I censured them. It must be understood that any one of these officers with a little firmness could have arrested Major Barttelot's proceedings without violence. A mere letter from any one of them protesting against such acts, and threatening to report the circumstances to the committee at home, would have stopped it. It has been clearly shown from many accounts, even Mr. Troup's own narrative shows it, that they disagreed with many things. Major Barttelot did, and it is probably true that they protested by word of mouth, but no amount of verbal protests would have the same effect as a written arraignment of these tyrannical proceedings. I am sure had Major Barttelot received such a letter he would never have dared to repeat them. Hence, as this was not done—because I

have never seen such written protests—I must needs censure their conduct for not doing the utmost they could in order to stop them, insomuch as each had declared his intention to be loyal and obedient and think of the interests of the expedition. I will leave this to the judgment of every reader.

"Assuming the facts are as they are stated in the foregoing, can any man conscientiously say that my censure of the rear column was harsh or unjust or undeserved when I state this after hearing all these horrible things, and after seeing the effects of those acts on the rear column—when I said, two days after being brought face to face with this misery, that the rear column was wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, the neglect of their promises and their indifference to written orders?

"Starvation and continued ill-treatment caused the condition of the men to which I have referred and produced the ulcers which ate away the flesh so that their bones were almost exposed. Their backs were entirely gone. They were unable to stand, and still they were punished day after day. There is the log-book as it was given to me, with day after day the accounts of the most horrible punishments. The records are signed by all the officers. They did not appreciate the amount of it, making the daily entries, but as I read it over, all together, there it stares me in the face, a record of evils and a continuous story of horrors.

"As to this story about Mr. Jameson. A witness to the incident, a man, drew up in his own handwriting an affidavit, wherein he swears in the presence of witnesses to the following story: That Jameson, returning from Kasonga and conversing with Tippoo Tib and another Arab about cannibalism, informed them that he

did not believe there was any such thing as cannibalism, because, although he had heard much of it, he had never seen it, and no white man had ever seen it done. In reply to this Tippoo Tib is said to have said: 'It is easy enough to prove it if you like.' Upon which Jameson asked how, and Tippoo Tib responded: 'Pay for a slave and give it to those men there. They will show you.' Whereupon Mr. Jameson said he was very willing. Twelve cotton handkerchiefs were then given, and with them a little girl aged some ten or twelve years was purchased. She was given to the men, and Mr. Jameson is said to have then told them: 'Now let me see what you can do.' The child was tied so she could not move. Mr. Jameson took a sketch book in his hand, and when he was ready a knife was plunged into the child's heart, and Mr. Jameson is said to have stood there while the life blood spurted over the body. He is said to have made six sketches descriptive of the various scenes that took place, the cutting up and the disposing of the body.

"This appeared so incredible at first that when we expressed doubts a European came forward and said he had seen the sketches. Another European, upon being asked what he knew of it, said Jameson showed the sketches to him also. This was reported to the authorities of the Congo Free State, and they took evidence regarding it."

Stanley concludes by saying: "If necessary I shall be glad to go into court of law where the whole matter can be ventilated."

In replying to a question as to what he had to say about Troup's charges, Mr. Stanley replied: "I have this to say: That the only quarrel I had with Troup was because I would not publish in my book his attack

upon Major Barttelot. I said to him: 'You are too general in your attack. The man is dead. Take out some of your harsh expressions and your abuse and I will print what you have to say.' This he declined to do and so my book came out without his statement. For this he is angry. I included him in the same category with the other officers of the rear guard when I censured them for allowing Barttelot to wreck it. That is what Bonny is sore about."

Mr. Stanley on November 11th, in a lecture delivered at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, the subject of which was: "The Rescue of Emin Bey: The Forest Pigmies and the March Across the Desert," thus spoke of Emin Bey: "We flattered ourselves," said the lecturer, "that it could not be construed into anything political. At the banquet, by which Emin was welcomed back to civilization, he showed that he was grateful. But after this he seemed to think his gratitude was at an end. This, of course, was after he had left the hospital. He declared in Zanzibar that he had severed himself from us and he wrote letters to Germany to the same effect, which his delighted friends made use of. Next he tried to pick a a quarrel with the Egyptian government. He cabled to Cairo for a small credit to be forwarded to him at Zanzibar, and Sir Edward Baring telegraphed back that Emin could have the credit through the English Consul at Zanzibar. This seemed to enrage Emin. He declined to pay his accounts, and the soldiers who had been with him fourteen years were compelled to wait six months at Zanzibar for their money. He turned a cold shoulder on Cassadi, with whom he had lived eight years as a brother. For a whole month he pretended to be anxious to become employed by the British, and

then he turned around and sought employment with the Germans. The Germans brought him to their views. They read him aright, but I think they would have succeeded better had they managed to leave the victim of their political aspirations with more human virtue."

On December 3rd, Mr. Stanley delivered his second lecture in New York City. His subject was "The Rear Guard," and among other things he said: "Was Barttelot insane? Then must Jameson also have been insane. Then insanity must have overpowered the reason of the three surviving officers, or I am insane in supposing these fearful acts and stupid malignity, this remorseless cruelty, this incomprehensible perversity, deserving of my censure. My criticism of the three surviving officers was provoked by the fact that they were three against one, who seemed, if what I heard was true, to have been gaining a terrible notoriety among all the whites and blacks as a brutal, tyrannical man, whose wicked course it would be a blessing to arrest in some way."

In closing his remarks he said: "It is now too apparent that I made a great mistake in appointing Barttelot to command the rear column, but would I have been wiser to have substituted Troup, who has proved himself so unworthy in the character of a subordinate—who, knowing his chief to be cruel and tyrannical, until he himself was confessedly a victim, could not see that his duty was to prevent his excesses by every means in his power? Would I have done better to have chosen Jameson, who saw nothing in the acts of Barttelot but such as to win his friendship, and who seemed willfully to have provoked an act of cannibalism? Or would I have made a better choice in appointing Ward, who declares now that for eight months he was the companion of Barttelot, and never saw him do aught unbecoming an officer and a gentleman?

"In my opinion the docile acquiescence of his subordinates in these misdeeds had been more pernicious to Barttelot and themselves and our expedition than Barttelot's own sanguinary disposition."

The *Journel de Bruzeltez* at Brussels on November 11th published an interview with Governor Jannssen, of the Congo State, in which the latter protests against Ward's trying to saddle upon the Congo State authorities the disasters to the rear guard. The Governor declares that Ward often used the State's steamers, but never asked that one be sent to Barttelot's camp. The Governor said also that he had heard only vague reports about Jameson.

The London *Chronicle* on November 25th, commenting on the scandals connected with the Stanley expedition, said: "that the continuance of the revelations presses deeper and deeper the burning brand of disgrace upon the name and fame of England." It protests that no one concerned in the expedition was a scientist, and adds: "One day's work of the kind, the cultured, urbane Emin, was of more benefit to humanity than a decade of work made up as the Stanley expedition was. In the days when British officers were gentlemen such work as Jameson describes could not have been so quickly done as to prevent them from lifting a hand in defense of a girl that had been bought to be tortured and torn to pieces. Jameson has disgraced his country in the eyes of the civilized world. It is a dreadful thing that such a man should be idolized as a society hero."

Few of the white men who have served under Stanley will endorse hardly a word of the severe things said of him by his subordinates whom he censures. Among them he is the greatest explorer and leader of white enterprises in savage lands of the age. The faults and

weaknesses of great men are often very conspicuous. It may be that Stanley is too severe in the judgment he passes upon his lieutenants, who have contributed little or nothing to the success of his enterprises. He has not the slightest patience with incompetency. Failure in his eyes is a crime. No leader has ever paid more hearty and eloquent tribute to his tried and true subordinates than he has done in his published works.

During twenty years largely given to service in Africa, Stanley has succeeded in everything he has undertaken. The unequaled honors the world has showered upon him are simply the recognition due a man whose qualifications have made long years of trial and stupendous endeavor a brilliant and unbroken series of successes. No perplexity or obstacle has ever confronted him which he has not met and conquered with effective expedients. Probably no other African explorer has so invariably overcome every obstacle that obstructed his path. He perfectly understands the art of managing his black carriers, which is such a stumbling-block to many an African traveler. He keeps them devoted to him while ruling them with a rod of iron. They have good reason to fear his displeasure, but they never lose faith in his justice. They know he is solicitous for their well-being, and they trust him as a father to supply their needs and lead them through every danger. Thus he gets from them the best service and loyalty. Stanley is just in his dealings with the natives; understanding them perfectly, he is patient with these children of nature. He leads them the way he wishes them to go with boundless tact and patience.

A careful study of Stanley's career in Africa will convince any one that in his general line of policy his consideration for the natives, his desire to do them jus-

tice, have been characteristics as marked in his case as in that of Livingston. It is true that he has dealt death to savage foes and to traitors in camp, but it can not be said truthfully by any one whose opinion is valuable that he ever ruthlessly sacrificed human life. As a rule, Stanley's dealings with his white comrades is reserved and not particularly sociable. This peculiarity has intensified the enmity of those who have failed to please him, and has been the basis of much unfavorable criticism. But such reserve as this seems characteristic of the greatest leaders of men and the fact that Stanley is a born leader of men, has proved one of the most potent factors in making him the greatest African explorer.